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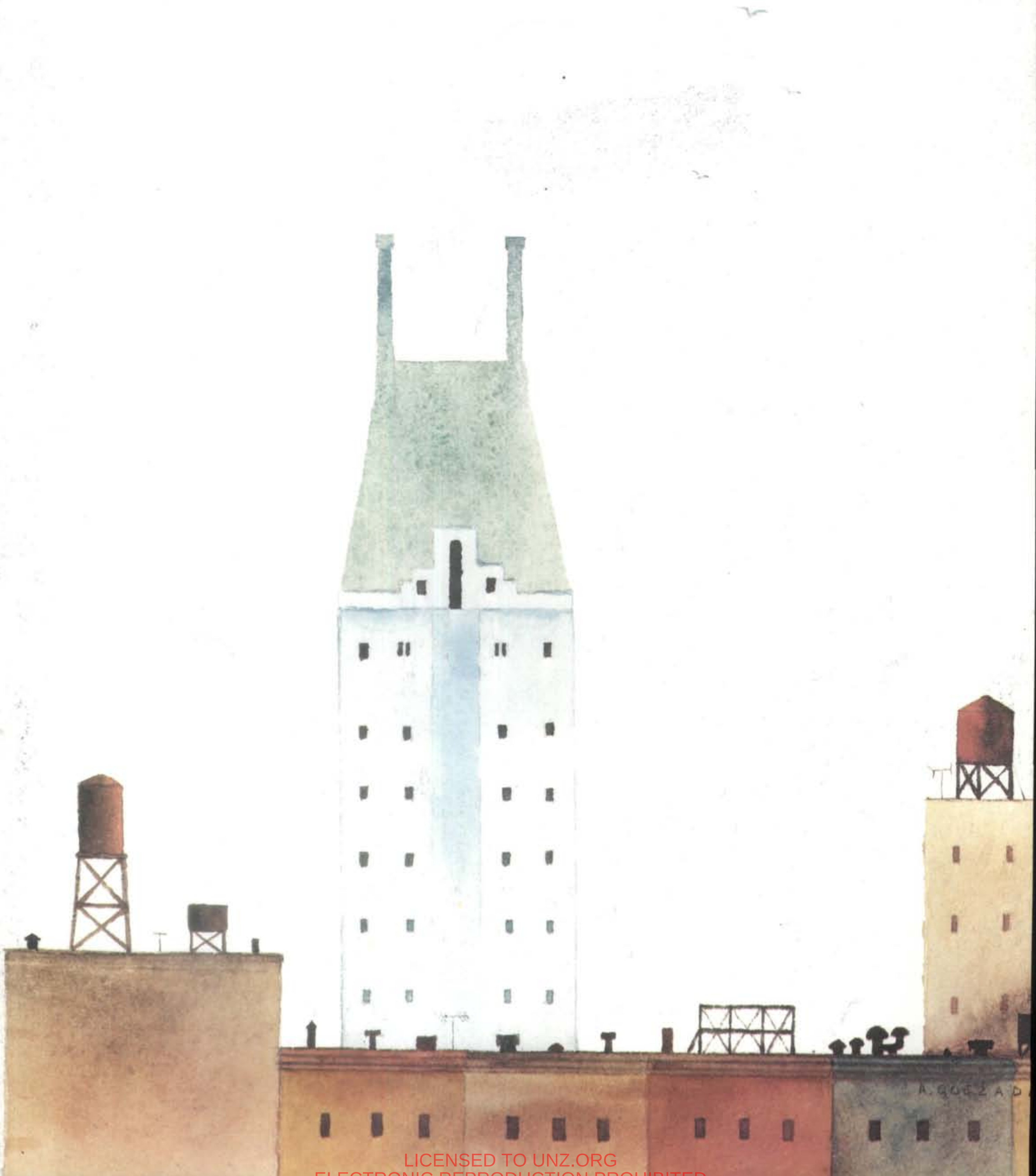

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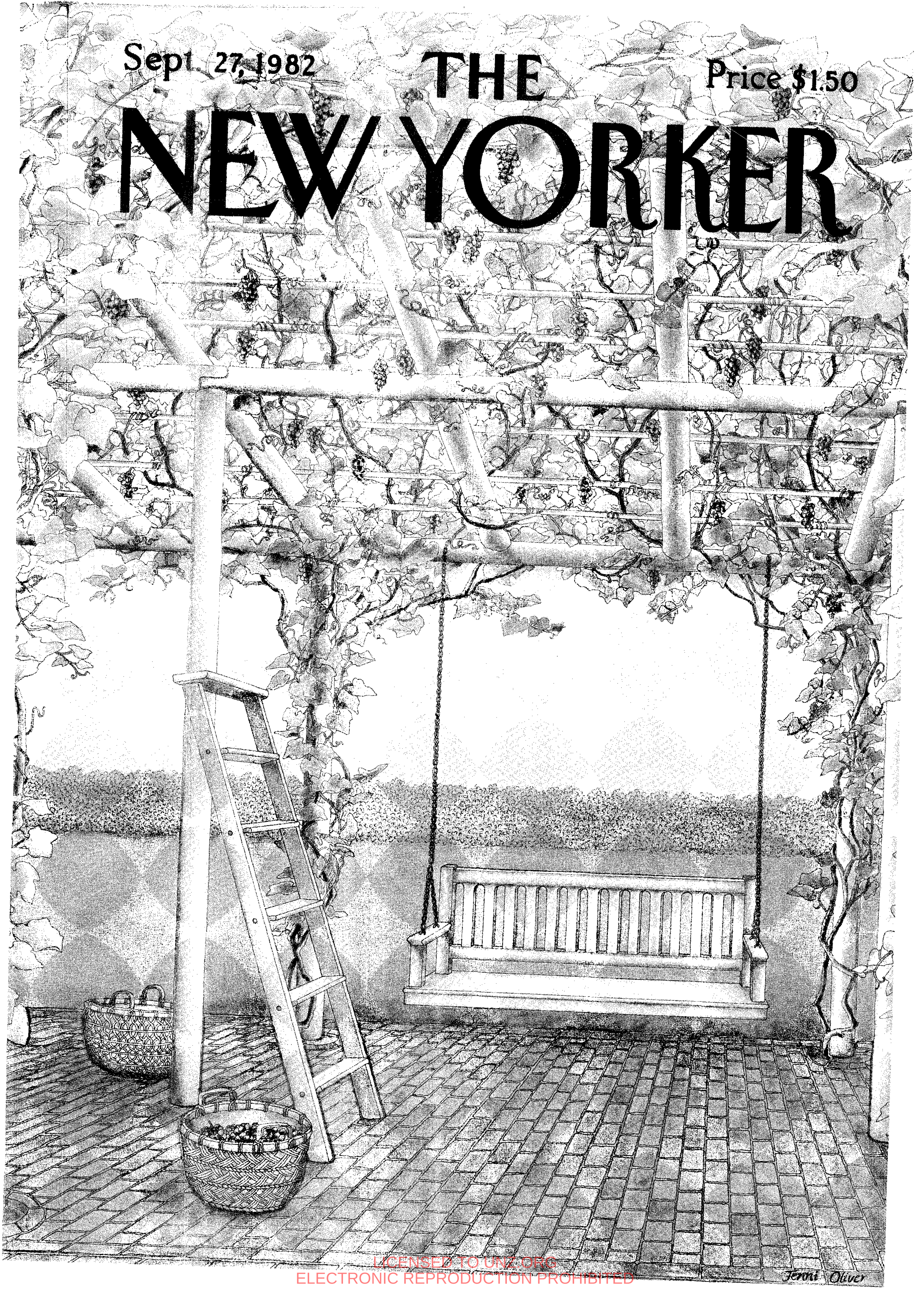
Jenni Oliver

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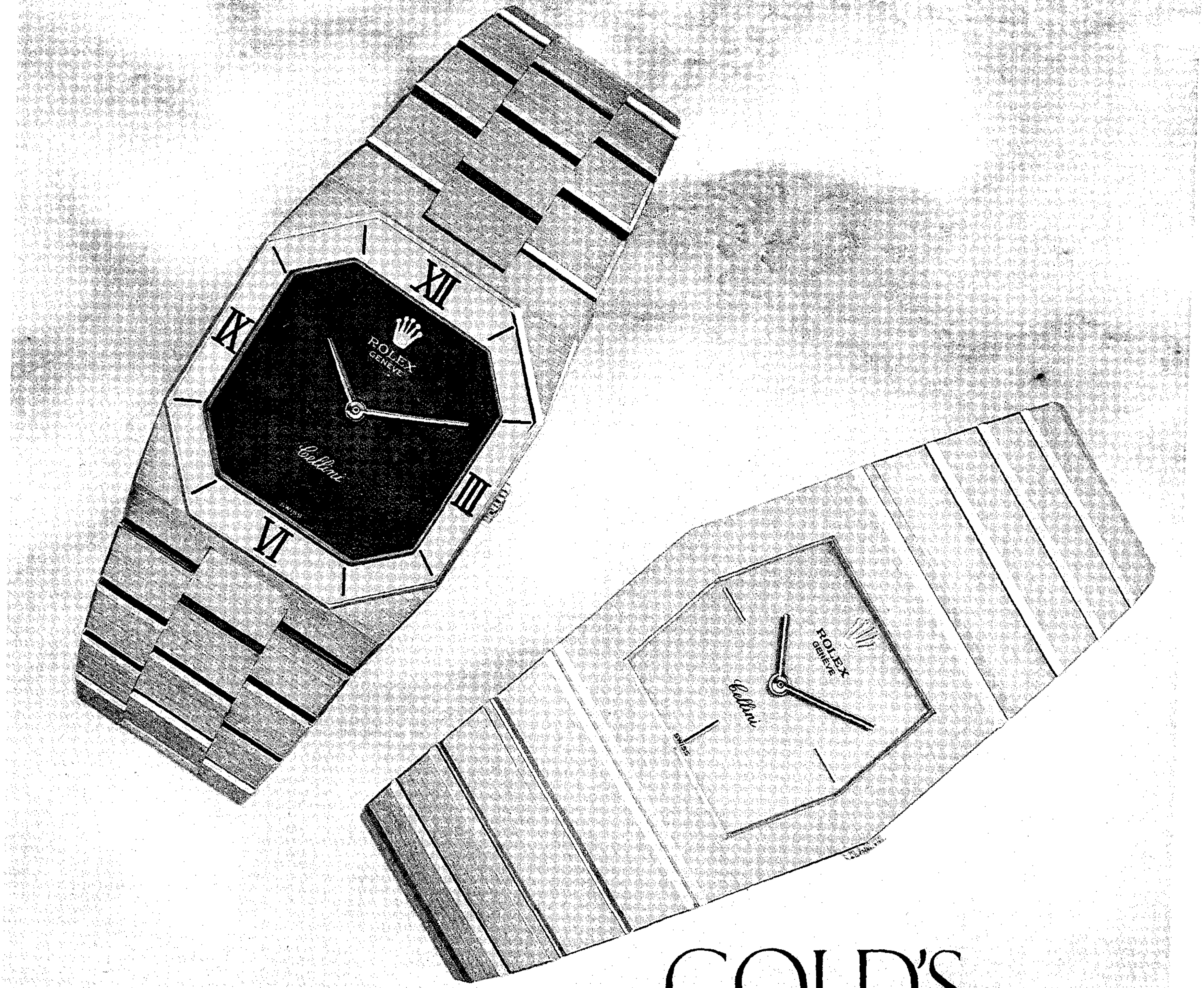

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Agnes of God—Elizabeth Ashley, Geraldine Page, and Amanda Plummer have much to say about a peculiar subject—the apparent virgin birth to a young nun in a convent of a child subsequently found dead. The discussion is a lively one, though the playwright, John Pielmeier, has found no satisfactory way of bringing it to an end. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/12/82.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Charlotte Sweet—A spoof of Victorian music hall. The libretto is by Michael Colby and the music by Gerald Jay Markoe. The young company performs valiantly and with some skill. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Dining Room—The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place in a formal dining room somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters over the past fifty years or so. All the characters are portrayed by six nimble, accomplished actors—John Getz, Janet Maylie, Debra Mooney, Ann McDonough, W. H. Macy, and Charles Kimbrough. David Trainer was the good director. (3/1/82) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Doll's Life—A musical with a book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green and music by Larry Grossman. George Hearn, Betsy Joslyn, Peter Gallagher, and Edmund Lyndeck head the cast. Directed by Harold Prince. Previews through Wednesday, Sept. 22. Opens officially on Thursday, Sept. 23. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Fox—An adaptation, by Allan Miller, of D. H. Lawrence's story about two women who live on a farm in rural England and whose lives are disrupted (to say the least) by the intrusion of a mysterious young soldier. The time is November of 1918. Under the direction of Mr. Miller, the performance is all it should be, and the script embodies both Lawrence's strength and his weaknesses. With Jenny O'Hara, Mary Layne, and Michael Horton. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Sept. 19.)

Geniuses—Jonathan Reynolds, a gifted playwright, has written an annoying, campy comedy about some movie people on location near Manila during a typhoon. (5/24/82) (Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ghosts—Ibsen's classic work has been made a vehicle for Liv Ullmann, who as Mrs. Alving is unequal to her task. A sorry production makes the play seem more obsolete than it actually is, or ever will be. (9/13/82) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Knucklebones—A play by Douglas Anderson. Opens Wednesday, Sept. 15. (Nat Horne, 440 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Liberation of Skopje—An autobiographical work, in Serbo-Croatian, by Yugoslav playwright Dušan Jovanović presented by the Zagreb Theatre Company in association with La Mama. Opens Thursday, Sept. 16, and will run through Sunday, Sept. 26. (On the grounds of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Nightly, except Monday, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 475-7710.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Sept. 26: Victor Herbert's **the red mill.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Little Shop of Horrors—A musical spoof of the 1960 Roger Corman film of the same title. The book and lyrics are by Howard Ashman, and the music is by Alan Menken. Originally presented at the WPA Theatre earlier this year. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Livingstone and Sechele—David Pownall's intermittently interesting play, which is based on an actual episode, tells of the efforts of Dr. David Livingstone, the nineteenth-century Scottish missionary, to convert to Christianity a proud and crafty African chief. Afemo is impressive in the impressive role of Sechele, and Esther Ryvlin is good, too, as one of his several wives. (6/21/82) (Quaigh, Hotel Diplomat, 108 W. 43rd St. 221-9088. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Master Harold . . . and the Boys—Athol Fugard's deft if unnecessarily didactic play about the immorality of apartheid. Formidably well acted under the author's direction. (5/17/82) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Nine—A sensationally opulent production of a musical comedy wrenched with little intellectual finesse from the classic movie "8½." Raul Julia is the star. (5/24/82) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Present Laughter—Audiences guffaw at this outrageous roughing up of Noël Coward's gentle, well-written comedy, much as if it were a country circus. George C. Scott is the star and director. (7/26/82) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Torch Song Trilogy—Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Richard DeFabees

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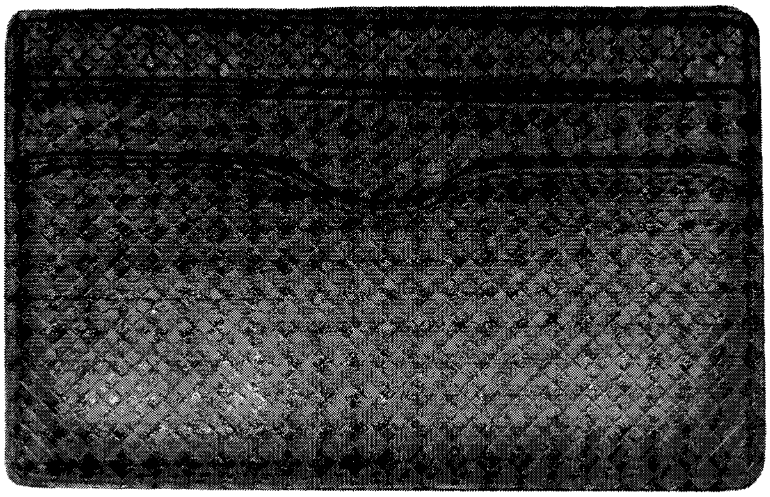

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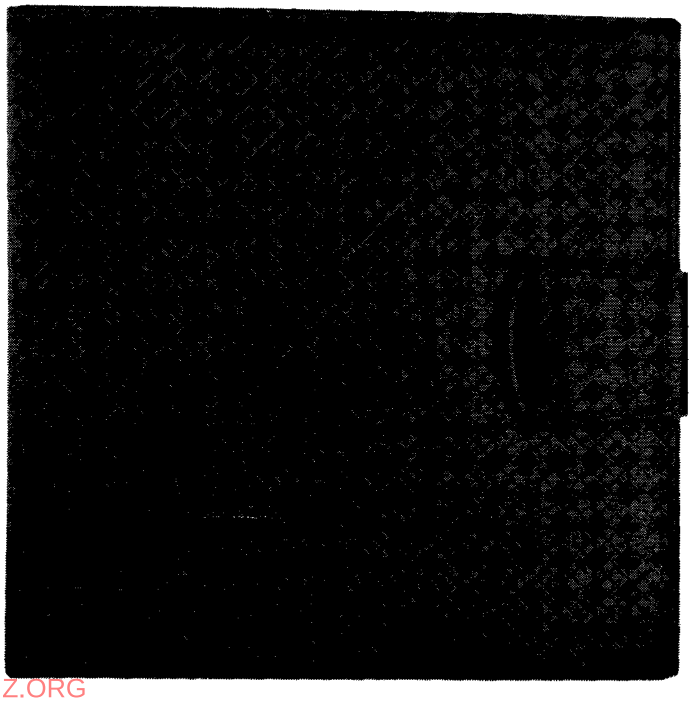

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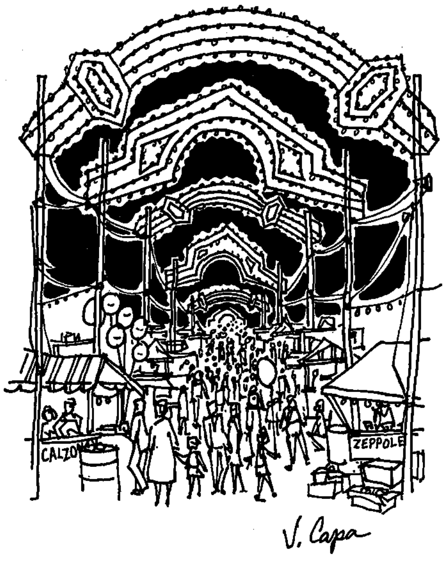
substitutes for Mr. Fierstein at the matinée performances. (2/1/82) (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Your Arms Too Short to Box with God—Patti LaBelle and Al Green in a revival of the musical taken from the book of Matthew by Vinnette Carroll, who also directed. The music and lyrics are by Alex Bradford and Micki Grant. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 3.)

Long Runs—**AMADEUS:** A highly intelligent Peter Shaffer thriller having to do, on one level, with the possibility that Mozart's early death was a result of his having been poisoned by a rival and, on another level, with that rival's indignant repudiation of God. Frank Langella plays the villainous putative murderer, Antonio Salieri; Dennis Boutsikaris plays the hapless Mozart; and Suzanne Lederer plays his pretty, perky wife. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** A long musical derived from the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Marcia Lewis as an alcoholic scold. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **CRIMES OF THE HEART:** The events that befall an unhappy family in a small town in Mississippi give a brilliant young playwright, Beth Henley, a chance to write a succession of highly comic scenes. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EVITA:** A sentimental musical about the life and death of Eva Perón. An excellent cast and a stylish production, but Eva remains a very peculiar choice for a heroine. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,312 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach, Millicent Martin, and Lisa Brown. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT:** Allen Fawcett heads the cast of a musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** James Belushi, Maureen McGovern, Kaye Ballard, Peter Noone, George Rose, and Tony Azito in a lively takeoff of the everlasting original. The director, Wilford Leach, has spruced up—some would say "roughed up"—Gilbert and Sullivan, making them more coarsely clownish than they would have wished to be. Starting Sunday, Sept. 19, Wally Kurth will replace Mr. Belushi. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **PUMP BOYS AND DINETTES:** A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann or by his wife, Cass Morgan. (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **A SOLDIER'S PLAY:** The Negro Ensemble Company production of Charles Fuller's gripping drama about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant at an Army camp in Louisiana in 1944. The performances by all members of the company are excellent, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **SOPHISTICATED LADIES:** Maurice Hines and half a dozen fellow-dancers and singers make their way at breakneck speed through some thirty-five Duke Ellington numbers. A very slick production, though the great Duke himself seems oddly absent from his own party. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **WOMAN OF THE YEAR:** Raquel Welch heads the cast of this musical. The music and lyrics are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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MISCELLANY

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 9 and midnight; and Sundays at 9.)

New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players—Presenting the first four of nine performances of "The Pirates of Penzance." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday and Friday, Sept. 23-24, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 25, at 3 and 8. For information about tickets, call 724-9159.)

Peter Allen and the Rockettes—The first two of nine performances. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 24-25, at 7:30.)

DANCE

Contemporary Chamber Ballet of Caracas—"Nuages," "Othello," "Inventions," "Preludes," and "Venezuelan Waltzes." (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday, Sept. 16, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 18-19, at 8.)

Ritha Devi—The first of two performances of a program of new and classical dances of India. (Community Church of New York Assembly Hall, 40 E. 35th St. Saturday, Sept. 25, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 988-7697.)

Benefit Programs—Stuart Hodes, Rachel Lampert, Victoria Uris, and Rachel Harms and her company. Proceeds will be used to establish a scholarship fund for dance students entering New York University's Tisch School of the Arts. (New York University School of the Arts Theatre, 111 Second Ave., between 6th and 7th Sts. Thursday, Sept. 23, at 7:30, and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 24-25, at 8. For tickets, call 598-2404.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A convivial Chelsea bar and restaurant gussied up as a nautical pub. The four-foot-high bandstand is more likely to induce acrophobia than seasickness. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 17-18, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** will be the performers, and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 24-25, **JAKI BYARD,** the free-stride pianist, will be present with his trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—The School of New York Night-Club Décor, which favors industrial carpeting, stainless steel, and lots of mirrors, mirror tiles, and mirror panels, flourishes in this room. The back wall is graced with a four-color neon sign depicting a bridge (perhaps the Brooklyn) in red, the downtown skyline in blue, two stars in white, and a crescent moon in yellow. Funk and pop-jazz tenor saxophonist **STANLEY TURRENTINE** leads a quintet through Sunday, Sept. 19; on Monday, Sept. 20, the Dean Pratt big band will take over the bandstand; and on Tuesday, Sept. 21, ex-Basie-ite **JOE WILLIAMS,** who over the years has become an effective ballad singer and a first-rate showman, will arrive. There are usually three sets, beginning at nine-thirty.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Unchallenged in its sensible, efficient

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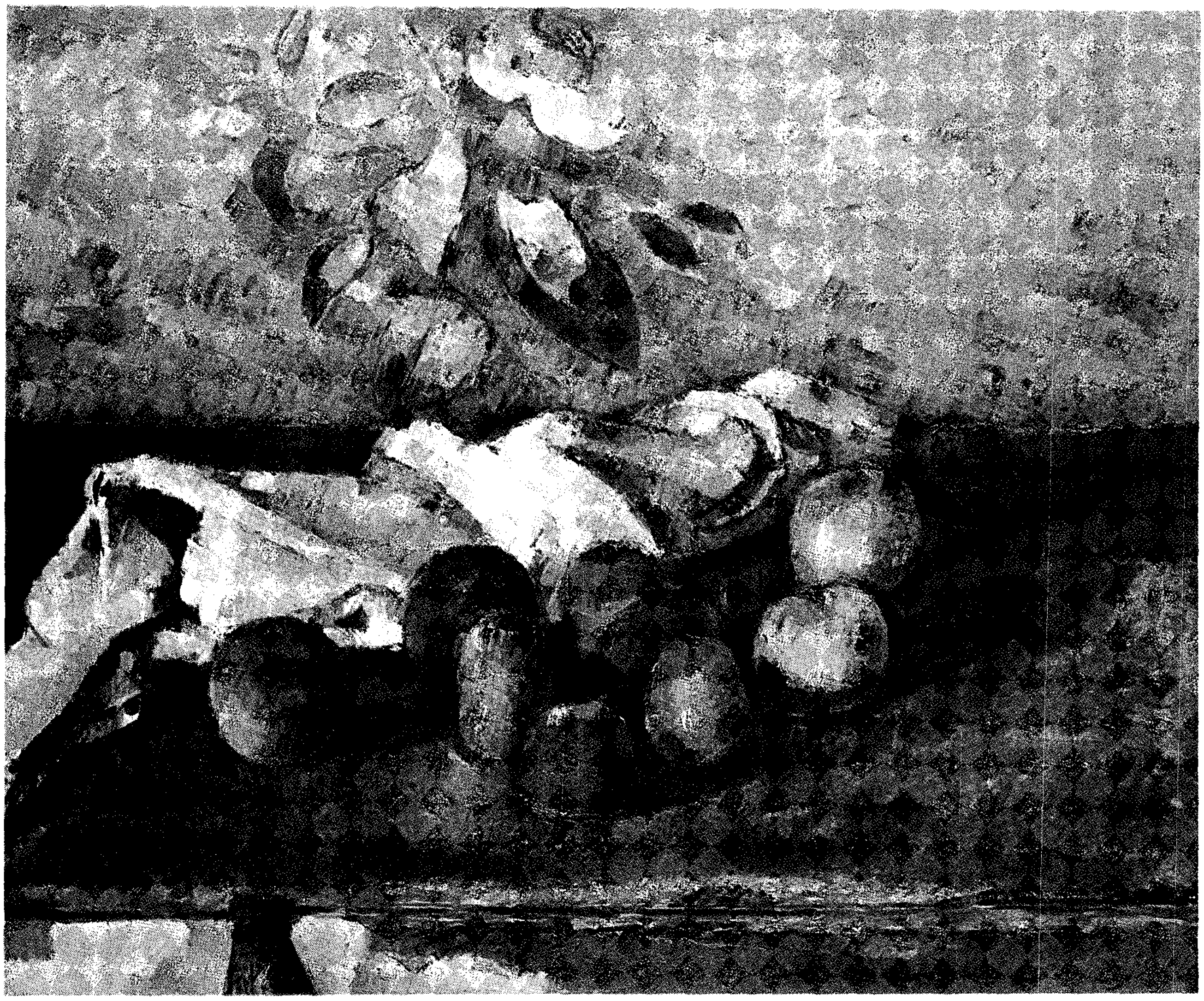

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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seating (there are tables and chairs for four hundred) and its liberal musical tastes, and what's more, the shows usually begin on time. The varied schedule: Wednesday, Sept. 15, the Lounge Lizards; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 17-18, Jon Lucien; Tuesday, Sept. 21, the Nighthawks, a rockabilly quintet based in Washington, D.C., and the **UPTOWN HORNS,** a dynamic local R. & B. band in which horns rather than guitars predominate; Thursday, Sept. 23, John Stewart and Buskin & Batteau; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 24-25, an evening of doo-wop music with the Coasters, the Cadillacs, the Blue Motions, and the Laddins. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Still panelled with dark-stained pine, highlighted with Photo-Realist portraits, and inhabited by professional conversationalists, who often take a break and listen to the worthwhile music. The worthwhile musicians: bassist **RED MITCHELL** and pianist **NORMAN SIMMONS** through Saturday, Sept. 18; Mr. Mitchell and pianist **LEE ANN LEDGERWOOD** on Sunday, Sept. 19; and Mr. Mitchell with **HANK JONES** on piano beginning Monday, Sept. 20. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The urbanely swinging **JIMMY LYON,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convival, buzzing, smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**MARIAN MC PARTLAND** winds up her summer stint with bassist **STEVE LA SPINA** on Saturday, Sept. 18. They begin their sets at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. On Tuesday, Sept. 21, pop pianist Peter Nero will move in to perform at ten and midnight. Dining.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** who occasionally lets loose on hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string (the seventh string is a bass string) guitar, guides a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A bar and restaurant painted the color of Vienna-roast coffee beans. **ELLIS LARKINS,** the demure, elegant pianist who in the past has accompanied Joe Williams, Helen Humes, Ella Fitzgerald, Sylvia Syms, and many other singers, is the star here. He appears nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll. Wednesday, Sept. 15, the Extremes, Cherry, the Bagdads, and Redex; Thursday, Sept. 16, the Dots, China Davis, the Tapes, and Beau Jest; Friday, Sept. 17, the Outsets and Steve Almaa's Beat Rodeo; and Saturday, Sept. 18, the Nitecaps. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

CITY LIMITS, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—When the stars at night are big and bright, you can wear your cowboy boots; when it's raining you can wear your cowboy galoshes. Various lively, well-miked country-and-Western bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER,** who sings the blues, chants the blues, calls the blues, talks the blues, and writes the blues, also sings "Let the Rest of the World Go By," "Somebody Loves Me," and a beautifully slow version of "The Glory of Love." She's backed up by Jimmy Lewis on bass and Gerald Cook on piano Wednesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen. Sundays through Tuesdays belong to singer and bassist **ARVELL SHAW'S** trio. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. Saturday, Sept. 18, the Double Decker String Band, and Saturday, Sept. 25, Lowe Arkwright & the Backdoor Oilers, a jug, washboard, fiddle, and washtub band. Music Wednesdays at eight-thirty and Saturdays at nine.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—One of the two homes for traditional small-band jazz on the block (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house band works out nightly, except Sundays, from eight-thirty to two; Wednesdays, other combos play from five-thirty to eight-thirty. On Sunday, Sept. 19, the **RAY ALEXANDER** quintet will be onstage from about nine-thirty. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—On Wednesday, Sept. 15, the hard-bop pianist **CEDAR WALTON** leads a quartet; Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 16-19, pianist **HANK JONES** and baritone saxophonist **PEPPER ADAMS** will co-pilot a quintet that will feature **TOM HARRELL** on trumpet, **MIKE RICHMOND** on bass, and **BILLY HART** on drums; and on Tuesday, Sept. 21—wow!—pianists **TEDDY WILSON** and **TOMMY FLANAGAN** will come in for six nights. The first set begins about nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City: Thursday, Sept. 16, Irish singers Triona Ni Dhomhnaill and Micheal O Domhnaill (at eight and eleven); Saturday, Sept. 18, **ERIC ANDERSEN;** Sunday, Sept. 19, the Back Street Band and Sal Ritz; Tuesday, Sept. 21, the Press and Bill Fern's Rock Jam; Wednesday, Sept. 22, the Microscopic Septet and Friends & Enemies; Thursday, Sept. 23, Johnny Cunningham; Friday, Sept. 24, Carolyn Hester and Nanci Griffith; and Saturday, Sept. 25, Danny O'Keefe and Karen Beth. Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins at eight.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A sort of indoor *piazza del popolo* for SoHo tourists and the *popolo* who can afford to live there. There are brick walls and archways, lots of vegetation (in pots), wicker furniture, and balcony vistas. The schedule: Marion Cowings is singing here through Saturday, Sept. 18; on Monday, Sept. 20, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** will have a jam with guitarist **MELVIN SPARKS;** and starting Tuesday, Sept. 21, pianist Kenny Brawner will work with a bassist. Sundays are given over to singer, pianist, and composer **ANDY BEY.** Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine, eleven, and one. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Bassist **NABIL TOTAH,** guitarist **JACK WILKINS,** and pianist **MIKE LONGO** perform together and back up singer **ALICIA SHERMAN** through Sunday, Sept. 19. On Wednesday, Sept. 22, the Scott Hardy trio will take over. On Mondays and Tuesdays, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** heads up a trio. All of these groups play from ten. Pianist Don Golson works nightly from five to ten, except Sundays, when pianist and singer **BROOKS KERR** dips into his repertoire of Ellington and stride-piano numbers.

GRIFF'S, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—An open-air terrace wraps around this second-story restaurant. The inside is pleasant and modern and cooler. Pianist **CHRIS ANDERSON,** bassist **WALTER BOOKER,** and drummer **FRANK GANT** perform from eight to midnight Tuesdays through Fridays, and from nine to one on Saturdays. Mondays, **NINA SHELDON** sings and plays piano from seven to eleven.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—An East Side counterpart of a well-known arty upper West Side bar and restaurant of the same name. **RALPH SUTTON,** a strong, buoyant, bluesy pianist who likes to play a lot of early jazz, can be found at the dining-room grand Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and Fridays and Saturdays at nine.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A much bigger, airier space than its previous quarters. Fridays and Saturdays, **SUN RA,** the intergalactic jazzman, explores outer space, inner space, and the dance music of Fletcher Henderson and Duke Ellington. The music begins at nine.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—This club and Eddie Condon's, just a tiddledywink's hop east, demarcate a little slice of what West 52nd Street—now labelled Swing Street for tourists but known in earlier times to the initiated as simply The Street—was like thirty, forty, and more years ago, when it was swing and bebop world headquarters and rows of town houses housed jazz clubs. The two present-day 54th Street establishments cling strongly to traditional jazz. Ryan's house band, led by trumpeter Spanky Davis, lets loose Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** is in charge. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good musical reasons. Pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and **MAJOR HOLLEY,** the humming, buzzing bassist, are present through Saturday, Sept. 18; on Tuesday, Sept. 21, pianist **LEE ANN LEDGERWOOD** will arrive with bassist **MICHAEL MOORE.** The Sunday-and-Monday piano-bass duties have been taken over by **FRED HERSCH** and **GEORGE MRAZ.** Music from ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and for French tourists. The music is usually good solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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starts after eight-thirty. Part of the schedule: Wednesday, Sept. 15, **ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL** and the Smoky Boys; Thursday, Sept. 16, guitarist **JORMA KAUKONEN** and Diamond Dupree; Sunday and Monday, Sept. 19-20, British folk rocker Richard Thompson; Tuesday, Sept. 21, the Burrito Brothers and Lee Roy Parnell; Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 22-23, **JONATHAN RICHMAN & THE MODERN LOVERS** and the Schoolgirls; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 24-25, **FINN & THE SHARKS,** a fine rockabilly band from Nyack. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A sure-thing jazz lineup: Singer and actress **ABBEY LINCOLN** and her backing crew wind up their visit on Saturday, Sept. 18; on Sunday, Sept. 19, **SHEILA JORDAN** will sing accompanied by bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ;** Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 20-21, will belong to singer **ANNE MARIE MOSS;** and starting Wednesday, Sept. 22, singer Marion Cowings will come in with a quintet. Sets begin at nine-thirty nightly. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—**MEL TORMÉ** in a club. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE,** in a small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice, sings from a repertory that includes such tunes as "When in Rome (I Do as the Romans Do)," "Peel Me a Grape," and "I'm Hip"—which convey, with help from Miss Dearie's delivery, what used to seem in the fifties and early sixties like cool hipness and what now seems more like innocence. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue, contrary to popular belief, is not known for its lemon sherbet with hot fudge sauce; it is known for the R. & B. and jazz bands that have been performing here for the good part of a decade. The schedule: Wednesday, Sept. 15, a band called Joe Cool; Thursday, Sept. 16, Billy Scott; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 17-18, **ERIC GALE,** the honey-toned guitarist, and his R. & B. & R. (rhythm-and-blues-and-reggae) septet, which usually features jazz drummer **FREDDIE WAITS** and reggae drummer and singer **WINSTON GRENNAN.** Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. Wednesday, Sept. 15, **STORMIN' NORMAN & SUZY** and Lipso Facto; Thursday and Friday, Sept. 16-17, **BONNIE KOLOC** and Shusha; Saturday, Sept. 18, the Strangers; Sunday, Sept. 19, Rollo and the Gentz; Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 21-22, Marshall Chapman, a country rock and roller from Spartanburg, S.C.; Thursday, Sept. 23, Lee Roy Parnell and Darryl Canada; Friday, Sept. 24, **DENNY MOROUSE** and Red Decade; and Saturday, Sept. 25, Peggie Blue & Blue Pearl. Shows at nine-thirty and midnight. Mondays, a talent showcase begins at eight-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Peppermint Lounge, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—A multilevel rock-and-roll haunt. On Friday and Saturday, Sept. 17-18, **JOE (KING) CARRASCO & THE CROWNS,** who come from Austin, will pull into town. Carrasco, who wears a teetering Queen Elizabeth-sized crown and a cape that keeps flopping onto the strings of his electric guitar as he jumps around the stage, plays and sings (in the whiny voice of a nine-year-old) Tex-Mex rock and roll—it's also been called *nuevo wavo.* The Tex-Mex aspects of Carrasco's music are the simple, bouncing rhythm chords (reminiscent of Flaco Jimeniz's accordian) that are skillfully played by the band's Vox Jaguar organist, who, appropriately, has wrapped her instrument in a serape. The music otherwise sounds like derivative Kingsmen, Sam the Sham & the Pharaohs, early Doug Sahm, and other regional bands from the sixties, but it sure makes one smile a lot. Wednesday, Sept. 15, belongs to singer Bonnie Bramlett and the Southern-rock band Grinderswitch, and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 24-25, the Blasters will play some L.A. rockabilly. Live music from about eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays.

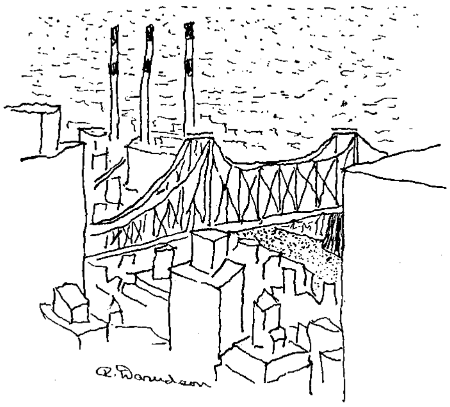
Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**SY OLIVER** and his bouncy dance orchestra are on the bandstand Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A sort of big, bustling rec room, with walnutty Masonite panelling, globe lights, ice-cream-parlor curled-cast-iron chairs, red tablecloths, and traditional-jazz bands every night of the week. The music begins at seven on Sundays and at nine the rest of the time. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935, when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Wednesday, Sept. 15, John Waite and Balance; Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 16-18, **JOE COCKER;** Monday, Sept. 20, Yellowman (at nine); Wednesday, Sept. 22, **NICK LOWE** & Paul Carrack's Noise to Go; and Thursday, Sept. 23, Kid Creole & the Coconuts and **NONA HENDRYX** & Propaganda. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A second-floor jazz club in which most of the walls are refreshingly austere. Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from nine-thirty. The players: Wednesday, Sept. 15, saxophonists **DAVE LIEBMAN** and **BILL EVANS,** pianist **ANDY LAVERNE,** bassist **RUFUS REID,** and drummer **VICTOR LEWIS;** Thursday and Friday, Sept. 16-17, pianist **ONAJE ALLAN GUMBS;** Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 18-19; R. & B. guitarist **DOC POWELL;** Monday, Sept. 20, the Widespread Jazz Orchestra; Tuesday, Sept. 21, Ear Candy, with Earl McIntyre; Wednesday, Sept. 22, Cathy Rose Salit; Thursday, Sept. 23, Main Gazane; and Friday, Sept. 24, Noel Pointer.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Not much to look at, this very new club, a reformed luncheonette (or a lapsed luncheonette, depending on your attitude toward night clubs and luncheonettes) is a great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. The schedule: Wednesday, Sept. 15, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND;** Sunday, Sept. 19, Kenia & Pau Brasil; *Tuesday, Sept. 21, Marco Silva; and Wednesday,* Sept. 22, flutist **LLOYD MC NEILL.** Thursdays are the property of Brasil 2000, and Fridays and Saturdays are claimed by **PÉ-DE-BOI.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays.



Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—A comfortable, nicely appointed room with very good weekend music. **CEDAR WALTON** and **RON CARTER,** whose piano-bass collaborations go back a long time, will be on hand Friday and Saturday, Sept. 17-18; on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 24-25, Val Eley will sing here. Music from ten. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A bustling knotty-pine room. Pianist **RANDY WESTON** is making a rare New York appearance, along with percussionist **CANDIDO,** through Saturday, Sept. 18; Sunday and Monday, Sept. 19-20, will be given over to a real fine trio, **CEDAR WALTON, RON CARTER,** and **BILLY HIGGINS;** and starting Tuesday, Sept. 21, **JIMMY MC GRIFF,** the absolutely wonderful jumping R. & B. organist with just the right light touch, will move in with his jumping quartet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—**BIG JOE TURNER,** a real live history of Kansas City blues, sings here Wednesdays through Saturdays with some help from tenor saxophonist **EDDIE CHAMBLEE,** guitarist **BILLY BUTLER** (a master of sliding blues chords and a veteran of the recording of Bill Doggett's "Honky Tonk"), and a sufficiently bluesy quintet. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty.

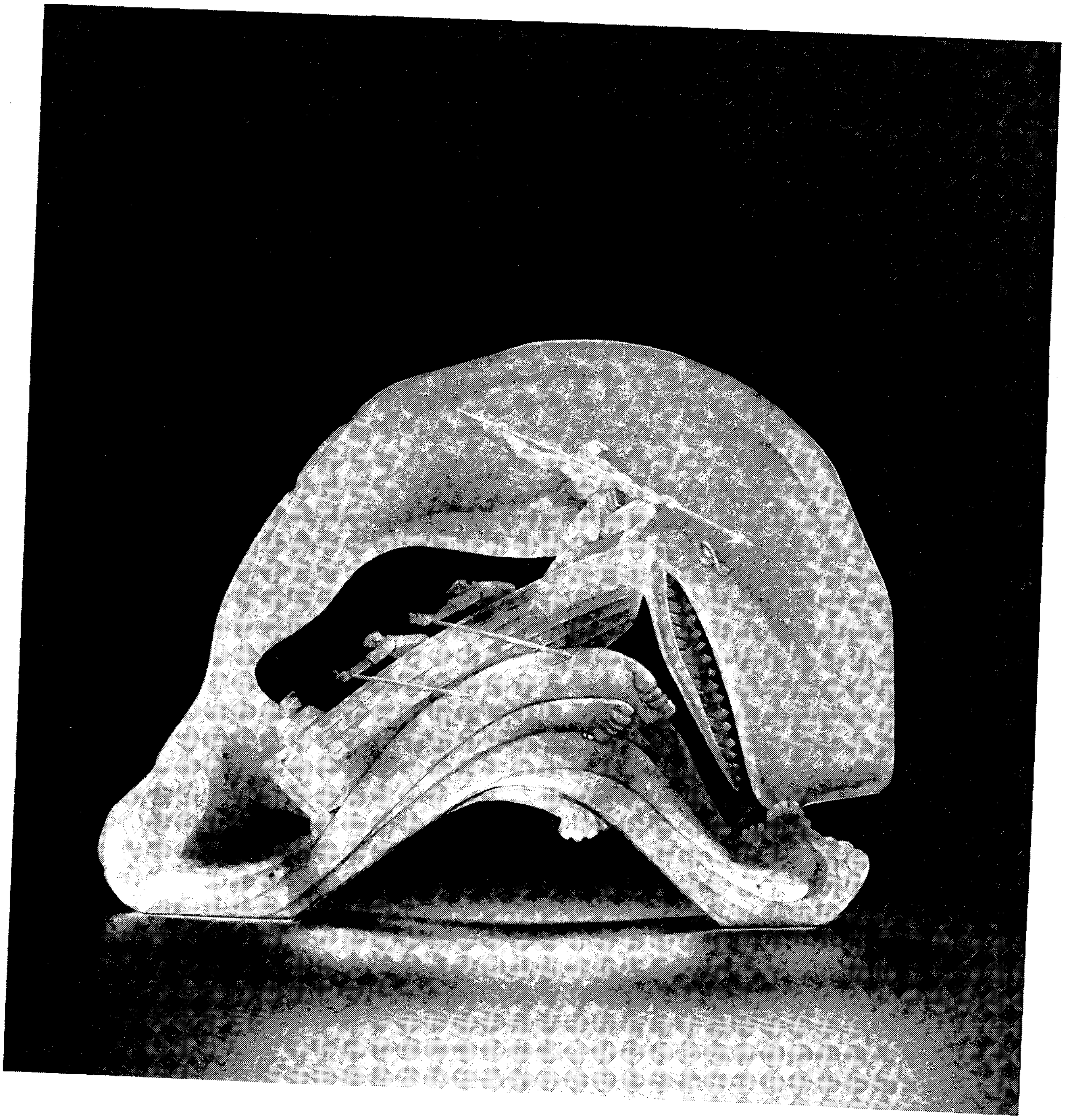
Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll downstairs. The understated entrance is easy to miss. The lineup: Wednesday, Sept. 15, Decoys and Susan Sexton; Thursday, Sept. 16, Digital Richard and Male Model; Friday, Sept. 17, the **UPTOWN HORNS;** Saturday, Sept. 18, Sic F*cks; Tuesday, Sept. 21, Dancette Major and Paramour; Wednesday, Sept. 22, Tom Nielsen & the Parker Brothers Band and Point; Thursday, Sept. 23, Jailbait and Scarlet Fever; Friday, Sept. 24, the Waves and Ozone; and Saturday, Sept. 25, Empty Suits. Music after eleven, usually. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays are nights of salsa music in the big, barnlike downstairs room after nine. On Sept. *20, Millie, Jocelyn 'n Vecinos;* **MANNY O'QUENDO'S LIBRE;** and guest soloist tenor saxophonist and arranger **FRANK FOSTER** will gather onstage. On Friday, Sept. 24, in the Top of the Gate, Paul Krassner will be biting, caustic, witty, and/or funny. On Tuesdays, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays from nine on the Terrace.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Proprietor and author ("Live at the Village Vanguard") Max Gordon once described this world-famous basement club in a radio interview: "It's a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Tenor saxophonist **GEORGE ADAMS** and pianist **DON PULLEN** co-pilot a quartet through Sunday, Sept. 19; on Tuesday, Sept. 21, **ZOOT SIMS** will begin playing dancing tenor-sax solos with his quartet. Mondays, the **MEL LEWIS** big band blasts off. Music from ten.

Village West, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A tile floor, a pressed-tin ceiling, and brick walls—all the makings for bright acoustics. French-horn wiz and pianist **SHARON FREEMAN** performs through Sunday, Sept. 19; and starting Tuesday, Sept. 21, **JOHN BUNCH** will man the piano, supported by bassist **PHIL FLANIGAN** and guitarist **CHRIS FLORY.** Sets begin at nine-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at ten Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A dark, extremely likable, out-of-the-way soul-food place with things—hundreds, possibly thousands of iciclelike glass drops (the kind that are usually part of chandeliers) and a handful of opaque-glass lighting fixtures from the twenties—hanging from the ceiling. Mondays through Wednes-



Masterworks in crystal

See Moby Dick, part of the retrospective exhibition "Donald Pollard: Masterworks in Crystal" at Steuben Glass, September 22 through October 9. Pollard is known for his Steuben masterworks in public and private collections throughout the world. Moby Dick is 11¼" long. Engraving design by Sidney Waugh. $17,000. Signed Steuben.

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STEUBEN GLASS

days, Hank Johnson is the pianist. Thursdays through Sundays, **SADIK HAKIM** has the floor. Music from eight-thirty to two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. Tenor saxophonist **GEORGE KELLY** leads his Jazz Sultans through Sunday, Sept. 19; on Monday, Sept. 20, trumpeter **JABBO SMITH** will bring in his Rhythm Aces. Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and jazz musicians in it. **LARRY WILLIS** is at the piano and **GEORGE MRAZ** is at his bass through Saturday, Sept. 18; on Sunday, Sept. 19, guitarist John Basile will work with bassist **MICHAEL MOORE;** and starting Monday, Sept. 20, the piano-bass team of **HILTON RUIZ** and **MAJOR HOLLEY** will take up residence. Music Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty and Sundays from eight-thirty.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Frank Sinatra—With Buddy Rich and his band. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday, Sept. 15, through Thursday, Sept. 23. Nightly, except Monday, Sept. 20, at 8.)

Santana—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Saturday, Sept. 18, at 8.

José Luis Rodriguez—With Blanca Goodfriend. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Saturday, Sept. 18, at 8, and Sunday, Sept. 19, at 3.)

Gil Evans and Sam Rivers—With a twelve-piece band in a program of their own music. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. Sunday, Sept. 19, at 7.)

Grateful Dead—Madison Square Garden. Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 20-21, at 8.

Peter Tosh and **Jimmy Cliff**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Sept. 25, at 7 and 11:30.

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 10 and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 16, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Steve Turre quintet. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 18, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Philly Joe Jones quartet. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 19, at 6 and 8: Harry Sheppard trio. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 19, at 10 and midnight: Bird Lore. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 23, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Al Haig trio. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Sept. 24-25, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Art Blakey & the Jazz Messengers. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Alfredo Saldana Bustinza—Paintings in mixed mediums; first one-man show in New York. Through Sept. 30. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Clarence Carter—Architectural paintings with stairway structures predominating. Through Oct. 9. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Kazuko Inoue / Edward Renouf—Abstract paintings. / Paintings and sculptures. Through Oct. 2. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Ron Isaacs / Richard Seehausen—Painted-plywood wall pieces that counterfeit wearing apparel—suède gloves, jackets, kimonos—and are accompanied by very small, wholly unrelated, cutout figures. / Ordinary people doing things more often documented in snapshots (swimming-pool frolics, just talking) than in full-dress paintings like these, by a figurative Expressionist. Through Oct. 2. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Raphael Soyer—Watercolors and drawings. Through Oct. 2. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Group Shows—At the **CDS,** 13 E. 75th St.: American painters, both veterans and relative newcomers, including Hedda Sterne, Adja Yunkers, and Roxi Marsen. Through Oct. 8. (Open Mondays.) . . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS,** 680 Park Ave., at 68th St., and **KOUROS GALLERY,** 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: A joint show of paintings, collages, sculptures, and photographs by more than two dozen women artists from the United States, Canada, and Latin America. The more familiar names include Grace Hartigan, Lynda Benglis, Wendy Knox Leet, and Liliana Porter. Through Oct. 17. (Center hours: Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6. Kouros hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.) . . . **GRAHAM,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: "Pertaining to Boston" has late-nineteenth-century paintings by William Morris Hunt, John LaFarge, Hermann Dudley Murphy, and others. Through Oct. 8. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **SABARSKY,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Four large figurative paintings in oil by Otto Dix and eight watercolors by Egon Schiele are included in a showing of works by half a dozen German Expressionists. Through Oct. 16. (Opens at noon.) . . . **SCHOELKOPF,** 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Modernist paintings and drawings from the twenties and thirties by Americans Stuart Davis, Marsden Hartley, Joseph Stella, and others. Through Sept. 29. . . . **SIEGEL,** 29 E. 73rd St.: Minimal paintings and sculptures, one each by ten artists, including Alan Uglow, Robert Ryman, Jene Highstein, and Carl Andre. Through Oct. 9.

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GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Bård Breivik—Fibre-and-wood sculptures. Through Oct. 20. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

Marcel Broodthaers (1924-76)—Two shows: Books, paintings, films, and other works. Through Oct. 2. (Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ Drawings and graphics. Through Oct. 30. (Gibson, 205 E. 78th St.)

Stephen Brown—Portraits, some of the artist. Through Oct. 6. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Louisa Chase—Paintings with vibrant colors and charcoal drawings. Through Oct. 2. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

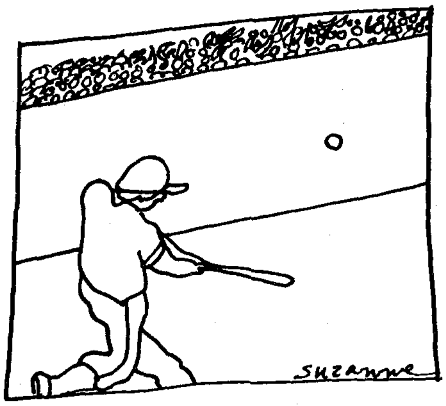
Roz Chast—Delicate drawings and watercolors illustrating far from delicate subjects—a journey to the center of the refrigerator, for instance, or what *really* happened to the dinosaurs. The artist is a frequent contributor to *The New Yorker.* Through Oct. 2. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

William Clutz—Recent pastels of New York's streets and Central Park. Through Sept. 30. (Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St.)

Thom Cooney-Crawford / Andrew Hudson—Paintings and related sculptures. / Paintings. Through Oct. 6. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Joni Lehman—Figurative paintings; first solo show in New York. Through Oct. 7. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Morris Louis (1912-62)—Paintings from all four of his major color series. Also drawings. Through Oct. 2. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)



Gabor Peterdi / Milton Avery (1893-1965)—Paintings dated 1960 to 1982. Through Oct. 14. / Small works on paper in a show that will coincide with the Avery retrospective at the Whitney Museum. Starts Saturday, Sept. 18. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—Sculptures from the artist's estate, plus three pieces on loan from the Museum of Modern Art. Starts Thursday, Sept. 16. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

D. Jack Solomon—Cat motifs in Persian miniatures inspired these paintings that are paired with sculptures. Through Oct. 9. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

A. A. Ushenko—Loosely executed allegorical paintings. Through Saturday, Sept. 25. (Viridian, 52 W. 57th St.)

Douglas Fenn Wilson—Relief paintings, on balsa wood, depicting realist landscapes and seascapes. First one-man show in New York. Through Sept. 29. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At **BLUM HELMAN,** 20 W. 57th St.: New work by Robert Ryman, Cy Twombly, and Richard Tuttle. Through Oct. 9. . . . **DEL RE,** 41 E. 57th St.: Works on paper and paintings on canvas (among them a triptych by Richard Pousette-Dart) by twentieth-century artists. Miró, Dubuffet, Rothko, and others. Through Oct. 2. . . . **ESMAN,** 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings and works on paper from 1910-25 by members of the Russian avant-garde (Rodchenko, Malevich); works from the fifties through the seventies by Americans (Avery, Steinberg, Christo); and works by gallery artists (Lizbeth Mitty, Ed Kerns). Through Oct. 9. . . . **PEARL,** at a new location at 38 E. 57th St.: Abstract paintings by Stephen Greene, Anna Bialobroda, Michael Loew, and other gallery artists. Through Saturday, Sept. 18. . . . **ZARRE,** 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by New York artists Dee Shapiro, Jan Sawka, Winifred Godfrey, Robert Swain, and others. Through Oct. 2.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Nicholas Africano / Kim MacConnel—A series of paintings based on the Jekyll-and-Hyde story. / Collages. Through Oct. 6. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Stevan Jennis—Drawings and sculptures. Through Oct. 2. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Carolee Schneemann—Paintings, constructions, collages, boxes, and kinetic sculptures—all produced between 1960 and 1970. Through Oct. 2. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

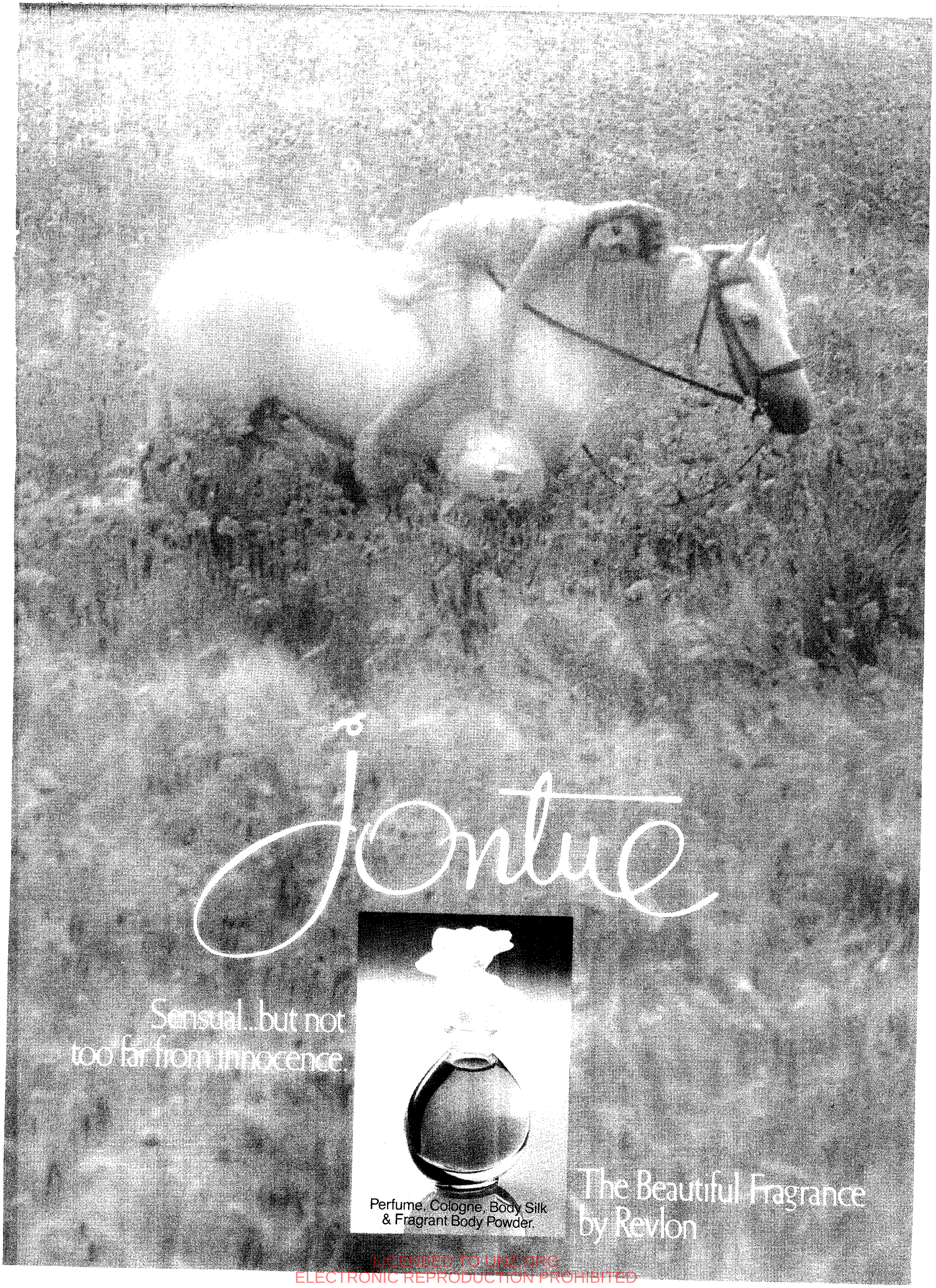
Group Shows—At the **CASTELLI,** 142 Greene St.: A twenty-fifth-anniversary show in which gallery artists, ranging from Johns and Rauschenberg to Schnabel and Salle, are represented by a work from one of their early shows at Castelli. Through Oct. 9. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: Works on paper by thirteen artists. Through Nov. 6. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **HOFFMAN,** 429 West Broadway: A tenth-anniversary show consisting of a new work by each of the gallery artists—Natalie Bieser, Bill Richards, John Okulick, and Alan Siegel, to name some. Through Oct. 6.

OTHER GALLERIES

Fred Gutzeit—An installation centered on work gloves, either found by or made by the artist. Through Saturday, Sept. 25. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Samuel F. B. Morse (1791-1872)—"Gallery of the Louvre," other historical paintings, and portraits by the artist-scientist who abandoned painting at about the time he invented the telegraph. Through Oct. 23. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **BOUCKAERT,** 100 Hudson St.: Paintings and sculptures characterized by allover patterns. Robert Zakanitch and Jackie Winsor are two of the seven artists. Through Oct. 2. . . . **FEDERAL HALL NATIONAL MEMORIAL,** 26 Wall St., at Broad St.: A show, mounted by the Whitney Museum, saluting Universal Limited Art Editions' twenty-fifth anniversary. Through Sept. 28. (Mon-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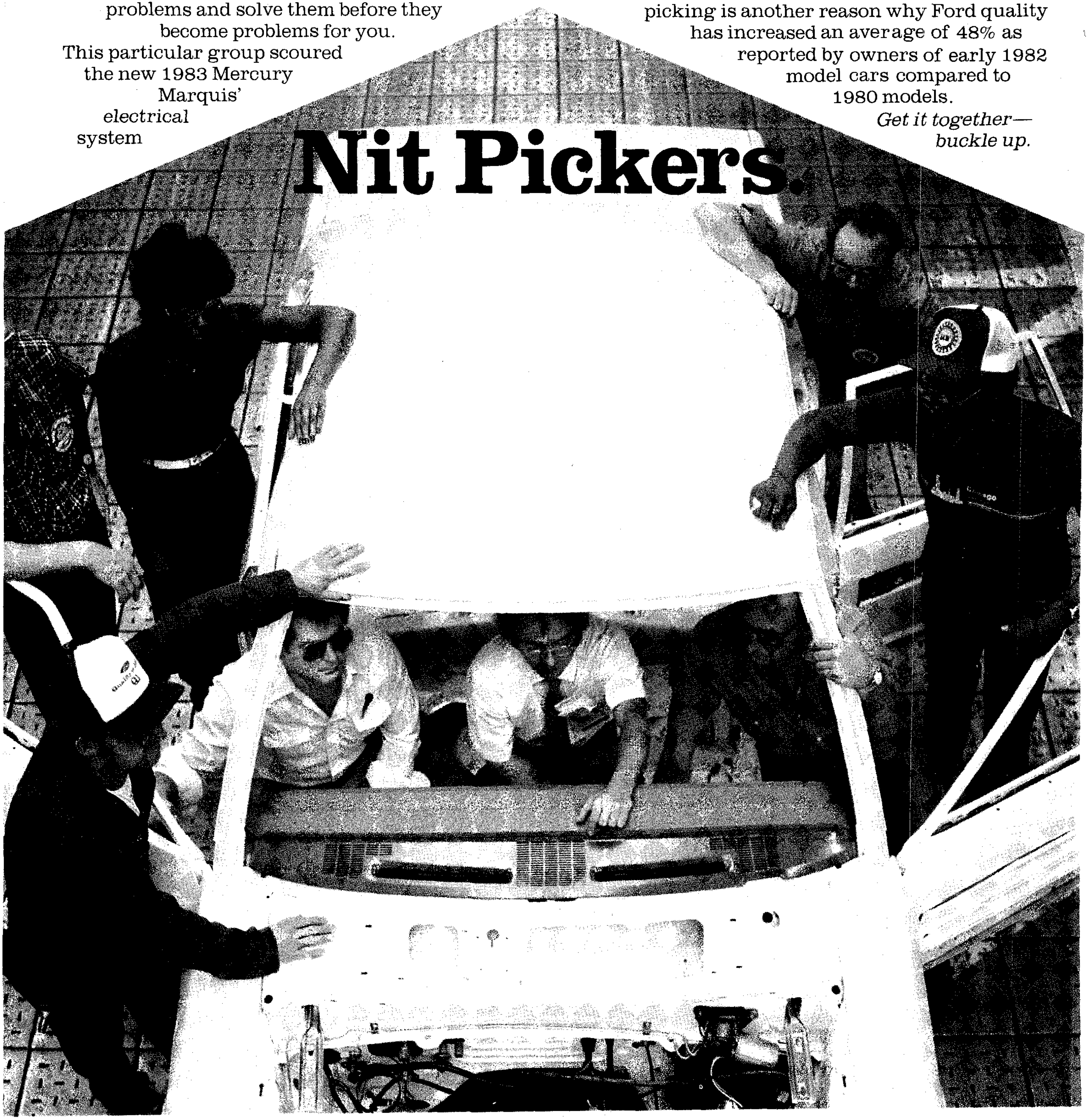

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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days through Fridays, 11 to 3.) . . . **PRATT MANHATTAN CENTER**, 160 Lexington Ave., at 30th St.: "Partitions," a show of painted screens, free-standing paintings, and room dividers by fourteen artists, among them Patsy Norvell, Jeff Way, and George Woodman. Through Oct. 9. (Open Mondays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Gisèle Freund—Photographs of literary figures, mostly. Through Oct. 8. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Russell Lee—Vintage and contemporary prints, notably the 1941 Pie Town, New Mexico, series he did for the Farm Security Administration. Through Oct. 23. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Beaumont Newhall—Architectural subjects, landscapes, and portraits of Henri Cartier-Bresson, Ansel Adams, and other photographers by the art historian. Through Sunday, Sept. 19. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

Irving Penn—Forty-one still-lifes from 1979-82. Through Oct. 2. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Morris Warman—Mostly candid shots of notables—Winston Churchill, William Faulkner, Fiorello LaGuardia, Edith Piaf, Rex Stout—by a former *Herald Tribune* photographer. Through Sept. 30. (Automation House, 49 E. 68th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **FREIDUS**, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.: Three prints each by thirty-three Chicago photographers. Through Friday, Sept. 24. . . . **PRAKAPAS**, 19 E. 71st St.: Nearly forty vintage prints by Dutch (Piet Zwart, Cas Oorthuys) and other (Erwin Blumenfeld, László Moholy-Nagy) artists who reinterpreted the De Stijl movement through the lens of a camera. Through Oct. 23. (Opens at noon; open Tuesday evenings until 8.) . . . **WOLF**, 30 W. 57th St.: Avocational photographs by painters and sculptors of this century and the nineteenth: Degas, Brancusi, Pearlstein, and others. Through Oct. 9. (Open Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Cimabue Crucifix, on loan from the church of Santa Croce in Florence, will be exhibited in the Medieval Sculpture Hall starting Thursday, Sept. 16. . . . ¶ "Hendrik Goltzius and His Circle," a show of prints by the Dutch artist considered the outstanding line engraver of the late sixteenth century. Also, prints by his students and by artists (Dürer and Spranger) Goltzius copied. Through Nov. 21. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—While the museum's renovation and expansion project continues, only part of the permanent collection remains on view. . . . ¶ Current offerings—Richard Neutra's contributions to American residential architecture are documented in an exhibit of photographs, drawings, and two large-scale models (one representing the Lovell house, a 1927 example of the International Style; the other, the 1937 Landfair Apartments in Los Angeles). Through Oct. 12. . . . "New Work on Paper 2," the second in a series of exhibits of drawings by contemporary artists, contains examples (some of which—the show's title notwithstanding—are executed directly on the wall) by Jonathan Borofsky, Francesco Clemente, Mario Merz, A. R. Penck, and Giuseppe Penone. Through Tuesday, Sept. 21. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Scandinavia Today," the over-*all* title for a nationwide series of exhibits (see also the Cooper-Hewitt, Morgan Library, and National Academy of Design), brings three shows to these galleries: Works in various mediums by two contemporary artists from each of the five Nordic countries; paintings and works on paper by the Swedish artist Öyvind Fahlström; and paintings and prints by Danish Cobra artist Asger Jorn. Through Nov. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A Milton Avery retrospective of paintings and monotypes will fill the fourth-floor galleries beginning Thursday, Sept. 16. A complementary show (starting Saturday, Sept. 18) will be at Grace Borgenicht Gallery, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. . . . ¶ A survey of present-day museum architecture in the United States contains elevations, renderings, photographs, and models for seven projects currently in the works, including the Museum of Modern Art. Through Oct. 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of selections from the museum's print collection representing five hundred years of work, done primarily by Europeans. Dürer, Rembrandt, Goya (including a working proof from his "Los Caprichos" series), Degas, Cassatt, Whistler, Kirchner, Braque, Picasso (his 1935 "Minotauromachy"), Dine, and others. Through Nov. 14. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Three six-foot stone standard-bearers are in attendance at an exhibit of Aztec artifacts that were, like them, discovered four years ago in a subterranean temple in Mexico City. Among the other hundred objects are skulls, knives, seashells, jewelry, ceramics, and carvings. Through Oct. 6. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 9.)

American Craft Museum I, 44 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the handmade papers of Douglass Morse Howell includes sheets of linen and of flax; books; and, as a bonus, works by Joan Miró, Anne Ryan, and other artists who have used paper made by Howell. Through Oct. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibit that reviews Scandinavian designs in furniture, glass, ceramics, metal, and textiles from the eighteen-eighties to the present. Through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ More than two hundred hand-colored fashion prints illustrating the sartorial trends followed by men, women, and children from the end of the eighteenth century to the beginning of the twentieth. Through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ A display of European laces dating from the sixteenth century to the twentieth, with additional items chosen to demonstrate how lace patterns have been translated into patterns for wrought-iron gates, embroidery, and contemporary baskets. Through Nov. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—Ushio Shinohara's exhibit of paintings, sculptures, and drawings includes a 1966 Pop treatment of the ukiyo-e genre and a six-panel painting on canvas, "Flower Viewing," that is exhibited as a folding screen and combines, among other things, Wonder Woman figures and figures after Edward Hopper. Through Oct. 10. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Four Rembrandt etchings are among the more than fifty seventeenth-century prints from Amsterdam (most of them on loan) that portray the Jewish population of that city as seen by non-Jewish artists. Through Dec. 5. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, except Sept. 19, from 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of fifteenth-century Dutch and Flemish illuminated manuscripts (among them the 1440 "Hours of Catherine of Cleves"); religious drawings (including one attributed to Hieronymus Bosch); and illustrated printed books (Ovid's "Metamorphoses" accompanied by woodcuts). Through Nov. 7. . . . ¶ A display of Icelandic illuminated manuscripts and early printed books of historical, legal, liturgical, and literary interest. Starts Thursday, Sept. 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Two hundred prints in a show that is part of the "Scandinavia Today" series. Through Oct. 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—A group of sculptures, collages, paintings, and assemblages by nineteenth- and twentieth-century black artists whose works reflect religious and cultural myths and rituals. Through Oct. 31. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719.)

Metropolitan Opera—Opening performances of the season which will run through Saturday, April 16—Monday, Sept. 20, at 7:30: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Tatiana Troyanos, Kiri Te Kanawa, Judith Blegen, Kurt Moll, and Luciano Pavarotti; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 21, at 8: "Boris Godunov," with Mignon Dunn, Martti Talvela, Wieslaw Ochman, and Robert Nagy; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 22, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Leona Mitchell, Isola Jones, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Sherrill Milnes; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 23, at 7:30: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Tatiana Troyanos, Kiri Te Kanawa, Judith Blegen, Kurt Moll, and Luciano Pavarotti; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 24, at 8: "Boris Godunov," with Mignon Dunn, Martti Talvela, Wieslaw Ochman, and Robert Nagy; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 25, at 2: "La Forza del Destino," with Leona Mitchell, Isola Jones, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Sherrill Milnes; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 25, at 8: "La Gioconda," with Eva Marton, Bruna Baglioni, Bianca Berini, and Placido Domingo; Giuseppe Patanè.

New York City Opera—Thursday, Sept. 16, at 8: "Hamlet" (in English), with Ashley Putnam, RoseMarie Freni, Sherrill Milnes, David Eisler, and Robert Hale; conducted by Bruno Rigacci. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 17, at 8: "L'Amore dei Tre Re," with Noelle Rogers, Garry Grice, Charles Long, and Samuel

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Ramey; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 18, at 2: "La Traviata," with Carol Vaness, Jon Garrison, and William Stone; Bruce Ferden. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 18, at 8: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Elizabeth Hynes, Rita Shane, Vinson Cole, Alan Titus, and Richard Cross; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 19, at 1: "The Merry Widow," with Noelle Rogers, Susanne Marsee, Bruce Reed, and Louis Otey; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 19, at 7: "Hamlet" (in English), with Ashley Putnam, RoseMarie Freni, Sherrill Milnes, David Eisler, and Robert Hale; Bruno Rigacci. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 23, at 8: "Medea," with Marisa Galvany, Rita Shane, James Wagner, and Harry Dworchak; Klaus Weise. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 24, at 8: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Elizabeth Hynes, Rita Shane, Vinson Cole, Alan Titus, and Richard Cross; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 25, at 2: "L'Amore dei Tre Re," with Noelle Rogers, Jacque Trussel, Charles Long, and Samuel Ramey; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 25, at 8: "Tosca," with Stephanie Sundine, Riccardo Calleo, and Robert Hale; Vincent LaSelva. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 14.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting the opening performances of the season, which will run through Saturday, May 21—Wednesday, Sept. 15, at 8: A Mozart-Verdi-Richard Strauss program, with Leontyne Price, soprano. For the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 16, at 8; Friday, Sept. 17, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 18, at 8; and Tuesday, Sept. 21, at 7:30: A program of music by Ives and Brahms, and the première of Steve Reich's orchestral version of "Tehillim," with Julianne Baird, Cheryl Bensman, and Jane Bryden, all sopranos, and Kimball Wheeler, mezzo-soprano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 23, at 8; Friday, Sept. 24, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 25, at 8; and Tuesday, Sept. 28, at 7:30: A Tower-Berlioz-Moussorgsky/Ravel program, with Shirley Verrett, soprano.

American Philharmonic Orchestra—Rohan Joseph conducting an all-Wagner benefit concert, with Birgit Nilsson, soprano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Sept. 19, at 7.)

Aston Magna—A Handel-Vivaldi-Mozart program, with Elizabeth Pruett, soprano, and Stanley Ritchie and Jaap Schröder, violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Sept. 15, at 8.)

Tapiola Choir—Erkki Pohjola directing this fifty-member youth group from Finland. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Sept. 16, at 8.)

RECITALS

Gothic Concert—A chamber-music program of the Middle Ages performed by John Fleagle, tenor; Nancy Knowles, soprano; and Frank Wallace, baritone. (St. James Chapel, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Thursday, Sept. 16, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Rogeri Trio—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Sept. 16, at 8.)

New Music Concerts—The Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians presenting a two-day festival. Friday, Sept. 17, at 8: The Frank Gordon Ensemble, the AACM Orchestra I, Warren Smith, and Brian Smith. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 18, at 8: Air, Muhal Richard Abrams and Amina Claudine Myers, the AACM Orchestra II, and Craig Harris. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400.)

Robert Conant—Harpsichord, in an all-American program. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Sept. 19, at 8:30.)

Music Project—An eleven-member ensemble of winds, strings, and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Sept. 20, at 7:30.)

Lionel Party—Harpsichord and spinettina. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Sept. 21, at 8.)

Maria Luisa Faini—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Sept. 21, at 8.)

Gregory Haimovsky—Piano, in an all-Debussy program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Sept. 22, at 8.)

Eugene List—Piano, in an all-Brahms program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Sept. 25, at 8.)

Terry Riley—Keyboard and synthesizer, with the Kronos Quartet. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Saturday, Sept. 25, at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—An all-Bach program. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Saturday, Sept. 25, at 8. For information about tickets, call 226-1115.)

MISCELLANY

International American Music Competition for Vocalists—Predominantly American programs by three finalists in the 1982 competition sponsored by Carnegie Hall and the Rockefeller Foundation. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, Sept. 25, at 1. No tickets necessary.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Baseball—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 17-18, at 5:35 (twi-night doubleheaders), and Sunday, Sept. 19, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Montreal, Monday, Sept. 20, at 7:35, and Tuesday, Sept. 21, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Philadelphia, Friday, Sept. 24, at 8:05, and Saturday, Sept. 25, at 1:35. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Cleveland, Monday through Wednesday, Sept. 20-22, at 8.

Boxing—Mario Miranda vs. Juan LaPorte, 15 rounds, for the W.B.C. Featherweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Sept. 15. Preliminaries at 7:15; main bout at about 9:45.)

College Football—**SATURDAY, SEPT. 18:** Army vs. Lafayette, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Yale, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Princeton, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Pennsylvania, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Columbia, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . **SATURDAY, SEPT. 25:** Columbia vs. Lafayette, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Colgate, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Dartmouth, at Worcester, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Boston College, at Annapolis, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Jets vs. New England Patriots. (Foxboro. Sunday, Sept. 19.) . . . ¶ Giants vs. Green Bay Packers. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Monday, Sept. 20, at 9.)

Hockey—Exhibition games—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Islanders, Wednesday, Sept. 22, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Tuesday, Sept. 21, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, Sept. 25, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Rangers, Tuesday, Sept. 21, at 7:35.

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, Oct. 11. The Gazelle Handicap, Wednesday, Sept. 15; the Matron and the Marlboro Cup Invitational Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 18; the Manhattan Handicap, Sunday, Sept. 19; and the Lawrence Realization, Saturday, Sept. 25. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights, except Monday, Sept. 20, at 8; through Friday, Dec. 31. On Saturday, Sept. 25, there will also be racing in the afternoon, starting at 1:30. The Queen Charlotte, Friday, Sept. 24. . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Monday, Oct. 18.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 6.

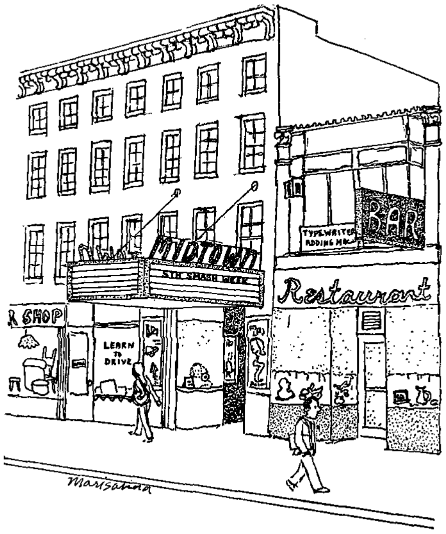
ET ALIA

Prose Readings—Isaac Bashevis Singer reading from his own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Sept. 20, at 8.)

Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit—The semiannual show will be on view Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 18-19, from noon until sundown.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 19.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"Lonely Heart" (1981; directed by Kon Ichikawa; in Japanese).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
A Woody Allen Festival.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Sept. 16: "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (†) and "Alien" (†).
Sept. 17-23: "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (†); and another feature, to be announced.
From Sept. 24: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Birgitt Haas Must Be Killed" (Laurent Heynemann; in French and German), with Philippe Noiret and Jean Rochefort.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The World According to Garp" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 16: "The Beach Girls" (Pat Townsend), with Debra Blee. From Sept. 17: "The Boat" (Wolfgang Petersen; a German film, in English).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 16: "Fast Times at Ridgemont High" (Amy Heckerling), with Sean Penn. From Sept. 17: "Inchon" (Terence Young), with Laurence Olivier and Jacqueline Bisset.
Theatre 3: "The Road Warrior" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"La Cage aux Folles" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The World According to Garp" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Sept. 16: "Zapped!" (Robert J. Rosenthal), with Scott Baio and Willie Aames.
From Sept. 17: To be announced.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Diva" (†).

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.
Theatre 2: Sept. 15: "Poltergeist" (†). From Sept. 16: "Piaf—The Early Years" (1974; Guy Casaril; in French), with Brigitte Ariel.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "L'Adolescente" (Jeanne Moreau; in French), with Simone Signoret.
Theatre 2: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Last Tango in Paris" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Sept. 15: "Piaf—The Early Years" (1974; Guy Casaril; in French), with Brigitte Ariel. From Sept. 16: "Hair" (†).
Theatre 2: "Le Beau Mariage" (Eric Rohmer; in French), with Béatrice Romand and Arielle Dombasle.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 16: "Homework" (James Beshears), with Joan Collins. From Sept. 17: "Waitress!" (Samuel Weil and Michael Herz), with Jim Harris.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 16: "Fast Times at Ridgemont High" (Amy Heckerling), with Sean Penn. From Sept. 17: "Inchon" (Terence Young), with Laurence Olivier and Jacqueline Bisset.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Road Warrior" (†).

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 16: "The Soldier" (James Glickenhaus), with Ken Wahl. From Sept. 17: "The Boat" (Wolfgang Petersen; a German film, in English).
Theatre 2: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through Sept. 16: "The Nest" (Jaime de Armiñan; in Spanish), with Hector Alterio and Ana Torrent.
From Sept. 17: "Les Turlupins."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Tempest" (†).

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Sept. 16: "Young Doctors in Love" (Garry Marshall), with Michael McKean and Sean Young.
Sept. 17-23: "Poltergeist" (†).
From Sept. 24: To be announced.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Sept. 16: "Class of 1984" (Mark Lester), with Perry King.
From Sept. 17: "Waitress!" (Samuel Weil and Michael Herz), with Jim Harris.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 16: "The Soldier" (James Glickenhaus), with Ken Wahl. From Sept. 17: "Waitress!" (Samuel Weil and Michael Herz), with Jim Harris.
Theatre 2: "Fast Times at Ridgemont High" (Amy Heckerling), with Sean Penn.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Sept. 16: "The Beastmaster" (Don Coscarelli), with Marc Singer.
From Sept. 17: "Inchon" (Terence Young), with Laurence Olivier and Jacqueline Bisset.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 16: "The Road Warrior" (†). From Sept. 17: "Forbidden World" (Allan Holzman), with Jesse Vint and Dawn Dunlap.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 16: "The Beach Girls" (Pat Townsend), with Debra Blee. From Sept. 17: "Dynamite Chicken" (Ernest Pintoff), with Richard Pryor.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Reporters" (1981; directed by Raymond Depardon; in French).
Theatre 2: Sept. 15: "Last Tango in Paris" (†). From Sept. 16: "Kings of the Road" (1976; Wim Wenders; in German), with Rudiger Vogeler and Hanns Zischler.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Tron" (Steven Lisberger), with Jeff Bridges and David Warner.
Theatre 2: "Diner" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.
Theatre 2: "Barbarosa" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Ciao! Manhattan" (1973; John Palmer and David Weisman).
Theatre 2: "Chilly Scenes of Winter" ("Head Over Heels;" 1979; Joan Micklin Silver), with John Heard and Mary Beth Hurt.
Theatre 3: "Mephisto" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 16: "Bob le Flambeur" (1955; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Isabel Corey and Roger Duchesne. From Sept. 17: "Piaf—The Early Years" (1974; Guy Casaril; in French), with Brigitte Ariel.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Sept. 15: "Annie" (†).
From Sept. 16: "Aida" (1954; Clemente Fracassi; in Italian and English), with Sophia Loren.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Sept. 23: "Pink Floyd, The Wall" (Alan Parker).
From Sept. 24: "Yes, Giorgio" (Franklin J. Schaffner), with Luciano Pavarotti and Kathryn Harrold.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Diner" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Birgitt Haas Must Be Killed" (Laurent Heynemann; in French and German), with Philippe Noiret and Jean Rochefort.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Josepha" (Christopher Frank; in French), with Miou-Miou and Claude Brasseur.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Barbarosa" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Tempest" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Lola" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German).
Theatre 2: "My Dinner with André" (†).
Theatre 3: "Gregory's Girl" (Bill Forsyth), with Gordon John Sinclair.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Xica" (1976; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Zeze Motta.
Theatre 2: "Chan Is Missing" (Wayne Wang), with Wood May.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Chilly Scenes of Winter" ("Head Over Heels;" 1979; Joan Micklin Silver), with John Heard and Mary Beth Hurt.
Theatre 2: "Siberiade" (1979; Andrei Mikhalkov-Konchalovsky; in Russian).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 23: "The World According to Garp" (†). From Sept. 24: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 16: "The Road Warrior" (†). From Sept. 17: "Zapped!" (Robert J. Rosenthal), with Scott Baio and Willie Aames.
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 23: "Barbarosa" (†). From Sept. 24: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 16: "Fast Times at Ridgemont High" (Amy Heckerling), with Sean Penn. From Sept. 17: "Inchon" (Terence Young), with Laurence Olivier and Jacqueline Bisset.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 16: "Diner" (†). From Sept. 17: "Arthur" (†) and "Body Heat" (†).
Theatre 2: "Mephisto" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 16: "Rocky III" (†); and ". . . All the Marbles" (Robert Aldrich), with Peter Falk and Burt Young. From Sept. 17: "Dynamite Chicken" (Ernest Pintoff), with Richard Pryor.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 16: "Bob le Flambeur" (1955; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Isabel Corey and Roger Duchesne. From Sept. 17: "A Midsummer

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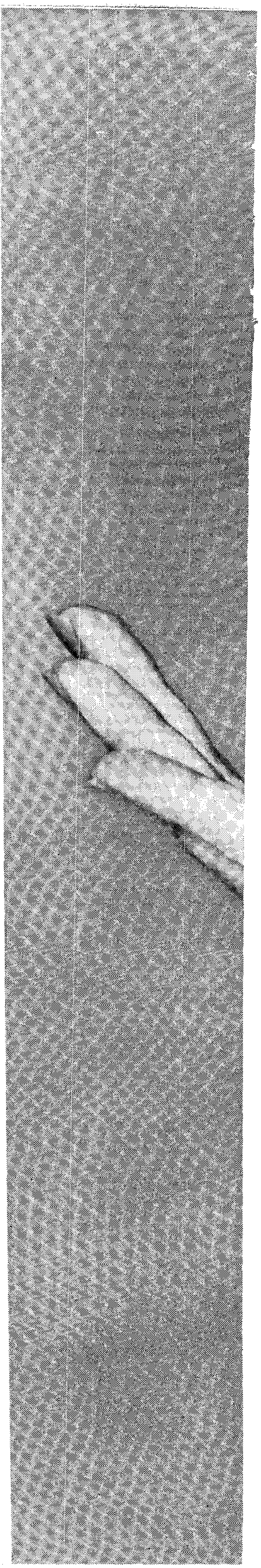

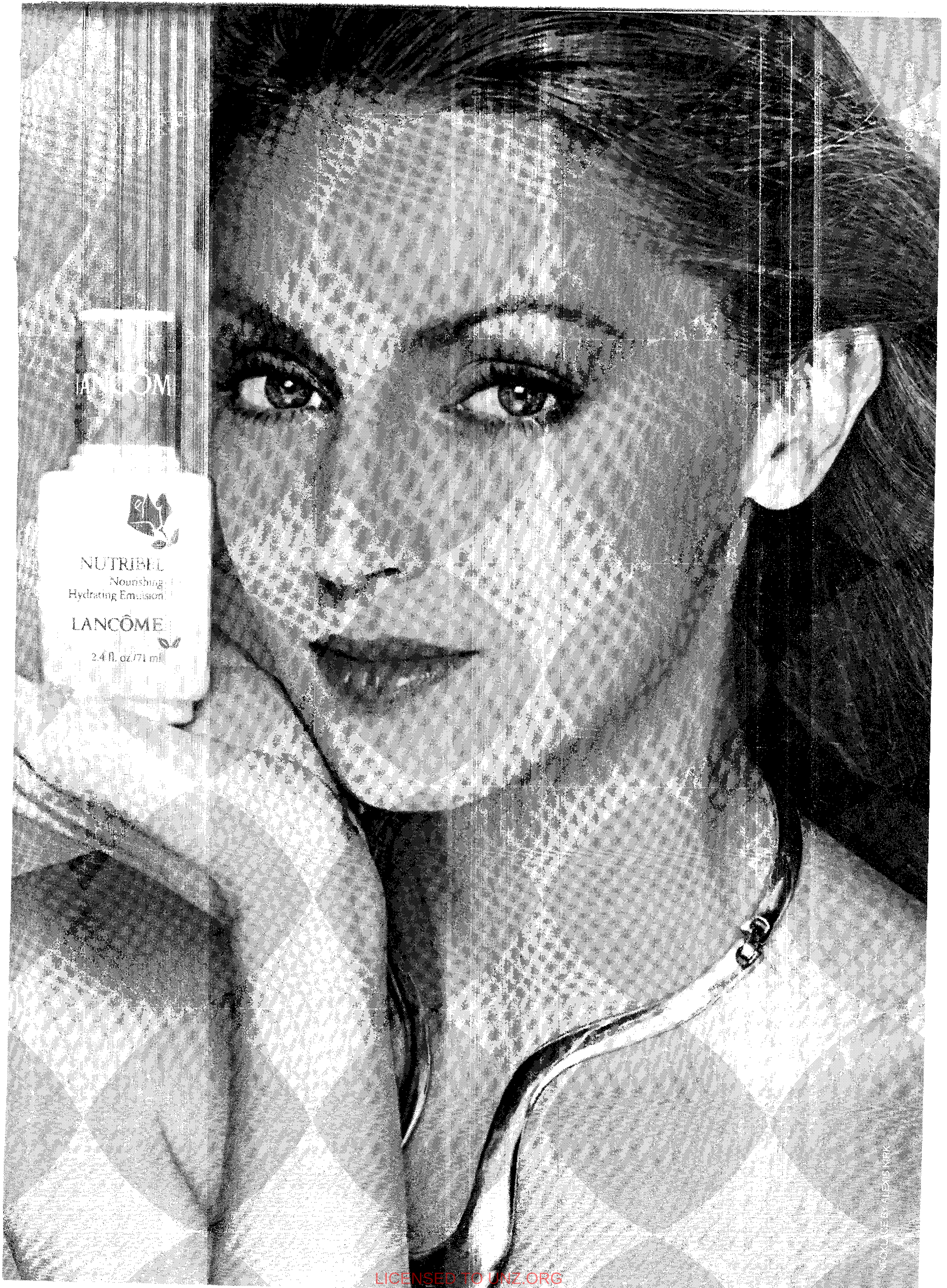
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Night's Sex Comedy" (†) and "Arthur" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Sept. 16: "Young Doctors in Love" (Garry Marshall), with Michael McKean and Sean Young; and "History of the World—Part I" (†). From Sept. 17: "Waitress!" (Samuel Weil and Michael Herz), with Jim Harris.
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 16: "The Soldier" (James Glickenhaus), with Ken Wahl. From Sept. 17: "The Boat" (Wolfgang Petersen; a German film, in English).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 23: "Young Doctors in Love" (directed by Garry Marshall), with Michael McKean and Sean Young. From Sept. 24: "Star Wars" (†).
Theatre 2: "Rocky III" (†).
Theatre 3: "The World According to Garp" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 16: "Barbarosa" (†). From Sept. 17: "The Road Warrior" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Sword and the Sorcerer" (Albert Pyun), with Lee Horsley.
Theatre 6: Through Sept. 16: "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas" (†). From Sept. 17: "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Sept. 16: "Zapped!" (Robert J. Rosenthal), with Scott Baio and Willie Aames. From Sept. 17: "The Boat" (Wolfgang Petersen; a German film, in English).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Homework" (James Beshears), with Joan Collins; and "Private Lessons" *(1981; Alan Myerson), with Sylvia Kristel* and Howard Hesseman.
Theatre 3: "Poltergeist" (†).
Theatre 4: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "The Beach Girls" (Pat Townsend), with Debra Blee.
Theatre 2: "Friday the 13th, Part 3" (Steve Miner). In 3-D.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 16: "Class of 1984" (Mark Lester), with Perry King. From Sept. 17: "Waitress!" (Samuel Weil and Michael Herz), with Jim Harris.
Theatre 2: "Fast Times at Ridgemont High" (Amy Heckerling), with Sean Penn.

R.K.O. Century Cinerama Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 16: "The Incubus" (John Hough), with John Cassavetes. Sept. 17-23: "Forbidden World" (Allan Holzman), with Jesse Vint and Dawn Dunlap. From Sept. 24: "Pink Floyd, The Wall" (Alan Parker).
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 16: "The Road Warrior" (†). From Sept. 17: "Dynamite Chicken" (Ernest Pintoff), with Richard Pryor.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "The Soldier" (James Glickenhaus), with Ken Wahl.
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 16: "The Beastmaster" (Don Coscarelli), with Marc Singer. From Sept. 17: "Inchon" (Terence Young), with Laurence Olivier and Jacqueline Bisset.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Sept. 21: "The Boat Is Full" (1981; directed by Markus Imhoof; in German), with Tina Engel and Curt Bois.
From Sept. 22: "The Cat and the Canary" (1978; Radley Metzger), with Edward Fox and Wendy Hiller.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Through Sept. 16: "I Sent a Letter to My Love" (1981; Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret and Jean Rochefort; and "Madame Rosa" (1978; Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret.
Sept. 17-18: "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster; and "Thief" (1981; Michael Mann), with James Caan and Tuesday Weld.
Sept. 19-20: "Circle of Deceit" (1982; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with Bruno Ganz and Hanna Schygulla; and "The Tin Drum" (1980; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with David Bennent.
Sept. 21: "Harakiri" (†); and "Assassination" (1964; Masahiro Shinoda; in Japanese).
Sept. 22: "Death in the Garden" (1956; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Simone Signoret and Georges Marchal; and "Viridiana" (†).
Sept. 23: "Drums" (1938; Zoltán Korda), with Sabu, Raymond Massey, and Valerie Hobson; and "The Man Who Would Be King" (1975; John Huston), with Sean Connery, Michael Caine, and Christopher Plummer.
Sept. 24: "THX 1138" (†) and "A Clockwork Orange" (†).
Sept. 25: "Kagemusha" ("The Shadow Warrior;" 1980; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai.

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Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Sept. 15: "Antonio das Mortes" (1970; Glauber Rocha; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" (1974; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Jean-Claude Brialy, Monica Vitti, and Adriana Asti.
Sept. 16: "Yojimbo" (1961) and "Throne of Blood" (1957), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.
Sept. 17: "Bread and Chocolate" (1974; Franco Brusati; in Italian), with Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina; and "The Seduction of Mimi" (1972; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini.
Sept. 18: "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès.
Sept. 19: "Plisetskaya Dances" (†); and "Anna Karenina" (1974), a dance film, with Maya Plisetskaya and Aleksandr Godunov.
Sept. 20: "Three Brothers" (†); and "Rocco and His Brothers" (1961; Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Alain Delon, Renato Salvatori, and Katina Paxinou.
Sept. 21: "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard; and "The Plumber" (1978; Peter Weir; an Australian film).
Sept. 22: "Man of Iron" (1981; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish).
Sept. 23: "Sandakan 8" (†) and "The Lower Depths" (†).
Sept. 24-25: "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Alphaville" (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina, and Akim Tamiroff.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Sept. 16: "Little Orphan Sammy" and "Little Blue Box," both X-rated films.
Sept. 17-18: "Freaks" (1932; Tod Browning), with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford; and "200 Motels" (1971), with Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention.
Sept. 19-21: "Women in Love" (1970; Ken Russell), with Alan Bates, Oliver Reed, and Glenda Jackson; and "The Music Lovers" (1971; Ken Russell), with Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson.
Sept. 22-23: "The Godfather" (1972; Francis Ford Coppola), with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino.
Sept. 24-25: "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold; and "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Road Warrior" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Sept. 15: "The Boys in the Band" (1970; William Friedkin), with Frederick Combs; and "Something for Everyone" (1970; Harold Prince), with Angela Lansbury and Michael York.
Sept. 16-18: "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau; and "To Catch a Thief" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Grace Kelly, Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, and Brigitte Auber.
Sept. 19-20: "Serpico" (†); and "Prince of the City" (1981; Sidney Lumet), with Treat Williams.
Sept. 21-22: "Rose Marie" (†) and "Naughty Marietta" (†).
Sept. 23-25: "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster; and "Mean Streets" (1973; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Sept. 16: "Don's Party" (1982; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with John Hargreaves.
Sept. 17-23: "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (†) and "A Little Night Music" (†).
From Sept. 24: To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Sept. 15: "Dog Day Afternoon" (1975; Sidney Lumet), with Al Pacino and John Cazale; and "Mean Streets" (1973; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel.
Sept. 16-18: "The Hospital" (1971; Arthur Hiller), with George C. Scott and Diana Rigg; and "Network" (1976; Sidney Lumet), with Faye Dunaway, William Holden, Peter Finch, and Robert Duvall.
Sept. 19-21: "Gaslight" (1944; George Cukor), with Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, Joseph Cotten, Angela Lansbury, and Dame May Whitty; and "Camille" (1937; George Cukor), with Greta Garbo and Robert Taylor.
Sept. 22-25: "Ninotchka" (1939; Ernst Lubitsch), with Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, and Sig Rumann; and "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Sept. 15: "Gaijin: A Brazilian Odyssey"

(1981; Tizuka Yamasaki; in Portuguese, Japanese, Italian, and English); and "Memories of Underdevelopment" (1973; Tomás Gutiérrez Alea; a Cuban film, in Spanish), with Sergio Corrieri.

Sept. 16: "Term of Trial" (1963; Peter Glenville), with Laurence Olivier, Simone Signoret, and Sarah Miles; and "Bunny Lake Is Missing" (1965; Otto Preminger), with Laurence Olivier, Carol Lynley, and Keir Dullea.

Sept. 17-18: "Quadrophenia" (1979; Franc Roddam); and "Scum" (1980; Alan Clarke), with Ray Winstone.

Sept. 19: "Arthur" (†); and "Take the Money and Run" (1969; Woody Allen), with Allen and Janet Margolin.

Sept. 20: "You Can't Take It with You" (1938; Frank Capra), with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, and Lionel Barrymore; and "Holiday" (1938; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Lew Ayres, Edward Everett Horton, and Doris Nolan.

Sept. 21: "The Earrings of Madame de . . ." (1953; Max Ophuls; in French), with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, and Vittorio De Sica; "Nana" (1957; Christian-Jaque; in French), with Martine Carol and Charles Boyer; and "Monsieur Vincent" (1948; Maurice Cloche; in French), with Pierre Fresnay.

Sept. 22: "Hussy" (1980), with Helen Mirren and John Shea; and "Normande" (1979; Gilles Carle; in French), with Carole Laure.

Sept. 23: "The Breaking Point" (1950; Michael Curtiz), with John Garfield and Patricia Neal; and "We Were Strangers" (1949; John Huston), with Jennifer Jones and John Garfield.

Sept. 24-25: "The General" (1926; Buster Keaton and Clyde Bruckman; a silent film), with Keaton; and "Three Ages" (1923; Buster Keaton; a silent film), with Keaton.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Sept. 15: "Silent Movie" (1976; Mel Brooks), with Brooks, Marty Feldman, Dom DeLuise, and Sid Caesar; and "Young Frankenstein" (1974; Mel Brooks), with Gene Wilder, Peter Boyle, and Madeline Kahn.

Sept. 16: "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Band of Outsiders" (1964; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina, Sami Frey, and Claude Brasseur.

Sept. 17-18: "Easy Rider" (1969; Dennis Hopper), with Peter Fonda, Hopper, and Jack Nicholson; and "Five Easy Pieces" (1970; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson.

Sept. 19-20: "Gone with the Wind" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable.

Sept. 21: "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?" (†) and "The Sterile Cuckoo" (†).

Sept. 22: "Cul-de-Sac" (†); and "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish).

Sept. 23: "Monsieur Verdoux" (†); and "Limelight" (1952; Charlie Chaplin), with Chaplin and Claire Bloom.

Sept. 24-25: "Kennel Murder Case" (†) and "The Gracie Allen Murder Case" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Whitney Museum—Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Starting Sept. 22: "Drive-In: Second Feature" (1982; directed by Roger Welch), a film-and-sculpture installation. Continuous showings from noon to 6. Closed Mondays.

New York Film Festival—The first programs in a seventeen-day series of international films—At **ALICE TULLY HALL,** Lincoln Center. Sept. 24 at 7:30: "Veronika Voss" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; West Germany). . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL:** Sept. 24 at 9:30: A repeat showing of "Veronika Voss." . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL:** Sept. 25 at 12:30: "Bolwieser" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; West Germany; 1977). . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 3: "The Burning Brazier" (Ivan Mozhukhin; France; 1923, a silent film). . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 6: "Another Way" (Károly Makk; Hungary). . . . ¶ Sept. 25 at 9: "Eating Raoul" (Paul Bartel; United States). (For tickets, call 362-1911.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Alien (1979)—A sci-fi excursion into outer space, where things appear to be far drearier than they are on Earth. Sigourney Weaver is the attractive star. (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 16.)

Annie—As the head of the orphanage where Annie lives till the age of ten, Carol Burnett is gloriously macabre. But the rest of this big movie (which is set in 1933) has the feel of a manufactured romp. Annie (Aileen Quinn) and the other little orphans seem to have been trained by Ethel Merman; they belt in unison. Children from about four to about eleven will probably enjoy the picture—how often do they get to see a musical that features a little girl conquering all? Produced by Ray Stark and directed by John Huston. As Daddy Warbucks, Albert Finney gives a smooth, amused performance. With Ann Reinking as Warbucks' secretary, Tim Curry as Rooster, Geoffrey Holder as Punjab, Bernadette Peters as Lily, Edward Herrmann as F.D.R., and the little scene-stealer Toni Ann Gisondi as Molly. Script by Carol Sobieski; music by Charles Strouse; lyrics by Martin Charnin; choreography by Arlene Phillips; and musical sequences by Joe Layton. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/31/82.) (Guild; Sept. 15.)

Arthur (1981)—In the role of valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, John Gielgud may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits, and his work has a friendly spirit. But Liza Minnelli, as the poor-girl heroine, doesn't have her share of the good lines, and she's electrifying when she needs only to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Geraldine Fitzgerald has the worst scenes, and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant, even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (7/27/81) (New Yorker, and Olympia Quad; starting Sept. 17. . . . ¶ Thalia; Sept. 19.)

Barbarosa—The most spirited and satisfying new Western epic in several years. Directed by the Australian Fred Schepisi, from a script by the Texas-born William D. Wittliff, it has some of the psychedelic ambience of Sergio Leone spaghetti Westerns—the West seen in a fever. Willie Nelson has a great screen presence as the legendary outlaw Barbarosa, a desert rat mythologized by those who grow up fearing him. The period is the eighteen-eighties and the film was shot along the Rio Grande, in an area of extremes that's either Texas mountains or mustard-colored mesa and desert. Gary Busey plays a lumpy, raw farm boy who joins up with Barbarosa, and without intending to becomes an apprentice desperado. Working with the cinematographer Ian Baker and the composer Bruce Smeaton, Schepisi shows the fullness of his approach to moviemaking. With Gilbert Roland, Howland Chamberlin, Isela Vega, Danny De La Paz, and George Voskovec. (8/9/82) (Greenwich Playhouse, and Cinema 3. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; through Sept. 16. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Sept. 23.)

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas—Adapted from the Broadway musical based on a *Playboy* article, the film's rambunctiousness is off-color yet wholesome, in the worst sense; this is the sort of movie romp in which the frolicking prosties can hardly wait to jump into bed with the fellas. But dimples, wigs, bazooms, and all, Dolly Parton is phenomenally likable as the madam; her whole personality is melodious, and her acting isn't bad at all, even though the director, Colin Higgins, has made her chest the focal point of her scenes. As the local sheriff, Burt Reynolds doesn't give an ostentatiously bad performance—just his usual low-key, embarrassed-to-be-up-here-doing-this-dumb-stuff performance. Charles Durning, as governor of Texas, steals the honors with his "Sidestep" song-and-dance routine—a demonstration of how a corrupt-to-the-bone politico evades answering probing questions and takes joy in his own slippery skill. With Dom DeLuise, Jim Nabors, Theresa Merritt, and Lois Nettleton. The script is by Larry L. King and Peter Masterson and Higgins; seven of the fourteen songs that Carol Hall wrote for the stage version have been retained, and two new ones by Dolly Parton have been added. (8/9/82) (Criterion Theatres; through Sept. 16.)

Body Heat (1981)—Lawrence Kasdan wrote and directed this forties pastiche that verges on camp but takes itself straight. He has devised a style that is a catalogue of *noir* clichés—deco titles, flames and a heat wave, ceiling fans, tinkling wind chimes, old tunes, chicanery in muted voices, a weak man (William Hurt) and a femme fatale in white (Kathleen Turner), and insinuating, hotted-up dialogue that it would be fun to hoot at if only the hushed, sleepwalking manner of the film didn't make you cringe or yawn. Kasdan has modern characters talking jive talk as if they'd been boning up on Chandler novels, and he doesn't seem to know if he wants laughs or not. It's like listening to Mae West deliver her bawdy innuendos in a sincere tone. He poses Turner as a hot number, and she proceeds to lure Hurt, who's a chump, to murder her rich husband (Richard Crenna) as if she were following the marks on the floor made by the actresses who preceded her. As Teddy, a professional arsonist, Mickey Rourke almost makes you feel that you're at a real movie. With Ted Danson, and J. A. Preston. Cinematography by Richard H. Kline. (11/9/81) (New Yorker; starting Sept. 17.)

La Cage aux Folles (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (Eastside Cinema.)

A Clockwork Orange (1971)—This Stanley Kubrick film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. The movie is adapted from Anthony Burgess's 1962 novel, which is set in a vaguely socialist future of the late seventies or early eighties—a dreary, routinized England that roving gangs of teen-age thugs terrorize at night. In this dehumanizing society, there seems to be no way for the boys to release their energies except in vandalism and crime. The protagonist, Alex (Malcolm McDowell), is the leader of one of these gangs; he's a conscienceless schoolboy sadist who enjoys stealing, stomping, raping, and destroying, until he kills a woman and is sent to prison. There he is conditioned into a moral robot who becomes nauseated at thoughts of sex and violence. Burgess wrote an ironic fable about a future in which men lose their capacity for moral choice. Kubrick, however, gives us an Alex who is more alive than anybody else in the movie, and younger and more attractive, and McDowell plays him exuberantly, with power and slyness. So at the end, when Alex's bold, aggressive, punk's nature is restored to him, it seems not a joke on all of us (as it does in the book) but, rather, a victory in which we share, and Kubrick takes an exultant tone. Along the way, Alex has been set apart as the hero by making his victims less human than he; the picture plays with violence in an intellectually seductive way—Alex's victims are twisted and incapable of suffering. Kubrick carefully estranges us from these victims so that we can *enjoy* the rapes and beatings. Alex alone suffers. And how he suffers! He's a male Little Nell—screaming in a straitjacket during the brainwashing; sweet and helpless when rejected by his parents; alone, weeping, on a bridge; beaten, bleeding, lost in a rainstorm; pounding his head on a floor and crying for death. Kubrick pours on the hearts and flowers; what is done to Alex is far worse than what Alex has done, so society itself can be felt to justify Alex's hoodlumism. With Patrick Magee and Adrienne Corri; score by Walter Carlos. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 24.)

Cul-de-Sac (1966)—A slapstick comedy of horrors about an ugly, bald, whimpering, middle-aged homosexual (Donald Pleasence) whose beautiful young French wife (Françoise Dorléac) dresses him up in her nighties. This strange form of connubial bliss is interrupted by an American gangster (old gravel-voiced Lionel Stander himself). Roman Polanski directed this freak show. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 22.)

Diner—A wonderful movie, set in Baltimore in 1959. Five or six young men in their early twenties who've known each other since high school still cling to their late-night bull sessions at the diner—where, magically, they always seem to have plenty to talk about. It's like a comedy club—they take off from each other, and their conversations are all overlapping jokes that are funny without punch lines. They can sound worldly and sharp, but when these boys are out with girls they're nervous, constricted, fraudulent, half crazy. Written and directed by Barry Levinson, "Diner" is a great period piece—a look at middle-class relations between the sexes just before the sexual revolution. It features some of the best young actors in the country: Mickey Rourke, Ellen Barkin, Daniel Stern, Kevin Bacon, Steve Guttenberg, Paul Reiser, and Timothy Daly. (4/5/82) (Waverly, and Festival. . . . ¶ New Yorker; through Sept. 16.)

Diva—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Plaza.)

E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial—Steven Spielberg's movie is bathed in warmth and it seems to clear all the bad thoughts out of your head. It's the story of a ten-year-old boy, Elliott, who feels fatherless and lost because his parents have separated, and who finds a miraculous friend—an alien inadvertently left on Earth by a visiting spaceship. This fusion of science fiction and mythology is emotionally rounded and complete; it reminds you of the goofiest dreams you had as a kid, and rehabilitates them. It puts a spell on the audience; it's genuinely entrancing. The stars are Henry Thomas, as Elliott, and E.T., who was designed by Carlo Rambaldi. With Drew Barrymore, Robert Macnaughton, Dee Wallace, and Peter Coyote. The script is by Melissa Mathison. (6/14/82) (Bay Cinema, Loews New York Twin, and Movieland.)

The Gracie Allen Murder Case (1939)—S. S. Van Dine, the author of the Philo Vance detective novels, wrote Gracie into one of them, and Paramount very sensibly decided to film it. (George Burns figured in the story, but he was dropped in the film version, and Gracie thus made her first solo movie appearance.) It's a casual, entertaining absurdity; Gracie's peculiarly uncorseted mind is a wonderful corrective to Warren William's usual stuffiness as Philo Vance; he hardly gets a word in edgewise. Alfred E. Green directed a good cast, including Donald MacBride, Kent Taylor, Ellen Drew, H. B. Warner, Horace MacMahon, and William Demarest. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 24-25.)

Hair (1979)—A sunny film rendering of the harmonically not especially distinguished stage musical of the sixties, directed by the Czech-born Miloš Forman, who has managed—in a very Slavic way—to make a benign small folktown of New York. (Cinema I; starting Sept. 16.)

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Harakiri (1962)—As grisly as the title hints, but a classically beautiful film. Directed by Masaki Kobayashi and probably his masterpiece. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 21.)

History of the World—Part I (1981)—An all-out assault on taste and taboo. Mel Brooks is the writer, the director, and the star of this series of bawdy sketches. It's a floating burlesque show that travels from one era to the next, lampooning the particular infamies of each age. Brooks's staging is often flaccid and disorderly, and even when he and the dozens of other comics in the cast are racing about the movie feels static. It's powered by its performers, though, and their way with a joke; some of the routines are golden shtick. Brooks is Moses, a singing and dancing Torquemada, Louis XVI, and Comicus, a stand-up philosopher who performs for Nero—played by Dom DeLuise, embracing rottenness with blissful abandon. Also with Gregory Hines, Bea Arthur, Madeline Kahn, Paul Mazursky, Ron Carey, Sid Caesar, Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman, Spike Milligan, and John Hurt. The graceful painted vistas are by the special-effects wizard Albert J. Whitlock. (6/29/81) (Olympia Quad; through Sept. 16.)

Kennel Murder Case (1933)—One of the pleasanter films in the series starring the suave comedian William Powell as S. S. Van Dine's detective Philo Vance. The plot involves some lively Scotties and a handsome Doberman, as well as that sinister figure the connoisseur of Oriental objects of art; in the thirties, Ming and murder always seemed to go together. Mary Astor, at an in-between stage in her career, has a conventional role that doesn't much suit her; however, most of the other players are cast so inevitably to type that the film is like a demonstration of the principles of running a stock company. The group includes snake-hipped Helen Vinson, wicked Jack La Rue, tedious Ralph Morgan, and Paul Cavanaugh, Etienne Girardot, Robert Barrat, Eugene Pallette, Frank Conroy, Arthur Hohl, Henry O'Neill, and Robert McWade. Directed by Michael Curtiz. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 24-25.)

Last Tango in Paris (1972)—Exploitation films had been supplying mechanized sex—sex as physical stimulant without passion or emotional violence. Then, in this film, Bernardo Bertolucci used sex to express the characters' drives. Marlon Brando, as the aging American, Paul, is working out his aggression on the young bourgeois French girl, Jeanne (Maria Schneider), and the physical menace of sexuality that is emotionally charged is such a departure from everything that audiences had come to expect at the movies that the film created a sensation. It's a bold and imaginative work—a great work. When Brando improvises within Bertolucci's structure, his full art is realized; his performance is intuitive, rapt, princely. Working with Brando, Bertolucci achieves realism with the terror of actual experience still alive on the screen. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Massimo Girotti, Catherine Allegret, and Maria Michi. Script by Bertolucci and the editor, Franco Arcalli; cinematography by Vittorio Storaro; music by Gato Barbieri; production design by Ferdinando Scarfiotti. In French and English. (D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ Film Forum; Sept. 15.)

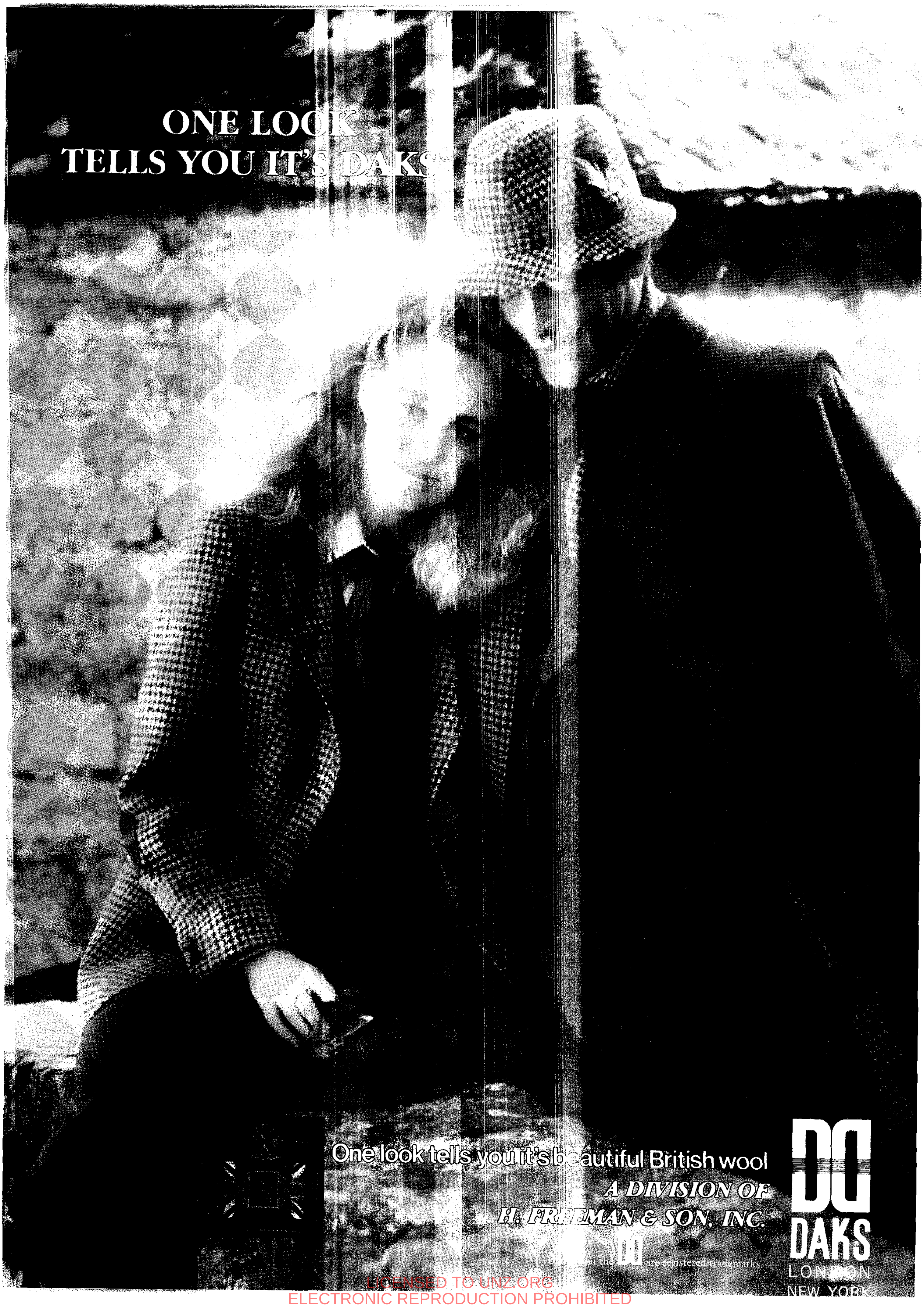
A Little Night Music (1978)—You know what you're in for near the beginning, when the hero (Len Cariou) is greeted with "Good afternoon, Lawyer Egerman." This film is a cut above "Song of Norway" and "The Blue Bird," but it's in that general sylvan-settings category. It's an adaptation of the Broadway show, which was a reworking, with music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim and a book by Hugh Wheeler, of Ingmar Bergman's "Smiles of a Summer Night." What was lyrical farce in the Bergman film has now become clodhopping operetta. This picture has been made as if the director (Harold Prince) had never *seen* a movie. With Diana Rigg and Lesley-Anne Down, who manage to get a performance rhythm going in some of their scenes, and with Elizabeth Taylor. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Sept. 17-23.)

The Lower Depths (1957)—Kurosawa's version of Gorky, transposed to a Japanese lodging house in the early nineteenth century. A very great film. The inhabitants, blown about by the whims of a corrupt landlord, include a run-down Kubuki actor, a thief, a whore, a retired samurai, an invalid old lady. Mifune plays the thief, who has an eye for the landlady's sister. The perfect ensemble acting was arrived at by a method in the tradition of the Moscow Art Theatre, which first mounted the play; before shooting started, the cast and crew rehearsed for forty days with full costume, makeup, and lighting. Stanislavski would have approved of this film, and Gorky would have found it authentically comic. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 23.)

Mephisto—István Szabó's indictment of a soulless actor, Hendrik Höfgen (played by Klaus Maria Brandauer), who, because he wants to go on performing, truckles to those in power and becomes the leading actor in Nazi Germany. Szabó sets up the willful, unpredictable Höfgen as a symbolic actor—a man who is merely the sum of the roles he plays offstage and on, and at the outset Brandauer suggests an *enfant terrible*, a baby-faced killer-genius, like the young Orson Welles. Höfgen isn't allowed to be a great actor, though, and he seems too small for the epic scale of the attack. The picture is like "Citizen Kane" with somebody like John Dean at the center. With Rolf Hoppe as the General, a Göring-like figure, and the superb, feline Karin Boyd as Höfgen's dancer mistress, and a multinational cast—some of them dubbed. In German. (5/17/82) (Quad Cinema, and New Yorker.)

A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy—Woody Allen's overrefined reworking of Bergman's "Smiles of a Summer Night." This time, it's an American weekend in the country, early in the century, and Woody Allen is the host; he works on Wall Street but dabbles in inventions. Mary Steenburgen plays his wife, and the guests are José Ferrer, a pompous genius professor who is a free thinker in sexual matters; Mia Farrow, the prof's glamorous young fiancée; Tony Roberts, a lecherous doctor; and Julie Hagerty as a nurse who's the most trusting and gullible of all human creatures, and is avid for sex (she's the best thing in the movie). The group is rather amusing, but the talk seems somnambulistic and nothing really develops. Woody Allen is trying to please, but his heart isn't in it, and his talent isn't, either. (7/26/82) (St. Marks Cinema, and Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Sept. 17-23. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad, and Criterion Theatres; starting Sept. 17.)

Monsieur Verdoux (1947)—Chaplin as a Parisian bank clerk—a dapper Bluebeard—in a comedy with attempted Shavian ironies. This private entrepreneur who charms rich widows and murders them for their money feels guiltless, and contrasts what he does with what governments do in war. "Numbers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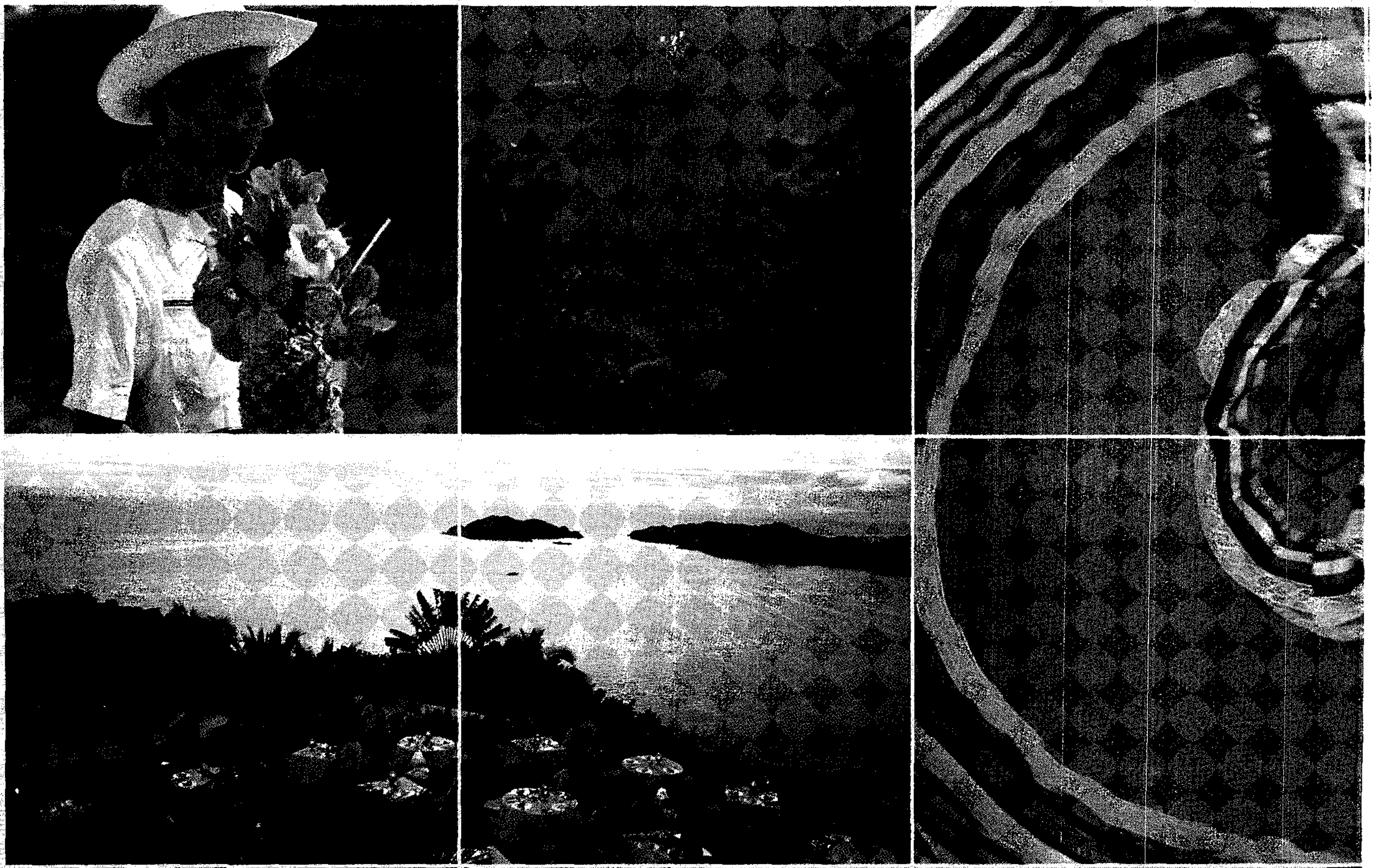

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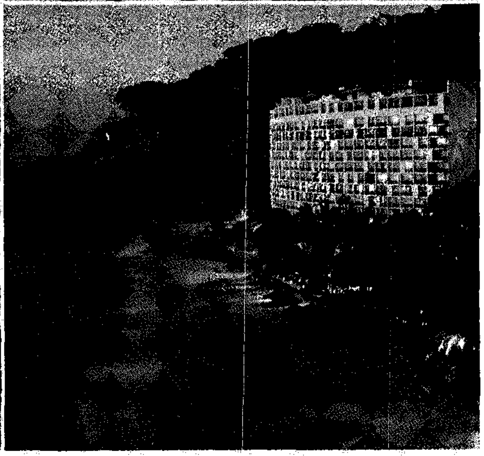

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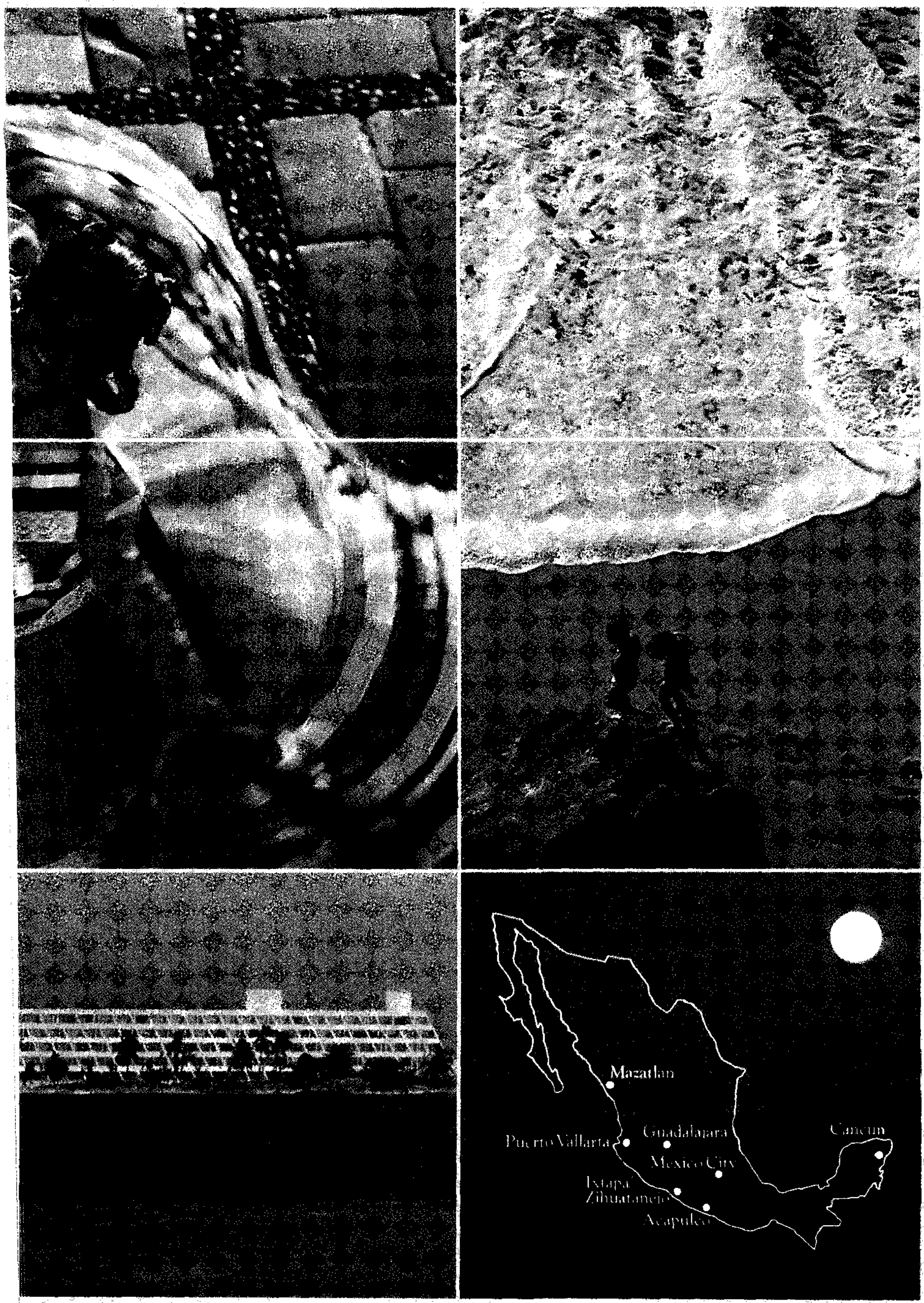
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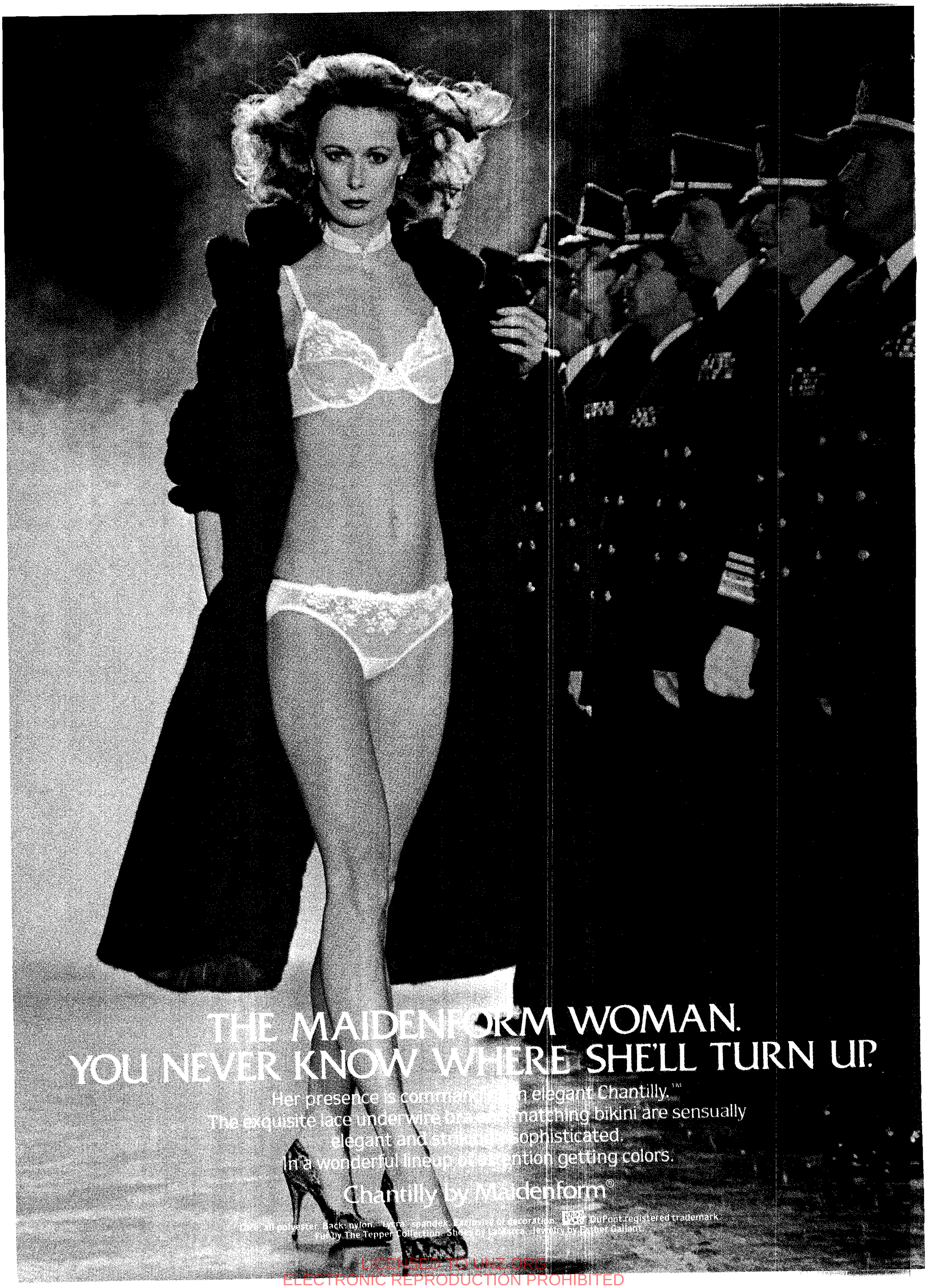
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sanctify," he says. Chaplin is more talented in his pantomime bits than in the talky, antiwar passages, which are meant to be complexly unsettling and come across as dubious, and even rather lame-brained. There are also static sentimental interludes about Verdoux's devotion to his virtuous wife (Mady Correll). The casting is not all it might be, with the glorious exception of Martha Raye as Annabella, who is so full of low-comedy life that, despite all Verdoux's calculations, and one attempt after another, he fails to kill her. With Isobel Elsom, Marilyn Nash, William Frawley, Virginia Brissac, Robert Lewis, Fritz Leiber, and a glimpse of Edna Purviance. Produced, written, and directed by Chaplin, with Robert Florey and Wheeler Dryden as his assistant directors. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 23.)

My Dinner with André—It's like a mad tea party or a mad, modern Platonic dialogue about the meaning of life. Self-effacingly directed, by Louis Malle, it creates the illusion that we are simply listening in on a dinnertime conversation between the playwright Wallace Shawn and the former avant-garde theatre director André Gregory. Wally persuades André to tell him what he has been up to, and the suave, hawklike André, a crackpot glittery-eyed charmer, pours out the record of his transcendental experiences in Poland, in Scotland, in India and Tibet, in the Sahara, and even in Montauk, where he was buried alive in a death-and-rebirth ceremony. What he acts out for us is the questing that has torn so much of the modern theatre apart. When Wally, the pragmatist and sensualist, begins to talk, he plays warthog to André's soaring flights of mysticism. They're perfect foils. This is a bizarre and surprisingly entertaining satirical comedy: the story of the search beyond theatre turned into theatre—or, at least, into a movie. (1/4/82) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Naughty Marietta (1935)—It's an atrocity, of course, and one of the most spoofed of all the Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy operettas, and yet it has vitality and a mad sort of appeal. When those two profiles come together as they sing "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life," it's beyond kitsch, it's in a realm of its own. She's a princess who has fled France and come to the New World and he's a valiant Indian scout. With Elsa Lanchester, Douglass Dumbrille, Frank Morgan, Joseph Cawthorn, and Cecilia Parker. W. S. Van Dyke directed, from a script by John Lee Mahin, Frances Goodrich, and Albert Hackett based on Rida Johnson Young's operetta. The music is by Victor Herbert. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Sept. 21-22.)

An Officer and a Gentleman—This formula romantic melodrama, which involves the regenerative moral powers of military discipline, seems to come out of a time warp, but the director, Taylor Hackford, has done a smashing job of making the retrograde love story whiz by. He has a headlong style; he gives the picture so much propulsion that it gains a momentum of its own. It's crap, but crap on a motorcycle. Richard Gere is the tightly wound-up loner who is determined to become a flier; the movie centers on his thirteen-week basic-training ordeal at the Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School in the Northwest, near Puget Sound. Gere pushes himself to go as far as he can, and he has a striking moment when the character cracks, after the tough drill sergeant (Louis Gossett, Jr.) has caught him in some petty chiselling and punished him. But after he has broken down—when you expect him to be emotionally transfigured—he's still Richard Gere, lost in his own placid beauty. As the millworker heroine, Debra Winger brings the film sultriness; you pull for this heroine because her tough-chick little-girl insolence plays off the avid look in her eyes that tells you she longs to make human contact. Winger convinces you that this girl really believes her life would be empty if she didn't share it with the hero. Gossett plays the sergeant bone-hard; it's a beautifully hammy austere performance. There are also impressive characterizations by David Keith as the hero's friend and Robert Loggia as his father, and there are entertaining flashes of Tony Plana as an officer candidate with a Mohawk haircut and Lisa Eilbacher as a woman candidate. They all work under a handicap: the script, by Douglas Day Stewart, is schematic in the manner of TV drama, circa 1955. (8/23/82) (34th St. East, Coronet, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Plisetskaya Dances (1965)—The camera cheats once or twice in this Russian documentary about the fiery Bolshoi ballerina, making her into an inferno of speed, but there are times—as in the blazing excerpts from "Don Quixote"—when it does not lie. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 19.)

Poltergeist—Steven Spielberg's suburban gothic about a family besieged by nasty, prankish ghosts is no more than an entertaining hash designed to spook you. It's "The Amityville Horror" done with insouciance and high-toned special effects. Because Spielberg is a dedicated craftsman and a wit, he can make a much better low-grade, adolescent entertainment than most directors. If the picture succeeds to a degree, it's because of the warmth of the family. The cool, jazzy mother (Jobeth Williams) and the blandly handsome father (Craig T. Nelson) are terrific, groovy people—they're kids at heart. The four-feet-three-inch actress Zelda Rubinstein, as the psychic Tangina who comes to "cleanse" the house, gives the movie new life and makes a large chunk of it work. With Beatrice Straight, who, as a doctor of parapsychology, bores the audience blind, and, as the two younger kids, Oliver Robins and Heather O'Rourke. The credits indicate that Tobe Hooper is the director, but Spielberg wrote the initial story, rewrote the other writers' work on the script, storyboarded the shots, produced the picture, and supervised the final edit. It appears that he also took over, in considerable part, on the set. (6/14/82) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Manhattan; Sept. 15. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; Sept. 17-23.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark (1981)—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Hitler means to use the Ark's invincible powers to lay waste opposing armies and proclaim himself the Messiah. Conceived by George Lucas, the picture is an amalgam of Lucas's follies—plot for its own sake, dissociated from character or drama; the affectless heroine, Marion (Karen Allen), who's a tougher version of Princess Leia in "Star Wars" (see below)—and effects that Spielberg the youthful magician has already dazzled us with. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, no surge of feeling at the end. It seems to be edited for the maximum number of showings per day. With John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, Ronald Lacey as Toht, and Denholm Elliott. Cinematography by Douglas Slocombe; score by John Williams. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Embassy.)

The Road Warrior—Set in a post-apocalyptic Wasteland, this Australian film is a mutant, sprung from virtually all action genres. It's one continuous spurt of energy, and the jangly, fast editing suggests wit; so does the broad blacktop highway that cuts across the desert nothingness. And the rampaging vandals—punkish post-nuclear-war bikers, led by a masked body builder called the Humungus—are s-m comic-strip terrors. But the picture is abstract in an adolescent way. Director George Miller's attempt to tap into the universal concept of the hero (as enunciated by Jung and explicated by Joseph Campbell in "The Hero with a Thousand Faces") makes the film joyless. He consciously uses his hero, Max (Mel Gibson), as an icon; that's enough to squeeze the juice out of any actor, and Max seems bland and apathetic. For all its huffing and puffing, this is a sappy sentimental movie. With Bruce Spence and Vernon Wells; the script is by Terry Hayes and Miller, with Brian Hannant. (9/6/82) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Beekman, and 8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Century Cinerama Twin; through Sept. 16. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; starting Sept. 17.)

Rocky III—Whatever oddball charm and silliness the first "Rocky" had is long gone. "Rocky III" starts with the hyped climax of

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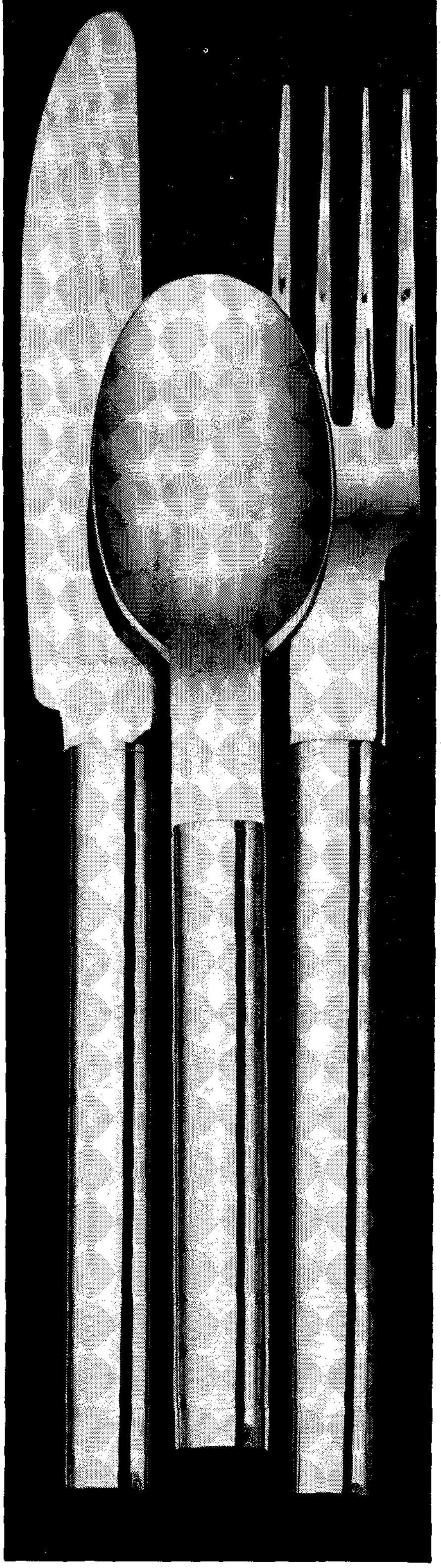

“II” and then just keeps going on that level. The movie really works you over. You're pummelled by the noise and the rock music and the images of bodies being whammed. The first “Rocky” was primitive in a relatively innocent way. This picture is primitive, but it's also shrewd and empty and inept. Written and directed by its star, Sylvester Stallone; with Carl Weathers, whose physique makes Rocky look like a lump, and who gives a likable, unaffected performance; an actor called Mr. T as Clubber Lang; and Burgess Meredith, Talia Shire, and Burt Young. (5/31/81) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Sept. 16.)

Rose Marie (1936)—Singing “The Indian Love Call,” Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy are in a class of their own; the wholesome, hearty fakery of it is matchless. This is one of the liveliest and most popular of their *kitschfests*. It's set in the Pacific Northwest; she's an opera star and he's a Mountie who has arrested her brother (skinny young James Stewart). With Allan Jones and Reginald Owen. W. S. Van Dyke directed. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Sept. 21-22.)

Sandakan 8 (1974)—A marvel of a Japanese film, directed by Kei Kumai, about a young, Westernized woman historian who stumbles into a moving friendship with an old woman who was shipped to Borneo at the age of thirteen to become a prostitute. The old woman lives now in a shack, with innumerable cats, and the visit of the young woman gives her as much gaiety in her privation as we often find in Beckett's last-ditch and oddly festive situations. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 23.)

Serpico (1973)—Al Pacino as Frank Serpico, the New York City policeman whose incorruptibility alienated him from his fellow-officers and turned him into a messianic hippie freak. The theme is richly comic, and the film is great fun, but it sacrifices Serpico's story—one of the rare hopeful stories of our time—for a cynical, downbeat finish. Norman Wexler (who wrote “Joe”) is responsible for most of the rude, hip humor; the screenplay is by Waldo Salt and Wexler, based on the book by Peter Maas. Directed, sloppily but effectively, by Sidney Lumet. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Sept. 19-20.)

Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan—Wonderful dumb fun. The director, Nicholas Meyer, hits just the right amused, slightly self-mocking note in the opening scenes, and the same actors who looked flabby and embarrassed in the 1979 “Star Trek—The Motion Picture” turn into a troupe of confident, witty professionals. The prim, smug Admiral Kirk (William Shatner) takes a three-week cruise on his old starship, the Enterprise, encountering his old enemy, the maniacal Khan (Ricardo Montalban), and wakes up. Montalban plays his fiery villainy to the hilt; his bravado is grandly comic. The regulars are all present: Mr. Spock, “Bones” McCoy, Sulu, Uhura, Scotty, and the fuddled Chekov. And the crew has acquired the voluptuous, half Vulcan Saavik, played by Kirstie Alley. Such guest performers as Paul Winfield, Bibi Besch, and Judson Scott shine in their roles, and DeForest Kelley makes the prickly Bones more crisply funny than he used to be; his performance helps to compensate for the disappointment of Leonard Nimoy's ashen, dried-out Spock. By the end, all the large, sappy, satisfying emotions get through to you. (6/28/82) (New Embassy 49th Street. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 16.)

Star Wars (1977)—As of now, the biggest box-office success in movie history—probably because for young audiences it's like getting a box of Cracker Jack that is all prizes. Written and directed by George Lucas, the film is enjoyable in its own terms, but it's exhausting, too—like taking a pack of kids to the circus. There's no breather in the picture, no lyricism; the only attempt at beauty is in the image of a double sunset. The loudness, the smash-and-grab editing, and the relentless pacing drive every idea from your head, and even if you've been entertained, you may feel cheated of some dimension—a sense of wonder, perhaps. It's an epic without a dream. Maybe the only real inspiration involved was to set its sci-fi galaxy in the pop-culture past, and to turn old-movie ineptness into conscious Pop Art. And maybe there's a touch of genius in keeping the film so consistently what it is, even if this is the genius of the plodding. Lucas has got the tone of bad movies down pat: you never catch the actors deliberately acting badly; they just seem to be bad actors, on contract to Monogram or Republic, their klunky enthusiasm polished at the Ricky Nelson school of acting. In a gesture toward equality of the sexes, the high-school-cheerleader princess-in-distress (played by Carrie Fisher) talks tomboy-tough—Terry Moore with spunk. (Is it because the picture is synthesized from the mythology of serials and old comic books that it didn't occur to anybody that *she* could get the Force?) With Mark Hamill as Luke Skywalker, Harrison Ford as Han Solo, and Alec Guinness as Ben Kenobi. (Criterion Theatres; starting Sept. 24.)

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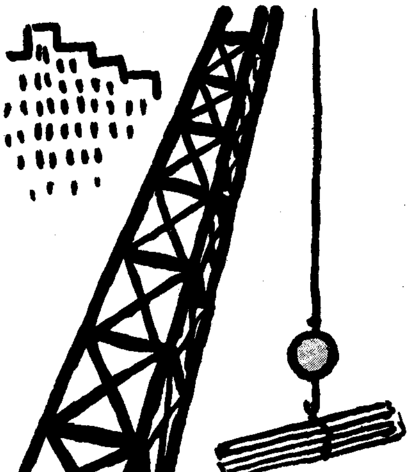
The Sterile Cuckoo (1969)—Liza Minnelli's sad, quizzical persona—the gangling body and the features that look too big for the face—are ideal equipment for the role of a desperate, funny, imaginative college girl in this surprisingly gentle, surprisingly good film, directed by Alan J. Pakula. The screenplay is by Alvin Sargent; adapted from John Nichols' novel. With Wendell Burton. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 21.)

Tempest—With John Cassavetes and Gena Rowlands, directed by Paul Mazursky. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount.)

They Shoot Horses, Don't They? (1969)—Horace McCoy's hardboiled nineteen-thirties novel about the Hollywood extras who enter a marathon dance contest is turned into a macabre allegory, with the paranoid, apocalyptic vision of American rottenness that was typical of movies in the Vietnam era. Though the picture staggers under its heavy load of symbolism and is marred by flash-forwards, and even flash-backs triggered by flash-forwards, it's still striking, with vestiges of the hard sarcasm of thirties lower-depths humor—those acrid sick jokes that make one wince and laugh simultaneously. As the defiantly self-destructive, sharp-tongued Gloria, the girl who is so afraid of being gullible that she can't live, Jane Fonda gives a startling, strong performance. She shows the true star's gift of drawing one to her emotionally even when the character she plays is repellent; her Gloria, like Bogart's Fred C. Dobbs, is one of those creations who live on as part of our shared moviegoing experience. The screenwriters, James Poe and Robert E. Thompson, wrote a good role for Gig Young as the promoter-m.c.; he's a crude barker who, in his pitches on the microphone, cheapens every human emotion, but he's also sensitive and empathic. He knows how to handle people in crises—partly, one gathers, because he has been among people in ugly messes all his seamy life. The director, Sydney Pollack, isn't particularly inventive, but he has tight control of the actors. They work well for him, and he keeps the grisly central situation going with energy and drive. With Michael Sarrazin (his role—that of a man who commits murder as an *acte gratuit*—is the adapters' worst failure, and he just looks weak, calf-eyed, and vaguely benumbed), and Susannah York, Bonnie Bedelia, Bruce Dern, Red Buttons, Allyn Ann McLerie, and Severn Darden. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 21.)



Three Brothers—Three Italian brothers who have emigrated to the cities go back south to their father's farm in the Apulia region for their mother's funeral. The modern-folktale structure is somewhat schematic, but it's a wonderful film that moves on waves of feeling. Directed by Francesco Rosi, from a script he wrote with Tonino Guerra, it might be said to be an inquiry into the terrorist chaos of the country. That's the underlayer: it's about the violence in the cities, the split between the North and the South, the break between the generations. Yet it's set in the old father's world, where the cycle of nature is what matters. It's about ideas, yet it's saturated with emotion. The old man (Charles Vanel, at eighty-nine) has lived his life without ever needing to worry about terrorism, crime, chaos; the sons' thoughts and fantasies all come out of their anxieties. The father has his place in the larger ritual; when the sons come back, they realize they've lost their place. Working with his long-time cinematographer, Pasqualino De Santis, Rosi, who has one of the greatest compositional senses in the history of movies, keeps you in a state of emotional exultation. A simple image—such as that of the old man just walking—has the kind of resonance that most directors never achieve. Though the actors who play the brothers—Philippe Noiret, Vittorio Mezzogiorno, and Michele Placido—are less than exciting, while you're watching this film it envelops you. Grateful for its intelligence, you sink into it. You're led by the camera—something more is always going to be revealed. In Italian. (3/22/82) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 20.)

THX 1138 (1971)—George Lucas's first feature—a psychedelic view of the horrors of the twenty-fifth century, which turns out to be an abstract version of “1984.” The compulsorily drugged characters are shaven-headed, wear white, and are photographed against white; the effect is both gloomy and blinding. Maggie McOmie and anxious-eyed Robert Duvall are the lovers; Donald Pleasence is the nasty, as usual. Some talent but too much “art.” Movie addicts may enjoy ticking off the homages or steals—Cocteau's “Orpheus,” Dreyer's “The Passion of Joan of Arc,” and so on. With Ian Wolfe, Marshall Efron, and Irene Forrest. Screenplay by Lucas and Walter Murch, from Lucas's story; cinematography by Dave Meyers and Albert Kihn; music by Lalo Schifrin. The executive producer was Francis Ford Coppola. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 24.)

Viridiana (1961)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 22.)

The World According to Garp—The movie version of John Irving's novel, directed by George Roy Hill, from a script by Steve Tesich, has no center; it's a simple series of vignettes, spanning Garp's life from his beginning to his end. Tongues, ears, penises, eyes, lives—everybody on the screen is losing something. If you listen to what Garp (Robin Williams) says, the movie is about love of family; if you look at what happens, though, it's a castration fantasy. With John Lithgow, who gives an appealing performance as the big-bruiser transsexual Roberta Muldoon, Glenn Close as Garp's mother, Mary Beth Hurt as his wife, and, in a bit, Amanda Plummer as Ellen James. (8/23/82) (Murray Hill, Sutton, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Sept. 23.)

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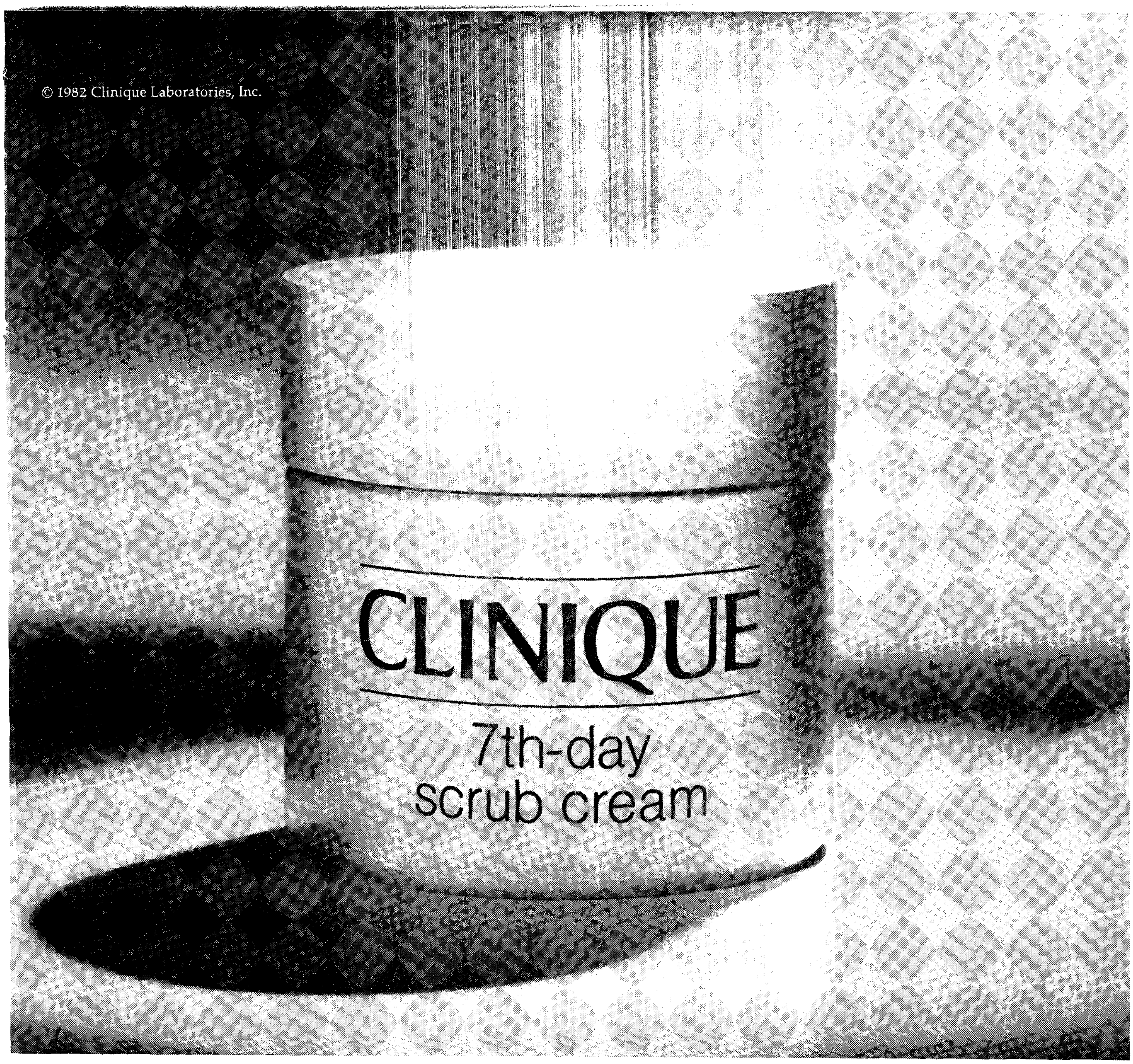

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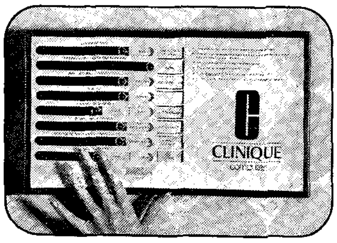

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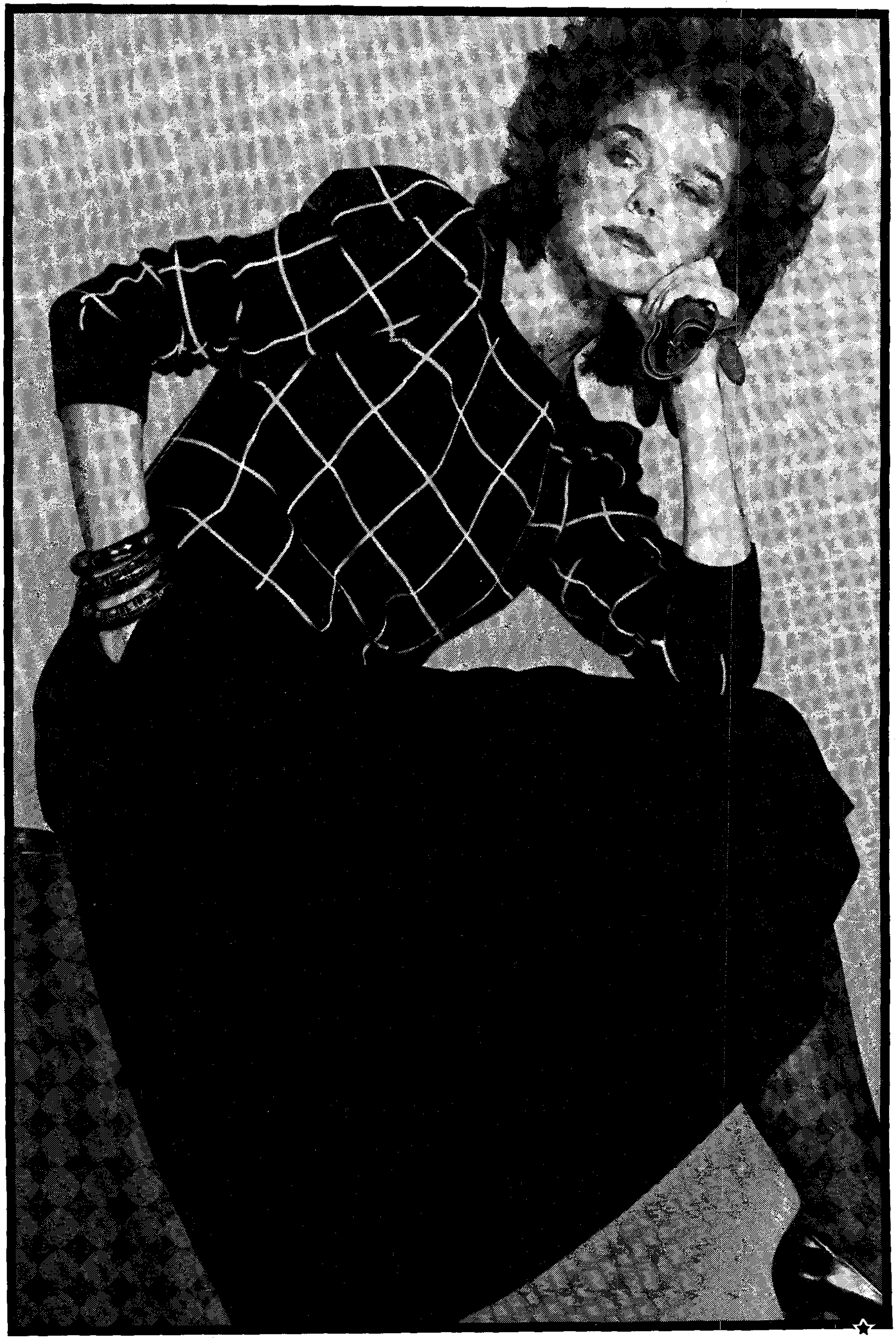

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

RESOURCEFULNESS is never lacking in this city. The other day, two vagrant men stood in conversation at the corner of East Houston and Mulberry Streets. One of them wore a brown sports coat, tan trousers gathered at the waist with a red-and-green sash, sneakers with no socks, and a baseball cap. The other had black shoes without laces, dark-blue pants, a yellow shirt, and a brown corduroy topcoat. It was late morning, and they stood in the shade.

The first man admired the corduroy coat.

"I used to have a better one," the second man said, "but every time I go into the program they take away my coat, and I only get it back at the end—except it's always a different coat. They never give you back the same coat. Somebody else gets yours and you get theirs."

His companion nodded and stared off at the traffic.

The two men stood awhile, motionless as stones. A young woman went by, and the companion extended his palm, with no results, and then the man with the coat said he had an appointment to keep. They agreed to meet later, on the same corner. It seemed that neither man had a watch. "See those two water towers?" said the man with the coat, pointing west. "I'll meet you back here when the sun is in between them."

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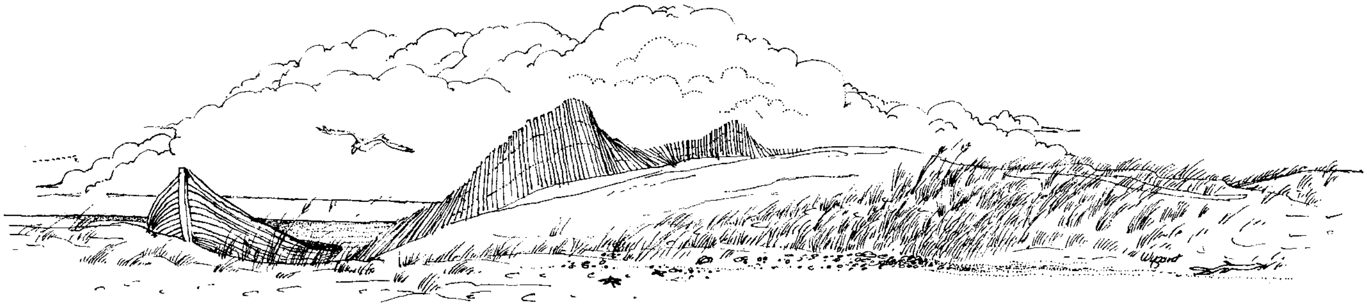
Volume

THE floor of the New York Stock Exchange has *always* looked busy; even in movies made in the early part of this century, traders and specialists and arbitrageurs and messengers bustled from booth to post like commuters with their heads cut off. As little as five years ago, though, the average volume on the Exchange was only about twenty million shares. So in the wake of the hundred-million-plus-share days of the weeks just past we paid a visit to the floor to see how people were coping.

R. Peter Sullivan III, for one, seemed entirely unruffled. He is what is called a specialist, charged with handling Crocker National Bank, Fluor, Marion Laboratories, Suburban Propane Gas ("You've probably seen their tanks"), and Scott, Foresman publishing, and he spent a few minutes chatting with us. Though he never really interrupted the conversation, he spent the same few minutes dealing with No. 735 (everyone on the floor has a number), No. 179, No. 930, No. 655, No. 270, No. 449, No. 605, No. 495, No. 458, and a bunch of brokers and traders who moved a good deal too fast for us to catch their numbers. "Today, we've done twenty-five million already," Sullivan (No. 2,269 himself) said. "When I started specializing, in the fall of 1966 ($\frac{3}{8}$ and $\frac{5}{8}$; can I stop that for you?), that was nearly a week's volume. On a big day, like the ones that we've been having lately (100 FLR at $\frac{1}{2}$), the pressure is greater. But you get caught up in it." One reason that most people enjoyed working at the Exchange, Mr. Sullivan said, was that it could be a very profitable job. Actually, he put it a good deal more delicately than that. "The risk-reward ratio is in favorable balance" is what he said.

When a then incredible sixteen million shares changed owners on October 29, 1929, Elmer Bloch was pretty much where he is today—in the main trading room of the Exchange. "I wasn't here for the crash of 1907, though," Mr. Bloch told us. "It's always been noisy here. It looks like bustle, but it isn't. Only the cognoscenti know just what's going on." Mr. Bloch said that he came to Wall Street only after he was fired from Macy's "at the height of the Christmas rush, if you can believe that," and went on to say that he didn't get tired out as long as there was lots of activity on the floor. He wore half glasses, he explained, so he could both read and look across the room at the tape.

Half glasses may allow Mr. Bloch to function, but higher technology—semiconductors and the like—are really the only reason the market kept go-



ing during the latest boom. Viewed from above, the floor looks like nothing so much as a video-game arcade with a jacket-and-tie rule. (Indeed, we know some people who think that the Pac-Man analogy might be more than skin-deep.) Cathode-ray tubes display data, data, data in unvarying bright green—the latest news, the latest prices, the action on other exchanges across the country. (One screen, at the post where Warner Communications stock is traded, displayed a bumper sticker that read "E.T.—Phone Home.") As a result of all the circuitry, a lot less paper piles up on the floor. This causes problems chiefly for James Grinder, who works in public relations and must sometimes console photographers who have been assigned to take pictures of the Exchange awash in ticker tape. John Phelan, Jr., the president of the Exchange, told us, "Machines have a tendency to tire out at 2 P.M., just like people," and added, "I still worry about glitches. No matter how well you've taken care of your car, you always cross your fingers when you turn that key." When he and other Exchange executives first discussed plans to equip the market so it could cope with hundred-million-share days, they encountered "nothing but skeptics," Phelan said. Now he predicts that a hundred million shares will soon be the average day, and is worrying about what would happen if three hundred million shares were bought and sold.

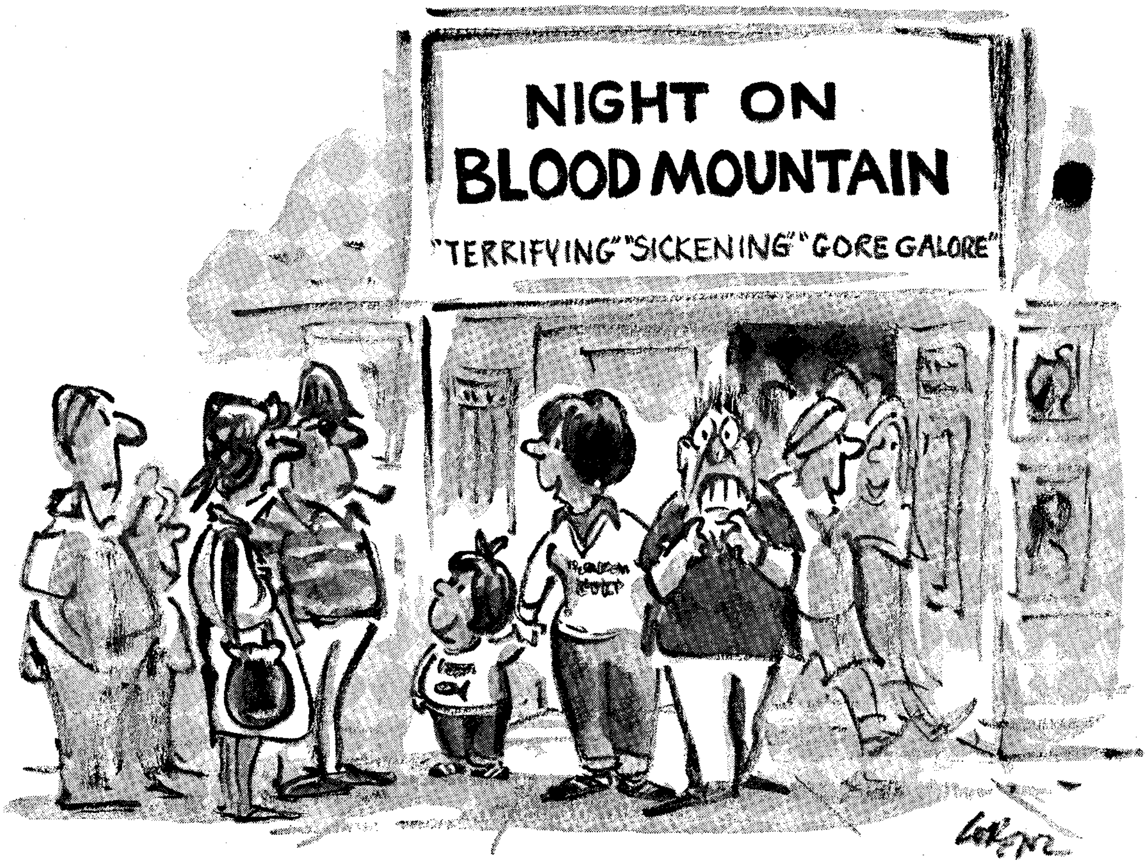
The niftiest example of personal technology that we came across on the floor was secured to the belt of David V. Shields, a commission broker. It looked like a pocket beeper, but instead of beeping when someone was trying to reach him it vibrated very rapidly. "If you have a beeper and you're in a crowd, it may be someone else's beep that you're hearing," he explained. "A beep is a very difficult thing to focus in on. It's almost as if a beep didn't emanate from any particular place." Mr. Shields seemed to be one of the busiest men on the floor. He carried on a running conversation with us while he monitored Williams Electronics, consulted on the phone with "a big money manager down in Texas," bought Superior Oil at 27½, and kept an eye on Champion paper. Among the things we learned from him was that the current bull market was better for investors than for traders, that Wall Street is overjoyed to see individuals once again playing the market, and that when the action gets hairy, as it has been the last few weeks, "decisions become absolutely instinctive." Mr. Shields added, "This boom has been a very stimulating experience. No one has ever seen this happen before. A lot of the time, we are voyaging into the unknown."

Harvest

THE other day, we went up to West Fifty-eighth Street, to the Horticultural Society of New York's Harvest Festival, and examined the largest tomato and the largest zucchini grown in the city this summer, and many other fine vegetables and flowers grown on rooftops and terraces and in community gardens in the five boroughs. Actually, the three largest tomatoes were rotting, so the prize went to a less impressive tomato, because, we were told, it had to be the largest *perfect* tomato. But everyone seemed enthusiastic, and proud that anything at all had grown around here.

Out on Seventh Avenue, a girl dressed up as a tomato salad had directed us to the festival. Among the things we saw when we got there were a funny carrot with arms, which won the prize for the most unusual vegetable; some squashes that had fused together, and some cucumbers that had done the same thing (someone called them "Siamese vegetables" and said there had been a lot of them this year); a close-up photograph of a zucchini looking like a scared creature hiding under a vine; and some marigolds growing through the holes of a concrete block. Quite a few people had grown their gardens in containers—mostly black plastic buckets. One entry was a basket garden of little pepper plants sporting tiny red, orange, and purple peppers as bright as Christmas-tree lights and accompanied by a parsley plant and a skinny stalk of sugar cane. We noticed some of the judges' comments on entry cards for snap beans: "Wrong class. Not snap beans. Very nice beans." "Overripe. Blemished." "Past maturity." "Good beans."

Some people were



"On the other hand, Rachel and I thought it was great fun."

arguing about an okra entry. One person said the okras were too big to eat, but another said they were the ideal size for a gumbo, and the rest said he had to be kidding.

Barbara Earnest, one of the Horticultural Society people in charge, remarked to us, "Just think—all this grew in the harsh city soil! When there was a vacant lot at Ninety-sixth and Broadway, people actually grew a garden on ground-up movie theatre. If you leave a place alone for a while, something grows. The ailanthus trees take over—that's the tree that grew in Brooklyn."

Nancy Anderson, who had on a floral print dress and wore a ponytail over her left ear, was exuberant about her family's garden in the Bronx. "We won first prize for snap beans, first prize for zinnias, and second prize for small-flowering marigolds," she said. "It's twelve feet by thirty-two—pretty big for a city garden. We're growing Chinese winter melons, which are expensive to buy, and we're dying to try them. The Chinese carve them and put soup in them, I think. Growing corn was the most fun. We had twenty ears. Imagine—corn in the city! One stalk was higher than an elephant's eye. I'm six feet, and my son David, here, is six two, and it was taller."

Just about everybody else there was excited, too. Gardeners, we thought, must get excited because what they do seems so close to the miraculous. We sauntered around admiring the displays and listening to excited people.

"Look at that! That zucchini's as big as a watermelon!" This was a woman with an Instamatic taking a picture of the zucchini display.

"Aren't the glads terrific?"

"Did you see the sunflowers? Wow!"

"Were these Supersonic tomatoes grown with supersonic speed?"

"Could I interest you in some of our potpourri?" This was Alfreda Kleiman, a Horticultural Society volunteer, who was selling herbs and spices at a burlap-covered table. "You know how to perk it up, don't you? Add a little vanilla, or perfume, or a little cognac. A teaspoon. Stir it up gently. It's delightful. These are delicious—they're rosebuds."

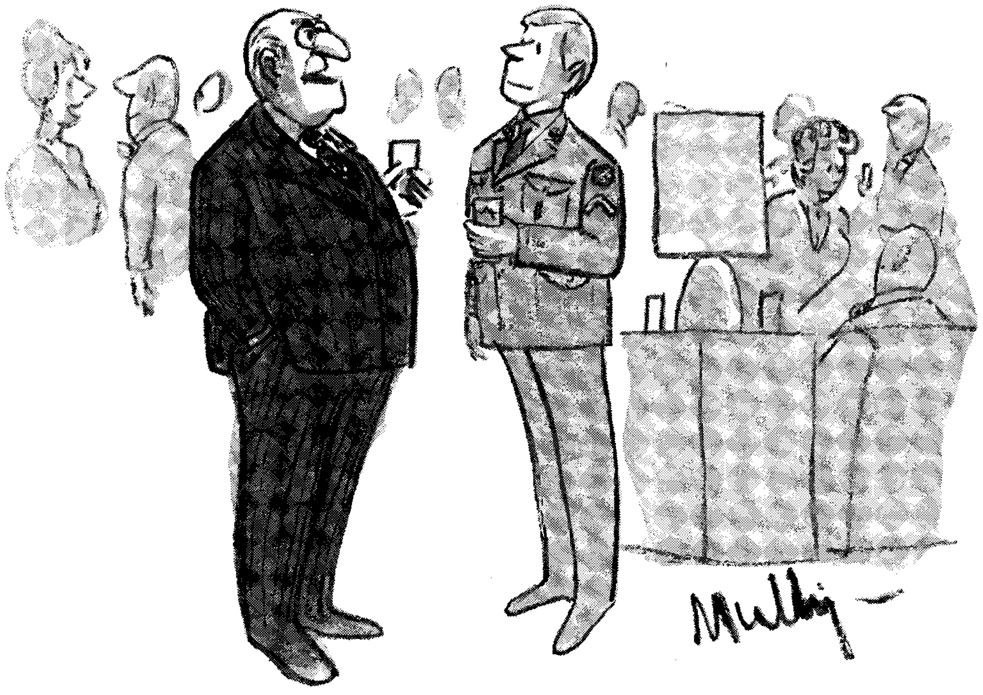
"Isn't that lovely? That's marjoram."

"Is that lavender?"

"No, it's hyssop."

"Oh, dill weed on fish is lovely."

"That's a beautiful basil plant."



"So you're a part of our constantly expanding military complex."

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"When basil blooms, it's done for. You have to keep pinching it off."

"I have three pots of gloxinias. They're beautiful. And we have wonderful tomatoes on our balcony."

"That's why it's called touch-me-not."

"The other way to store corn is to dry it. There's an art to that."

"These are the pick of the litter. We got them early, just as they were opening." This was a man selling big pots of chrysanthemums.

"These potatoes are gorgeous. You just can't find them that pretty in the supermarket." One of two women in head scarves admiring Katahdin and Chieftain potatoes in a display arranged by Cornell University.

"Those red chili peppers are pretty hot, but these green ones are good for cooking, because they'll liberate their heat." A male gardener explaining peppers.

"We're expecting our second frost. The first was August 22nd, and a killer's coming in tonight. I dragged some things into the house this morning." A woman from way out of town.

"If I don't sit down soon, I'm going to die of tomatoes."

As we were leaving, we encountered two elderly women in hats who were having an animated conversation in the vicinity of the cherry tomatoes.

"We're the two oldest members here," said Ann Mohr, having introduced herself and her companion, Mara Furman. She wouldn't say how old they were, but she said she had been a member of the Horticultural Society "maybe fifty years." She went on, "We used to have the most wonderful trips. The food was superb. We were welcomed at estates all over the country—the Mellons', the Rockefellers', Longwood Gardens. Where there was American royalty, we were welcome. We *never* had fewer than four busloads. Mrs. Mellon's rose terrace—I'll never forget that. They received us on horseback at the entrance."

"We have lived through all this," said Mara Furman.

"Nobody else here has gone through what we've gone through," said Ann Mohr.

Lights

LABOR DAY was a holiday for most working people, but for Pat Sangenito it was as important a day to work as any other—or maybe we should say as important a night. Mr. Sangenito can't begin work until just before sunset, because only darkness makes it possible for him to look up at something like the huge, flashing red-and-white "Enjoy Coca-Cola" sign above Times Square and spot a couple of small sections of neon that are out just beneath the "ol." In fact, Mr. Sangenito, an Artkraft Strauss Sign Corporation night-patrol man, saw exactly those outages on Labor Day evening, and he immediately jotted down a note about them in a tiny spiral memo pad that, when it wasn't in use, fitted perfectly in the top left pocket of his iridescent summer shirt.

Mr. Sangenito's job is to look for lighting problems on any of about sixty "spectaculars," or large signs, that Artkraft Strauss builds and maintains around New York City and on Long Island. Nearly two-thirds of the signs are in Times Square or can be easily seen from its vicinity. Mr. Sangenito checks those on foot. But in order to inspect, say, the Taystee Bread sign out in the College Point section of Queens, or the Smirnoff sign along the Long Island Expressway, Mr. Sangenito has to rely on his Chrysler Le Baron.

When we joined Mr. Sangenito in Times Square on Labor Day evening, he told us that he had just driven in from giving the Brooklyn Union Gas sign in Long Island City the once-over. "It's a huge sign," he said. "You must have passed by it. It says 'GAS HEATS BEST' in big red capital letters. Well, I made a note of the 'A' in 'GAS' tonight. There's a little trouble in the middle someplace—the red's a little dull. But it'll probably amount to just replacing some neon tubing inside there." Mr. Sangenito, a gray-haired man with permanent smile lines set into his face, has been an electrician most of his life and used to be on the repair crew that is sent out in the mornings to fix whatever the man on night patrol has made a note of. He told us that he doesn't miss all the climbing around on signs and buildings. "See the Equitable Life building?" he asked us, pointing uptown. "It's at Fifty-first Street and Sixth. I've already made a note of it here. See the 'B'?" We looked, saw the large white letters near the top of the building, and noticed that they appeared as "EQUITAbLE" instead of "EQUITABLE." "Well, that's quite a job up there," Mr. Sangenito went on. "They lower you from the roof on a boatswain's chair with a safety rope, and you've got to replace white fluorescent tubing. My son is great at it. He's thirty-two now, and he's one of Artkraft's best climbers."

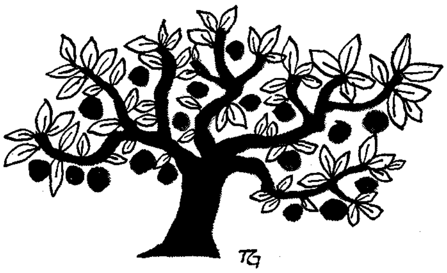
Sometime after midnight, when Mr. Sangenito has finished his night patrol, he'll transfer whatever notes he has made on his memo pad to a more formal "Nightly Operational Report." Then, before driving home to Commack, Long Island, he'll drop off his report at the Artkraft Strauss headquarters, at Twelfth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street. First thing in the morning, the plant manager will scan the report, and Mike Dianuzzo, Artkraft's electrical foreman, will send out crews to repair problem signs.

Here are comments that Mr. Sangenito made to us on some other Times Square signs. The billboard of a Calvin Klein Jeans woman: "There are a few dull spots up there on her—at least, the way I see it. I think that one of the arms illuminating the billboard from the bottom needs to be checked." JVC (audio and video equipment): "There's a dark spot there in the middle of the 'V.' And see the bulbs that frame the letters? See how they blink one after another? That's called a chaser effect and it moves around fast, but if you squint—well, I get about nineteen bulbs in need of replacement there." Seiko quartz watches: "See that row of lights up on top? We're trying out some new long-life bulbs there, and they're very expensive, but we haven't had a problem with *any* of them for maybe three months now."

Eva and the New Wave

EVA! Boppy, dynamic, perky, vibrant, thesaurus-draining—just plain super Eva. Didn't matter that the room was dark and gloomy. Made no difference that it was only half past six in the evening, five hours before prime stepping-out time. Couldn't care less that most of the class was too out of shape to really Rip (that was the name of the step). Despite it all, Eva—teacher of a New Wave dance class that meets weekly on West Twenty-third—shone, glowed, sparkled.

We arrived fifteen minutes before class started, and tried to persuade Eva to cease warming up long enough to answer a few questions. "What I want is to see people get loose," she began, and then she jumped away and resumed dancing, caroming around the floor, all strength and control and yet all abandon. Her blond hair was caught up in a rowdy ponytail, which was not over her left ear but stuck straight up from her head, and often she would nod four-four time so that the ponytail would slap her on the forehead. Occasionally, she would sit down and raise one leg or the other completely perpendicular to the floor, up by her ear, and then wiggle her toes. Sometimes she'd be bouncing across the floor and all of a sudden she'd collapse spasmodically, as if her backbone had melted. Just before class was to begin, Eva bounded over to where we were sitting, apologized for her earlier departure ("I was sort of psyching myself up, y'know?"), and promised to answer all our questions when the lesson ended.

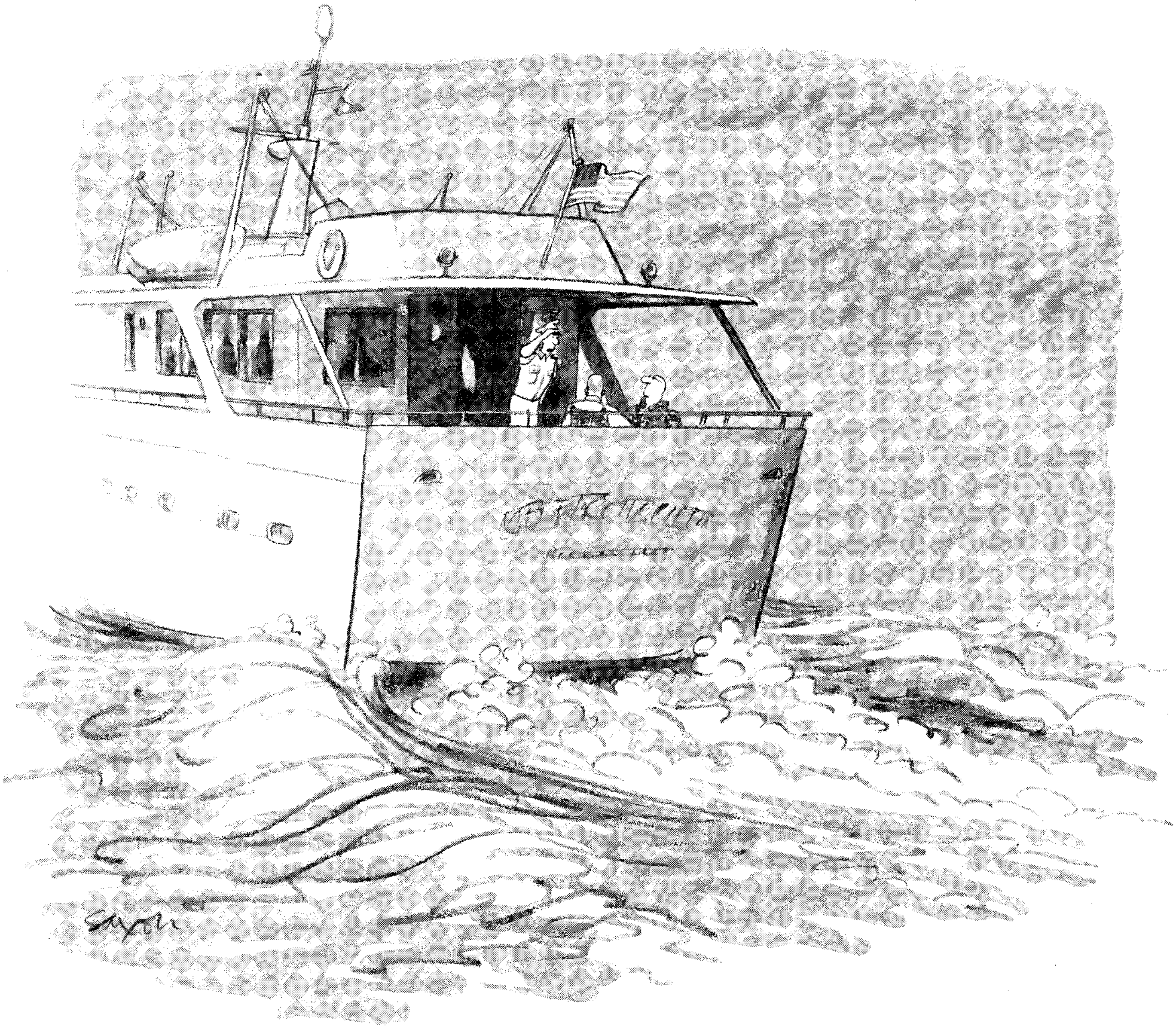


First, she taught her charges—there were fourteen of them—to snap their fingers in a brisk, New Wave manner. Then they learned a sort of running-in-place motion, and some arm circles. Before long, most of them had mastered what looked very much like a knee to the groin. Sporadic toe-touching. Eva could almost have been Jack La Lanne except for the New Wave music booming from the back of the club, where Andrēa was spinning discs by some of our favorite new artists. The Simple Minds, for instance, and Malaria, and Bananarama, and A Flock of Seagulls. Classics from some veteran New Wave troupers—Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark, the Psychedelic Furs, the Bush Tetras, and the Gang of Four—were mixed in.

Andrēa's boss, Rick, who dreamed up the dance class, told us that while Punk and New Wave are often confused in the public mind, they are actually quite different. "Punk was a whole state of mind. Very sadomasochistic. Very *negative*," Rick said, adding, "And it was much louder"—which was not easy for us to imagine.

Andrēa said, "With Punk, they do slam dancing. You know what that is? That's just where they run into each other—*hard*. When a club has a Punk act, it has to double the security."

Rick, who will open a members-only New Wave club called Optique on West Twenty-third in October, said that the dance class was part of his master plan for introducing some order where anarchy now reigns. "I'm trying to create a standard dance where people can go to the clubs and do it and not be intimidated about appearing foolish," he said. Currently, he explained, many people just heave themselves about to New Wave music.



"Captain's compliments, sir. The bluefish are running off Nantucket. Shall we give chase?"

• •

"People are happier if they have a standard set of steps they can do, and not worry about being accepted, about being too dull or too expressive. I'm trying to do for New Wave what the Hustle did for Disco." Rick's candidates for basic New Wave steps are the Rip and the Combo, and by lesson's end most of the class was at least approximating them. During the last few minutes, Eva told the class to just dance on its own. The older members, used to Disco, or maybe even the Frug, incorporated a good deal too much swivel, roll, and shake; the younger students caught on better to the tight, sharp, Porschelike cornering. But everyone, except for one woman who had stopped to smoke a cigarette, was moving pretty well, to a Pete Shelley lyric that went "You know, we're homo sapiens, too."

At last, when Rick broke out the champagne and orange juice that wrap up each class, we got Eva to sit down—"sit still" would be an overstatement—and talk about her notions of dance. "I like movement that's, like, crisp and controlled," she told us. "I want a combination of crisp and controlled movement, but I want people to let go. But not all over the place. Anybody can do that. There should be lines. But sometimes I like to go wacko." Eva—born in Finland, loves New York "the most, the most," has eagle's head tattooed on right triceps, favors the Gang of Four and the Bush Tetras—said, "I first got heavily, seriously interested in rock in 1977, when I was in England. Before that, I was just listening to the radio. I had been trained as a jazz and ballet dancer, but everyone has his or her own kind of music that's for them, and this is mine." She, too, elaborated on the connections between Punk and New Wave, asserting, "Punk was, like, what started the wave moving. It was, like, the shock behind the wave. It was, like, *aaaaaaahhh*, a kick in the face. 'Don't tell me what I'm doing. I'll do what I want.' That was Punk. And since then it's developed into a style." New Wave, she added, is about "knowing what you're doing, being strong, being good." Eva dances every day. "Every time I dance, it's like giving a show," she said. "I psych up. I can't go home and relax. No way! Even though my body is exhausted and I'm sweaty like a pig, I'm so charged up. In fact, I'm going to go out and party now."

THAT WAS THE SUMMER OF THE MOCKINGBIRDS

IF they said to you, "Tell us the last time you remember when you believed everything would turn out right," you would think back to the summer of the mockingbirds, when bounty in the north or disturbance in the south sent them by the hundreds into Ohio farmlands, where people thought themselves lucky before if one sang in a county. You would think of the locust trees, and the mockingbirds singing in them: the perfume and the whiteness and the music together. It made you change your notions about what is too little and what is enough.

You would remember that evenings were best. The farm women came out with glasses of lemonade, and kerchiefs to wipe their foreheads, and sat on the front-porch swings, listening and swinging. Supper dishes would keep. The mockingbirds chased the cats all day, then perched in the lilac and sang till the stars were out. That was the summer it did not rain until the hay was in, did not frost until the tomatoes were played out and the zinnias were safe and red on the sideboard. The black onyx Seth Thomas clock, whose glass face always clouded in wet weather, was fooled and stayed clear right to Thanksgiving.

That was the summer Jack and I hiked down to the creek nearly every day. The creek issued from a storm sewer at the end of Sullivan Street and vanished into a storm sewer under the railroad tracks, where it was wild, the high grass exploding with the caw of cock pheasants. Between the Sullivan culvert and the railroad dicks, whom we never saw but who were rumored to bludgeon first and inquire later, the creek halved a ragged wood that was full of broken glass and derelicts. We learned to catch crayfish and hang them on our shirts to terrify the girls. The crayfish bent their tails over their rumps of eggs and could live forever out of water, waving their claws from the dust balls under our beds.

That was the summer that followed a spring when rains washed shrews from their burrows in the woods. Jack and I picked tiny drowned bodies from the water. They were like preliminary models—sketches in the flesh, and not full animals. Their teeth were bared like stiff white threads.

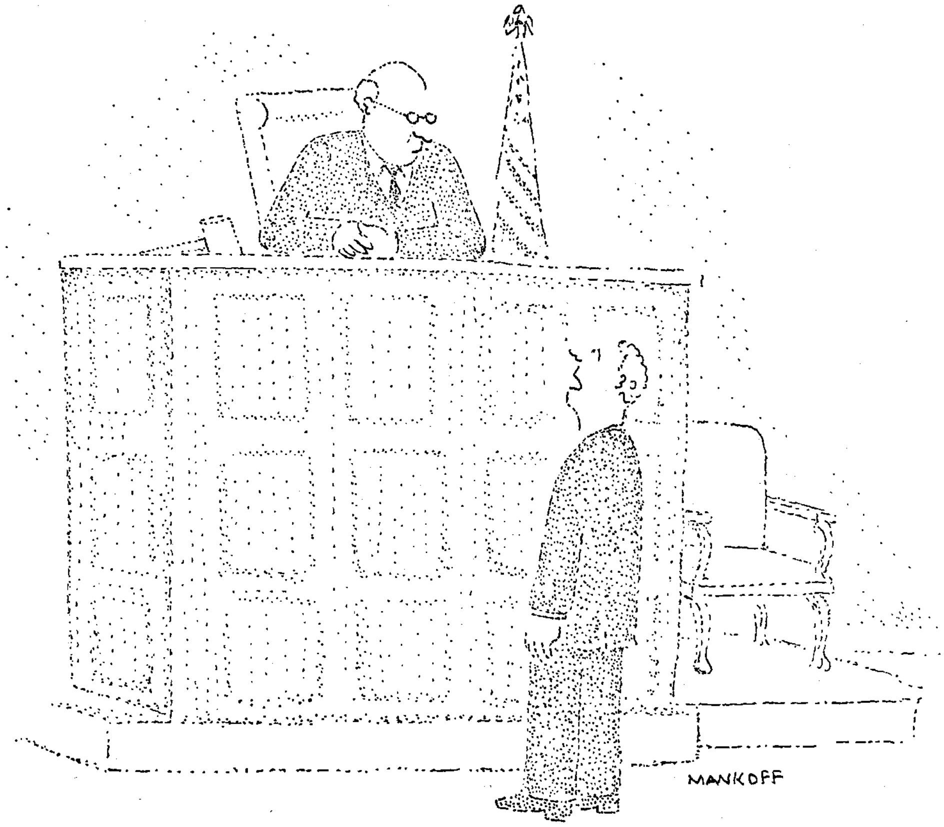
THAT was the summer that ended when Mother took sick. They always said "took sick," as though it were something chosen, like bric-a-brac from a shelf. Once before, when I was very young, *she had taken sick and stayed* so long in the hospital that I did not remember her, and the word "mother" took on a strange, abstract resonance. It was like "Brazil" or "adolescence"—a thing heard of but far off.

But that summer, of the mockingbirds, I was twelve and the phrase was "Take it like a man." I did. I didn't have much use for the calendar then, but you could tell it was almost schooltime by the way the light came at evening, slanted and golden. I came in from playing and saw my mother, her chair set solidly against the wall. I looked carefully at her, thinking there was something I wanted to keep. She motioned me to her. She had me stand between her knees so she could trim my hair for school. I heard the snipping close to my ears, felt her gathering the hair in her hands so it wouldn't fall to the floor. When she was finished, she said my name, but I was afraid to turn and look at her. She was crying.

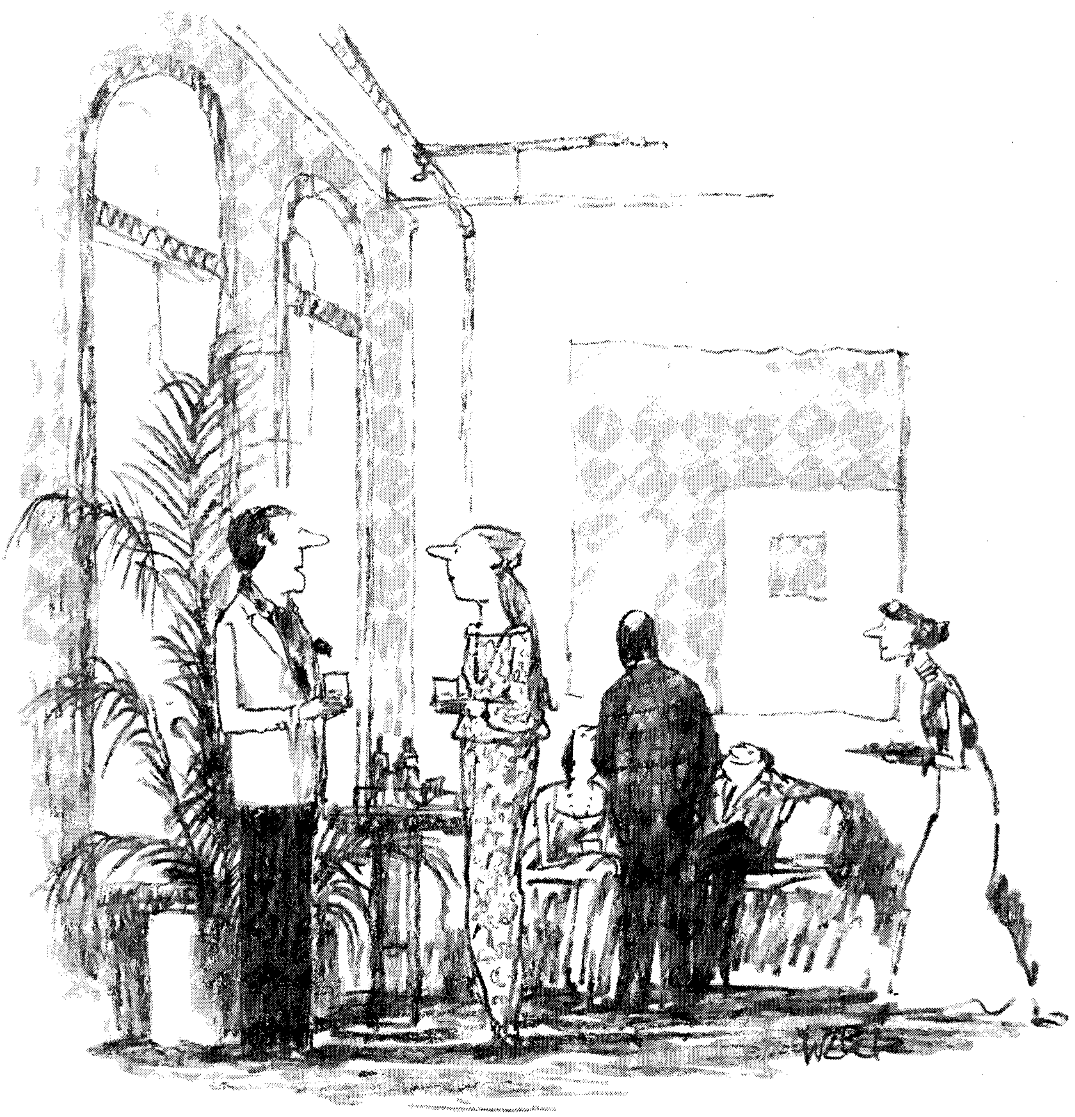
They thought it would be easier for me if she left for the hospital when I was at school. One afternoon when I got home, my mother was gone and Mrs. Dodge, from church, was there. Mrs. Dodge asked me if I would like cookies and milk. Never in my life had I had cookies and milk after school, the way they did on TV, and I burst into tears. I thought Mother was dead.

I was too young to see her in her hospital room, but sometimes my father brought me to the street below, and she would wave from a window. What gave me a low opinion of the candor of adults I don't recall, but I believed then that she was gone, and that Father got a nurse to put on her pale robe and stand by the window to wave to me.

AT the end of that winter, she was dead. I spent much of the spring by myself, hiking. And I began to keep a sketchbook, to record what I saw. Father would drive me out to a state park, give me the day to wander around, and pick me up at the entrance in the evening at some prearranged hour. One day, I went into Chardon Gorge. It was cold at the bottom, still deep winter there out of the sun, but not unpleasant after the sweaty scramble down. I had taken a



"Not guilty by reason of genetic determinism, Your Honor."



"I guess I'm fortunate. All of my marriages have been happy."

• •

feeder creek most of the way, wading in high green boots, breaking the ice sometimes, sometimes walking cautiously upon it. In one pool of the feeder creek I stepped on the body of a frog. He woke too soon, maybe, or was dug from his sleep by thawing water.

At the bottom of the gorge, I leaned on the snow that made an abrupt shelf on the rocky shingle of the stream and began to draw. I drew tiny trees of lichens on a well-sunned log, like miniature cacti or foliage in a book of dinosaurs. I drew liverworts that gemmed the same log like cabbages in a field. Behind the liverworts there were tiny black and red spiders that didn't notice even when I bent in close. I had seen Cooper's hawks over the near brown hills, and I tried to draw them, but I had not seen them close enough, and I realized I was drawing my memory of the picture of them in the Golden Field Guide. Had I seen them but once, I might have mistaken them for herons, flapping on their silvery wings.

I could draw with my gloves on. They were my spring gloves and not too bulky, and my drawing was coarse enough not to require great delicacy of line. When I finished with what I had seen on the log, I began looking for something else. Wrens were fussing by the water. I tried to concentrate on them, but I was distracted by the stream itself. I shifted from looking to seeing almost without noticing. I grew drowsy, and realized I had been staring for a long time.

I brought myself suddenly to, and when I did, the thing I had been staring at came into focus. It was a doe, caught in a snarl of wood in the stream. Perhaps she fell from the falls or was swept from the forest in a flash flood. Or perhaps she was shot on the bank and slid in. She was so thoroughly tangled in the debris I couldn't tell where her legs were. Everything that was under the water was stripped clean of hair, so that it was smooth and ghostly. Her back was lifted above the current by the snag and was still furry. Her body was contorted—stretched out in the direction of the current. She was not horrible so much as startling. I got up to kick the snag a few times, but it did not release her. Spring rains were coming, I thought, and would wash her down.

I walked on and found the path that led back up the gorge. I did not turn around, did not think much about the deer at all. But that night when I dreamed, I kicked the snag away and she broke free, swimming first, then bounding alive into the forest. It was so bare I could see her running a long time.

THAT was the summer I could lie on my belly by the osier bush, reading, hour after hour, drowsy with the sun that seemed never to move, and a mockingbird came to sing over my shoulder, rocking the branch when he landed, and I thought that meant I would be lucky.

—DAVID BRENDAN HOPES

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Beverly Whipple's groundbreaking discoveries about female sexuality—delivered to the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex with John D. Perry—placed her immediately in the public eye and made her one of the foremost authorities on a new and controversial area of human sexuality. —*News release from Holt, Rinehart & Winston.*

Where did it place John D. Perry?

SANTORINI: STOPPING THE LEAK

Five sessions of (God willing) lethal X
Rays on a live target purple-inked
For isolation, and the plantar wart
(Girt by its young, one throbbing multiplex
Neither knife nor acid could abort)
Active half my adult life's extinct
—Whereupon, sporting a survivor's grin,
I've come by baby jet to Santorin.

Inches overhead, a blue that burns,
That all but blackens—heaven as a flue?—
Against this white that all but calcifies.
Behind, a breakneck mile of hairpin turns,
The Golden Climb—mule dung and reek, whips, flies—
Lurches and jolts. Each moment someone new
Arrives at this despaired-of-from-below
Village unmelted on the crest like snow.

A gentler view, south from my balcony:
Past cubes and domes the baked vine terraces
Descend to beaches' black volcanic sand
And pewter glare of the September sea.
Mechanically a pencil guides my hand,
Then bells ajangle through the diocese
Bring the next balcony to life. Who's there?
Nelláki towelling her short silver hair.

She's not been idle, not our girl. It seems
We come provided with an introduction
To three old maiden sisters here, who set
A table that exceeds her wildest dreams
Of gourmandise. The ladies must be met,
And to that end I fear she's taken action:
Dispatched a note. A day or two should bring
Their summons. Meanwhile, homework, sightseeing!

The reason I've not made this trip before
Is that it would be—is—magnificent.
One wanted the companion who might
Act on a hushed injunction, less to ignore
The worst than stroll through it by evening light,
Made into courtyards (whitewashed, some for rent)
Where even stone-deaf Nelly hears her name
Spoken by mute bursts of nasturtium-flame.

Which color added, I've prepared my palette—
White, silver, black, night-purple, dab of lake
For cliff coagulations that regress
To null mist at a blow from the moon mallet.
Brushes? These five of mine with nothingness
Threatening forever to unmake
The living form it sees through in a trice—
A challenge to hold steady, these suffice.

Innermost chaos, understood at first
As Gaia's long-pent-up emotions crippling
Her sun-thrilled body, spun to the great Lyre;
Pent-up, but all too soon unleashed, outburst
Savage enough to bury in its fire
The pendant charms she wore, palace and stripling,
A molten afterbirth transmuting these
Till Oedipus became Empedocles—

Leaper headlong into that primal scene
And deafening tirade. The mother tongue
At which his blood boiled, his brain kindled. Ash
Of afterthought where once the sage had been,
Louse in a log . . . Or else, supposing flesh
Withstood temptation, could a soul that clung
To its own fusing senses crawl at last
Away unshrivelled by the holocaust?

The curtain on a universal hiss
Would fall; steam cover all; millennia pass.
An island surface. Two. Three. Vineyards wax.
The plume of smoke with airier emphasis
Slant from the inky crater. Paperbacks
About Atlantis map the looking-glass
Rim of that old disaster, deep salt blue
Unrippling oval noon sun peers into.

Apart from the volcano and the wine,
The place, I read, was famous for its vampires.
People we inquire of shrug and stare—
No matter. Clearly, as the gods decline,
An eerie radiation fills the air
And eats their armor. The Byzantine Empire's
Avian-angelic iridescence
Shrank to black flitterings in the lymph of peasants.

Nelly agrees, but wears a child's gold cross
One hadn't seen, and wants to start with snails
Smothered in garlic. She's put in her hearing
Aid—we can talk. Out of the blue the loss,
Young, of her twin brother flickers, searing
Her face an instant. Then it's over. Veils
Of sheer, belated comprehension blur
The half-full tumbler lifted, drained to her.

Not that I've lost or am about to lose
More than on the one hand (or one foot)
An ingrown guest, and on the other, well,
Greece itself. Corrupted whites and blues,
Taverns torn down for banks, the personnel
Grown fat and mulish, marbles clogged with soot . . .
Things just aren't what they were—no more am I,
No more is Nelly. The good word's goodbye

—Or so at least the radiologist's
Black box thought, humming it for all prognosis.
Goodbye. One smelt it as a scorching, read
It long in shielded eyes and sausage wrists
Throughout his waiting room, where each was fed
Terror and time in exact, equal doses.
As for our meal tonight—which far-out lab
Prepares and serves it: Gemini? the Crab?

We must be light, light-footed, light of soul,
Quick to let go, to tighten by a notch
The broad, star-studded belt Earth wears to feel
Hungers less mortal for a vanished whole.
Light-headed at the last? Our lives unreal
Except as jewelled self-windings, a deathwatch
Of heartless rhetoric I punctuate,
Spitting the olive pit onto the plate?

And if (weeks later, Athens) life still weighs
Too heavily, why, leave the bulk behind.
Give M the bed. Let what was done in it
Parch at a glance from certain killing rays,
And the trunk-oubliette's black yawn admit
Such pictures, records, books as we've consigned,
Poor well-bred things in panic, to the freighter
(Bound for yet more life) Prestidigitator.

On this last evening, once tiny flames
Have danced within my pupils to consume
Letters and photographs, once M, dead drunk,
Muttering of bad faith, though he "names no names,"
Has sobered up enough to lift the trunk,
Alone I've stretched out in a rifled room,
Aching for sleep. There comes to me instead
—Brilliantly awake but cased in lead—

A cinéma-mensonge. Long, flowing fits
Of seeing—whose? Utterly not my own:
Bayonet fixed, one olive-skinned Iraqi
Guarding the stairwell of a wartime Ritz;
The look outflashing from his brass and khaki,
That single living cell needed to clone
In depth a double, phantom yet complete
With skills and jokes, cradle to winding-sheet;

His moonbaked slum, muezzin cry and tank
Rumble, the day Grandfather plucked the goose,
The sore in bloom on a pistachio-eyed
Tea-shop girl above the riverbank
—Vignettes as through a jeweller's loupe descried,
Swifter now, churning down the optic sluice,
Faces young, old, to rend the maître d's
Red cord, all random, ravenous images

Avid for inwardness, and none but driven
To gain, like the triumphant sperm, a table
Set for one: wineglass, napkin, and rosebud?
Or, failing that, surrender to blue heaven
Its droplet of pure ego, salt as blood?
The warm spate bears me on, helpless, unable
Either to sink or swim, though knowing whence
My trouble springs. Psychic incontinence.

A ghost-leak in the footsole. Fighting free
Of sheets that flap off spectral over tiles,
Like bats in negative, sobbing for air
I hobble to the mirror, wordlessly
Frame this petition to its oval, where
Behind a twitching human curtain smiles
Those revels' Queen, in easy ownership,
Sated, my vigor coloring her lip:

I whose poor mortal senses at your kiss
Took on unmelting, snowflake-singular
Facets and symmetries, even as I fall
Out of mind, yours, mine, anyone's, to this
Upsteaming common thaw, babble and brawl
Of now no thought, O that the shattered star,
The music-maker broadcast, limb from limb,
Be made whole, Lady—hear and remember him!

No answer. Or—? In gloom the peevish buzz
Of a wee wingèd one-watt presence short-
Circuiting compulsively the panes
Gone white. *My* drained self doesn't yet . . . yet does!
From some remotest galaxy in the veins
A faint, familiar pulse begins. The wart,
Alive and angry, that I'd thought destroyed.
No lasting cure? No foothold on the void?

Its little double agent ticking still,
Just where I'd counted on—say an oblivion
That knew its limits. Here was Santorini
Once more, blue deeps, white domes, in imbecile
Symbiosis with the molten genie.
I hear the ferrous, feather-light, diluvian
Lava clink at a knife-tap from our guide;
Once more attain, Nelláki at my side—

Grumpy all day because a civil note
Had come by hand, before the morning mail,
Professing the three sisters "desolate"
(One with lumbago, one with a sore throat,
The third with friends in Athens—well, that's Fate)
Not to receive us. So goodbye, roast quail,
French wines, and pastries briefer than a bubble . . .
We must be light!—once more attain the double

Site of our last excursion: Prophet Elias'
Radar-crowned monastery, reached by mule.
(Oven, winepress, lentil boutique, and loom.
A sunken door. We rose from hand and knee as
Oil lamps awoke an underground classroom.
Here, throughout centuries of Turkish rule,
Small pupils widening, their abbot set
Before them bread and wine—the Alphabet

Pruned of meaning to dry glottal kernel,
Gaunt root and stock that, woken, resurrect
Sibyl and scribe's illuminated leaves—
Food for thought even now in this nocturnal
Limbo of straw children, scarecrow sleeves
Lifting their Book of Life mute with neglect,
While overhead a flickering in fetters
Descended on the office of dead letters.)

Behind us then. Next, down and up the gorge,
To gain, past a toy chapel to St. Michael,
The precinct of Apollo of the Herds
—Of tourists? Not that day. A heavenly forge,
Hammer and tongs, our solitude, our words
Snapped up by North Wind, bellowed to recycle
The bare, thyme-tousled world we'd stumbled on,
Its highbrow wholly given to the Sun.

Here, finally, music that would take Satie
Twenty-five hundred years to reinvent
Put naked immaturity through paces
Of a grave dance—as if catastrophe
Could long be lulled by slim waists and shy faces.
Our "worst" in part lived through, part imminent,
We made on sore feet, and by then *were* made,
For a black beach, a tavern in the shade.

—James Merrill

OCTOBER

THE guest who found Wilhelm Klemper in the bathtub at the Pensione Ghiberti was a woman. She screamed so loudly that Massimo, the night clerk, came running down the hall, from the lobby, carrying the heavy stick he had always hoped to use if a malefactor appeared while he was on the job. Massimo was big and dark, with knitted brows and dreams of power. He glanced at the distraught woman, muttered an apology, then burst through the bathroom door. In the tub he saw Klemper, the auto salesman from Munich, who was snoring peacefully, with his hands folded over his belly and his parted lips giving off a vapor of stale wine. "Herr Klemper," said Massimo, tapping him on the shoulder. Klemper kept right on snoring. Massimo, upset, shook him harder, and discovered that in fact Klemper was wedged in extremely tightly—stuck, so to speak. It became apparent to him that the *padrone*, Arturo Feraci, would have to be called.

Feraci was also Massimo's father. He slept in a room at the rear of the pensione, as far away from the desk as possible. Unlike his son, he was built on a miniature scale, so that his features had an artistic perfection, as though they'd been planned in advance instead of molded by the usual give-and-take of reproduction; and he needed at least nine hours of sleep every night to restore his delicate energies. Massimo entered the bedroom deferentially, pausing for a moment to stare at the photograph of his mother that occupied a position of honor on the bureau. She was in Heaven, singing with the angels—that's what Massimo had been told by Feraci when he was a little boy, and he still believed it in a half-hearted way. Heaven was becoming somewhat less real to him as he grew older, even though he kept bumping into manifestations of it all over the city of Florence, in churches, chapels, monasteries, and museums. It was gold, brilliant, full of promise, but Massimo, at eighteen, was more interested in owning a Vespa. He approached the bed, where his father's humped form was hidden beneath a quilt, and, feeling guilty, reached out to tap it, much as he'd reached out toward the man in the bathtub.

"Eh?" asked Feraci.

"Herr Klemper," Massimo said in a quiet voice.

The name had a profound effect on Feraci. He threw back the covers, sat up in bed, and whispered something unintelligible. His fine gray hair, ordinarily arranged so carefully that not a speck of baldness showed, rose in wisps toward the ceiling.

"Drunk?" he asked.

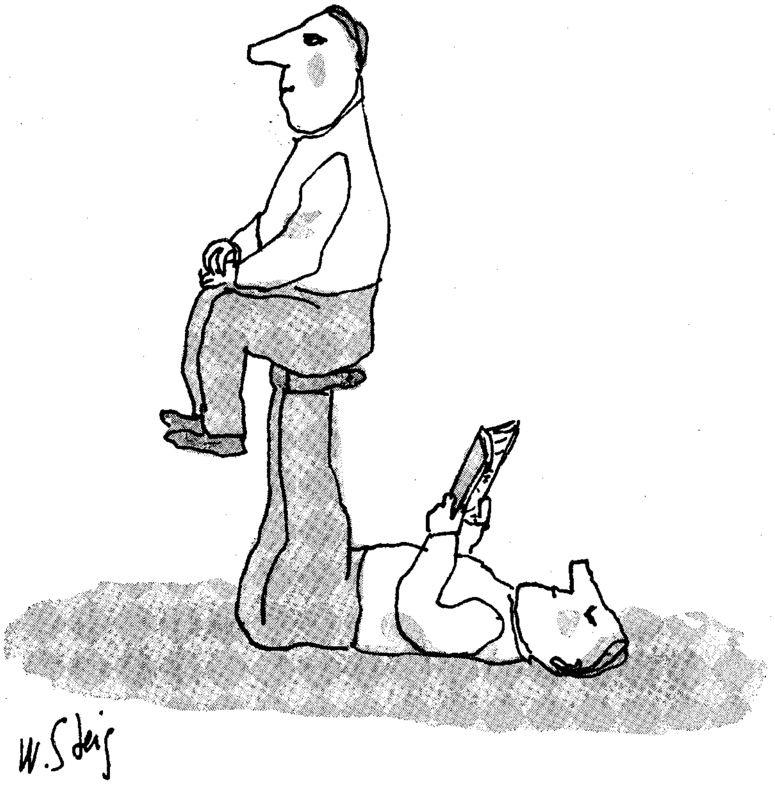
"Of course," said Massimo.

"Is he alone?"

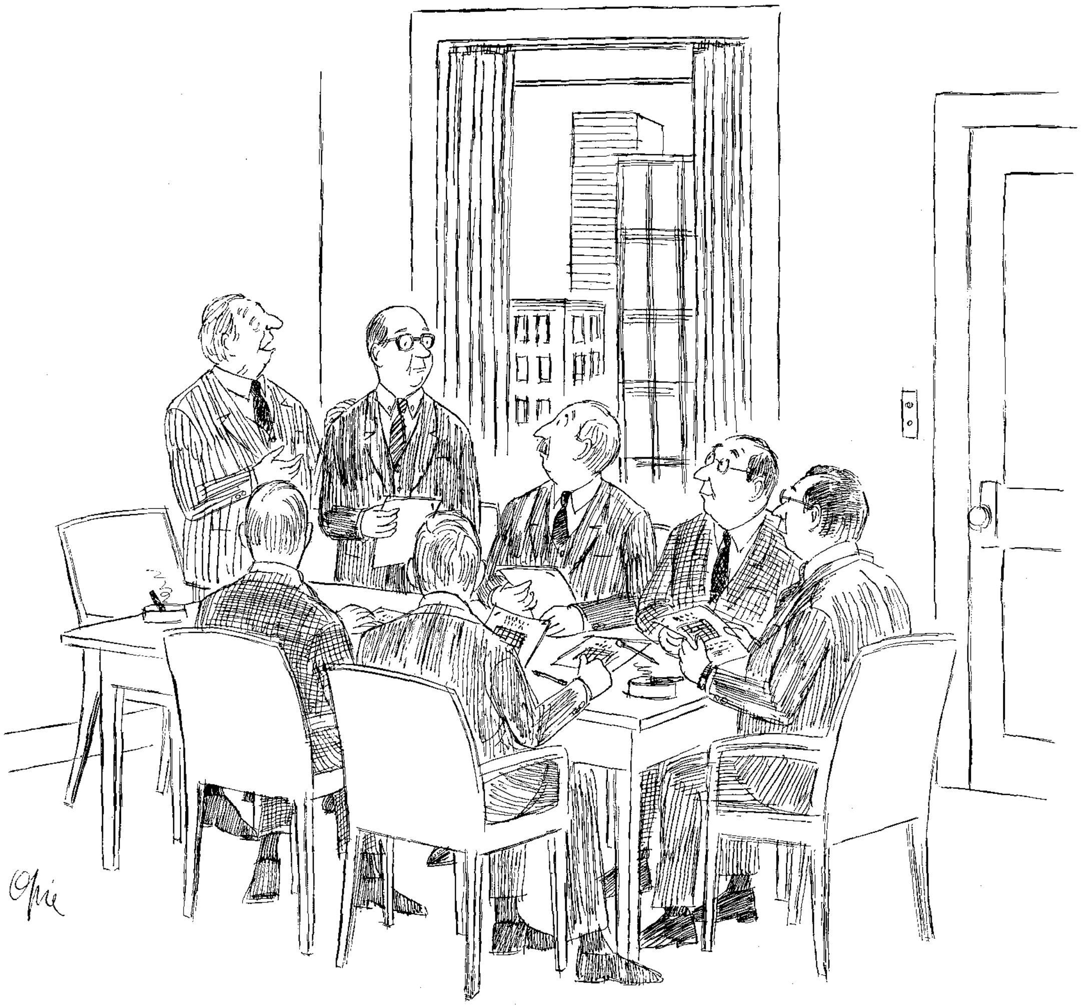
Massimo nodded, and Feraci sighed in relief. The last time Klemper had turned up drunk, he'd brought along a prostitute, and there had been a terrible scene in the lobby, during which Klemper had wept and issued his usual denials. For ten years now, he had been arriving promptly at the Ghiberti every October, dragging the same two leather suitcases and emanating the same good cheer. He had the salesman's knack for easy friendship. There were kind words for the *padrone*, hugs for the chambermaids, a new joke for Massimo. Was it possible to dislike him? Feraci doubted it. Klemper, with his abrupt and innocent eyes, seemed such a happy, carefree person that he was regarded affectionately by the entire pensione staff. And yet toward the end of his annual two-week vacation something always went wrong. Klemper stopped studying the Renaissance art he claimed to love and instead began to drink and carouse. He came in at odd hours, paying no mind to the curfew and waking the other guests. He violated house rules by bringing cheese and salami into his room and leaving them in drawers. He broke things—water glasses, pictures, once a mirror. Klemper was always deeply sorry when he returned to his senses, and Feraci, being a gentleman of the old school, had in the past always forgiven him for his transgressions. But no more. After the episode with the prostitute, Klemper had vowed never to misbehave again, and now that vow was worthless.

"*Finito*," Feraci said to Massimo as he slipped into a red robe that made him look like a cardinal. "Klemper must go."

Together, they marched down the corridor toward the bathroom where Klemper was trapped. It was dawn. Through the windows of the pensione—it occupied the third, and top, floor of an old palazzo; on the floors below it were apartments and a few offices—they could see the sun throwing light across the bright tile roofs. Somewhere a rooster crowed. The woman who'd screamed was waiting near the bathroom, along with her husband and another guest. They had the half-startled, half-curious expressions of people who gather at roadside accidents. Feraci smiled and greeted each of them by name, exuding such casual gallantry that his



Brothers



"Gentlemen, I want you to meet Chuck Black, whom I am bringing in to be a third-down specialist, as it were."

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electrified hair went unnoticed. "*Permesso*," he said softly, stepping past the guests to peer in at the problem. Klemper had not moved. His lips continued to give off vapors. Feraci was tempted to turn on the shower, but he thought that such blatant cruelty (however much it was deserved) might compromise the moral strength that was building in him. So instead he summoned Massimo. He assigned his son to Klemper's feet, then knelt by the tub and worked his own hands into Klemper's armpits. It took a great deal of pulling and shoving to liberate Klemper, who did not even wake up until Massimo splashed a little water on his face. He was groggy, indifferent, limp as a rag doll. Feraci helped him to stand and then led him to his room, where he collapsed in a heap on the dishevelled bed.

Once Klemper was covered with blankets, Massimo was anxious to leave—he was taking a course in economics at the university—so Feraci kissed him on both cheeks and sent him away. A maid was brewing coffee in the pensione kitchen. The vibrant aroma sailed toward Feraci, reminding him that, in spite of Klemper, there was still much to be savored in life. He was a man who believed devoutly in orderliness. To his ear, trained on Verdi and Puccini, the world hummed like a chord when everything was in its proper place. Any break in his daily routine bothered him, perhaps more than it should have. This almost spiritual dedication to order had always been a part of his character, but it had become more pronounced in the years since his wife's death. He had not married until he was nearly thirty-five, preferring to sift cautiously through potential brides until he found the right one, so he had been particularly wounded by his misfortune. He learned that habit was a good weapon against loneliness, even against despair—it cut down the field of vision. At any rate, Feraci was mystified by Klemper's apparent need for chaos. What was it that made the poor salesman erupt? Feraci had been drunk only once, long ago, at a cousin's wedding in Siena, and he had no desire to repeat the experience.

After breakfast, he dressed in a neatly pressed suit, sat in his chair behind the desk in the lobby, and began to perform the many services that had made his pensione a favorite with tourists of every nationality. He phoned for taxis, booked tables at restaurants, changed dollars into lire and lire into francs. Nothing in his manner suggested that he was nervous about his forthcoming encounter with Klemper, but he was actually boiling inside. He hated conflict—it was brutish, primitive. Over and over again, he played out the inevitable scene in his mind, resolving this time to do what was necessary.

Klemper did not come out of his room until early afternoon. As ever, he looked scrubbed and healthy. He had fantastic recuperative powers. His skin was rosy and he smelled of good cologne. Some shiny cream glistened in the bristles of his close-cropped hair. He was whistling.

How can it be, Feraci wondered. The man is shameless.

There was an awful jangle when Klemper dropped his key on the marble desktop. "Today, I go to the Bargello and visit Michelangelo," he said, grinning broadly, so that the gap between his two front teeth was exposed.

"We must have a talk, Herr Klemper," said Feraci in a dramatic, overly rehearsed voice. He spoke in English; it was their only common language.

Klemper put an elbow on the desk and rested his chin on his palm. He had a shaving nick near his left ear, produced, certainly, by shaking fingers.

"A talk?" he asked. "But must you

be so formal, Signore? After all, we are old friends."

"Of course," Feraci said. "You are a friend. That is why the talk is painful to me."

"Painful?"

"Herr Klemper, I will say it out to you—you behaved badly again last night."

"Me?" asked Klemper. "You must be mistaken."

Feraci shook his head. "There is no mistake. Again you drank too much, sir. Don't you have any memory?"

Klemper's lower lip trembled. All at once, his face lost its healthy glow and went through several quick transmutations, which left it looking babyish and wan.

"You woke the other guests," Feraci said, proceeding boldly. "You fell asleep in the bathtub. A woman screamed. I cannot have it anymore, Herr Klemper. You broke your vow."

"The trattoria where I ate, it wasn't very clean," Klemper said. "The wine must have been poisoned."

Involuntarily, Feraci scratched his knee. "I must ask you to leave, sir," he said.

"I am so sorry," Klemper said. Tears were forming in his eyes. "I don't know what came over me. I promise you, Signore, it will never happen again."

"This I have heard before," said Feraci, crossing his arms. He felt strong, correct in all his assumptions. "I can't have it, Herr Klemper. My reputation is at stake."

Klemper was weeping openly now, blowing his nose and dabbing at his cheeks. When he was able to pull himself together, he said, "The Ghiberti means very much to me."

"I know that," Feraci said. "But still I ask you to leave."

"I will go in the morning."

"No, Herr Klemper. You must go today."

"*Today!*" wailed Klemper. "Today I am visiting Michelangelo at the Bargello!"

"You can find another pensione in Florence. There are hundreds, sir."

"Not like this one," Klemper said bitterly. "How can you do this to an old friend? What have I done to merit this treatment?"

Feraci was prepared for the question. He ran through the entire catalogue of infractions, leaving out nothing, not even the prostitute.

Klemper was woeful, stung. Clearly, he had never realized how his errors in judgment had been compounded over the years. "You are right, Signore," he said. "I have behaved very badly."

"And I must ask you, Herr Klemper," said Feraci, pushing on, "never to come here again."

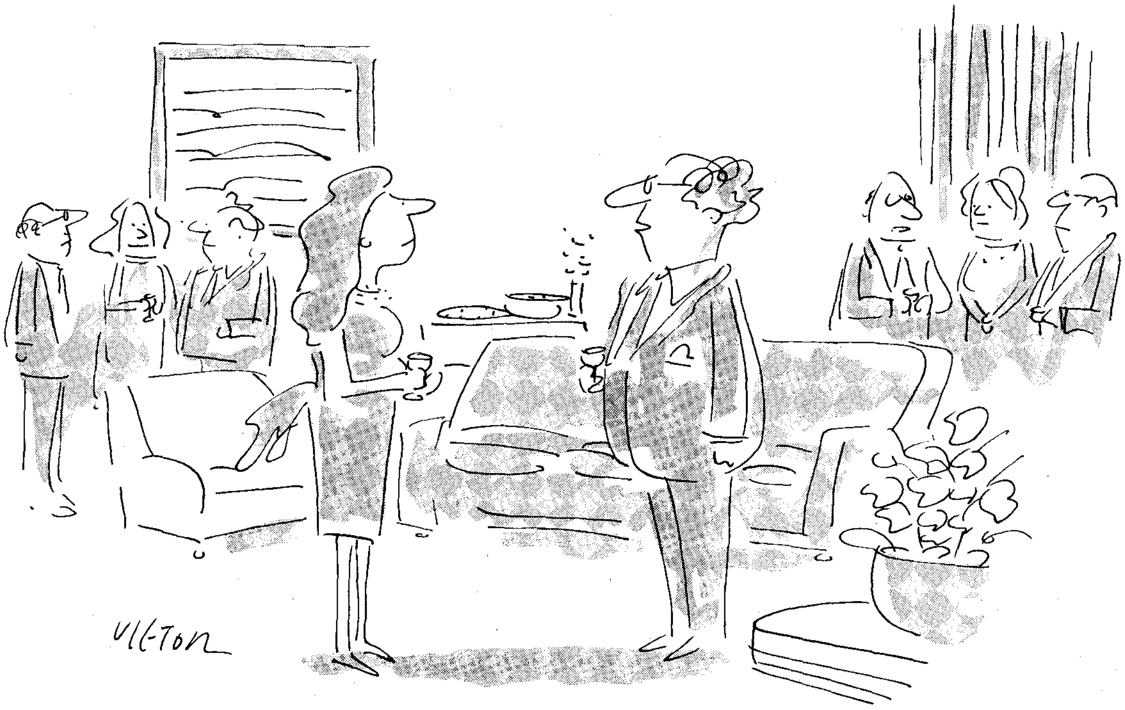
"Never again?"

"This is correct."

Klemper stared at the floor, shuffling his feet. He seemed resigned to his punishment. "I understand," he said.

The conversation left Feraci feeling pleased. It was not so much a personal victory as a victory for the forces of order. He had managed to wrestle reality into a posture of accommodation; the scene with Klemper had taken place just as he'd imagined it. But Feraci didn't gloat—there was tragedy, too, in what had happened. When Klemper returned to the lobby with his luggage, Feraci stepped from behind the desk to help him. He thought of several conciliatory things he might say, but he suppressed them, not without difficulty. He watched Klemper squeeze his bulky body into the elevator. Klemper's face, pale and sad, filled the frame of the elevator-door window. "*Arrivederci*," Feraci said. Down the shaft went Klemper, disappearing.

THE cold winds that blow through Florence every winter came early that year, and the tourists, as always, were swept away—off to Greece and Portugal, where sunshine takes precedence over art. By December, the Pensione Ghiberti was almost deserted. This was not depressing to Arturo Feraci. He'd never wanted to be rich. Besides, a bit of solitude was good for the soul. He used his free time to make repairs, to redecorate and plan for the future. At Christmas, he closed down for three weeks and decided to go skiing in the Dolomites. Massimo went with him. They stayed at a pine-panelled lodge where the food was excellent but the rooms lacked character. "I would never permit this," Feraci said, showing Massimo the dust beneath a bed. Feraci's skin got tanned on the slopes, his muscles felt unusually supple. Is that a man of sixty, he asked himself one morning as he stood before his mirror. On Christmas Eve, he gave Massimo



"*I can't tell you what I do. Too painful.*"

a big check, on the condition that it be put toward the purchase of a car, not a Vespa. "Motorcycles are too dangerous," he told his son.

Perhaps the expansiveness of the vacation, with its seemingly imperishable images of snow and sky, contributed to the romantic spirit that captured Feraci in the spring. Had daffodils ever burst through the earth with such brilliant determination? The beaks of blackbirds looked far too orange. Then Feraci fell in love. It was not something he had expected ever to happen again. The woman, Gloria Bailey, was divorced, an American from Detroit who was touring the art capitals of Europe with five other women. She was in her forties, and she had a personality that combined brashness and charm in equal measure. She couched her affection for Feraci in teasing terms. "With a build like that," she told him one afternoon, admiring his trim figure, "you ought to be on display somewhere." Feraci burned with embarrassment, but the next day he invited her to lunch. Immediately, he regretted it. Had he taken leave of his senses? It was wrong to flirt with guests. The lunch was a grand success, though, with so much intimate talking back and forth that Feraci's jaw actually began to ache. He was confused, miserable, ecstatic, torn; in a daze, he sought the counsel of his son.

"Marjorie! I totally reject such a scenario!"

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Massimo was outside, waxing the little-used Fiat he'd bought. He listened to his father's lament until he couldn't stand it anymore. "Stop worrying yourself, Papa," he said. "Just be happy."

So Feraci tried. He accepted happiness as it was presented to him. There were more lunches, a carriage ride through piazzas lined with potted flowers, and then an astounding night of champagne and black lace, during which he recalled many pleasurable things he'd all but forgotten. When the other tour-group ladies left for Rome, Gloria stayed behind, explaining that she had not yet exhausted the possibilities of the Renaissance. Really, though, she had nothing pressing to take care of at home—her children were grown, she had no steady job. Soon enough, her clothes were hanging in Feraci's closet. She insisted on helping with the business; she ordered supplies, handled reservations, and did the bookkeeping. Feraci was afraid she'd make a botch of it, but she was very professional, measuring up to the most rigorous standards. In June, still slightly confused, he proposed to her, and they were wed in a small private ceremony, much to Massimo's delight. For their honeymoon, they had a quick weekend at Viareggio, by the sea. Massimo drove them there, proceeding at breathtaking speed, for he could not touch any steering wheel without pretending that he was in a Grand Prix. Along the way, Feraci's straw beach hat blew out the window. He wanted to chase after it, but Massimo convinced him that it was irretrievably gone, tumbling through pine seedlings and brush toward the water.

OCTOBER, the month for game. Feraci took Gloria on his annual pilgrimage into the Tuscan hills, and introduced her to an old farmer from whom he bought venison steaks and wild boar. In exchange, Gloria taught Feraci to be a tourist in his own city, leading him through cobbled streets that were finally beginning to be free of summer people. They went to the Duomo and the Baptistery, and then to the Uffizi, where they climbed the stairs together, hand in hand, and walked into the first gallery and fell silent when they saw the three famous Madonnas of Cimabue, Giotto, and Duccio. The Madonnas were huge, intense. Feraci was thrilled. How could such familiar paintings still retain their power? "I haven't been here for ages," he said, wandering off alone, down precise, sunlit corridors lined with busts and portraits in orderly formation. He remembered walking through the museum with Massimo, years ago, trying to answer the boy's innocent but complex questions about death by directing his attention to the flaming gold on the walls. He had relied on the angels; they had not let him down.

From the Uffizi they went to the church of Santa Croce. Feraci did his best to appreciate the church's façade, but, in truth, he was getting tired. The leg muscles he'd built up in the Dolomites were not so strong anymore, and he was starting to suffer the minor foot pains that seem always to accompany an overdose of art. There was nothing at Santa Croce that he wanted particularly to see. It was a cavernous place, musty and damp, filled with pulpits, altarpieces, statues, crucifixes, relics, and other religious items that the Franciscans had managed to collect over the centuries. Feraci, separated from Gloria again, proceeded along the nave with none of the furious energy that had possessed him elsewhere. For the most part, he craned his neck and stared at the ceiling in an attempt to figure out how the various structural elements had been laced together. Because the church was crowded, Feraci, in his shuffling, could have bumped into anyone; but the one he did bump into was Wilhelm Klemper.

Klemper was standing by himself in an area of the church into which heat seemed never to have penetrated. His feet rested on a marble slab that bore the featureless portrait of some departed bishop; his eyes were fixed on a sculpture of the Annunciation.

"*Scusi*," said Feraci after he'd made contact.

"Oh!" said Klemper, jumping back. "Signore Feraci!"

Feraci squinted at the round face in front of him. "Is it you, Klemper?"

"It's me," Klemper said.

They shook hands politely. Feraci noticed that Klemper's flesh was clammy.

"Have you been here long?" he asked.

"Hours."

"Well," said Feraci, at a loss for words.

Klemper smiled tentatively. He seemed equally ill at ease. "It's nice to see you again," he said. Then he nodded at the sculpture. "I like that," he said. "It's the only thing in here I understand."

"But I thought you loved all our art."

"I do," said Klemper, shrugging, "even though it depresses me."

"Perhaps we can sit down for a minute," Feraci suggested. "A rest would be good."

They found an unoccupied pew and sat on it. Feraci was keenly aware of Klemper's body next to him, and also of the hundreds of candles flickering throughout the church. He was glad to be so tired. It made him feel less nervous about the meeting.

"Well," he said again. "I am surprised."

"Surprised?" asked Klemper. "But why? I always come to Florence in October."

"Of course," said Feraci, who had meant no offense. "And you are having your usual fine time?"

"Not too bad. I am staying at the Cellini. Do you know it? It's near the train station."

"I don't know it, but I think it has a good reputation?"

"Very good," Klemper said. "But it's noisy."

"And the food?"

"All right, if you like fennel."

Feraci began idly to crack his knuckles. When he had finished with his right hand, he went to work on the left.

"How is Massimo?" Klemper asked.

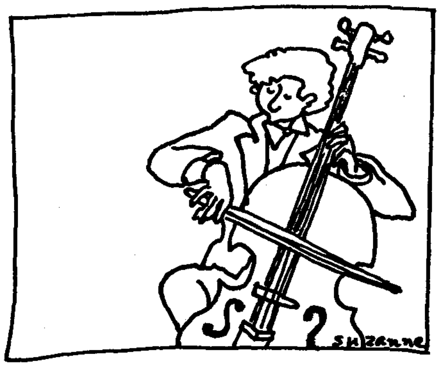
"Fine," said Feraci. "But he isn't around so much anymore, now that he has a car."

"A car? What type of car?"

"Fiat."

"I hope you didn't pay full price," Klemper said, clucking a little. "I could have given you a discount on a Volkswagen."

"The Fiat was also discounted," Feraci said. He did not want to seem rude or ungrateful, so he offered a bit of personal information. "I got married," he said.



"I heard," said Klemper. He had shifted his position and now sat with his elbows on his knees, in a droopy attitude of despondency. "That American woman."

Feraci was taken aback. "But *how* did you hear?"

"I asked about you at the Cellini. You must forgive my curiosity. The old ties are difficult to break." Klemper sighed. The sigh went on for a considerable time, owing to the width and depth of his chest, and the magnitude of air it contained. "Tell me, Signore," he said. "Were those things I did really so bad?"

"Yes," said Feraci. "They were bad."

Again Klemper sighed. "I suppose that's that," he said. "The other night, when the traffic kept me awake, I almost called you to ask for another chance. But I didn't think you'd give it to me."

"I wouldn't," Feraci agreed.

"That's what I thought."

But in fact Feraci was losing his resolve. It had never occurred to him that he would see Klemper again, especially in such a cold and pitiable condition. He was seized by a desire to make amends; the desire was counterbalanced by a sincere belief that Klemper would repeat, in one form or another, his past outrages.

"Did I mention that I've moved?" Klemper asked.

"You didn't mention," Feraci said. He was hoping to end the conversation and be on his way.

"The company transferred me to Düsseldorf. It happened right after I returned from Florence last year. I have a much smaller territory now. You remember my house in Munich?"

Feraci nodded. Klemper had showed him photos of an impressive Tudoresque structure surrounded by trees.

"I had to sell it at a loss," Klemper said. "The real-estate market, it's terrible." Suddenly, he reached down and rolled up a leg of his trousers. "Feel my knee," he said.

"I couldn't."

"Anyway, it's like jelly. You see how it floats around? Some days it hurts so bad I go through a whole bottle of aspirin. They say I need an operation."

This was all Feraci could tolerate. He rattled off a string of excuses for

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leaving, which included Gloria, Massimo, and his own aching feet.

Klemper, of course, was distressed. He fiddled anxiously with the knot of his tie. "It's a pity," he said. "We have so much in common, we could probably talk forever."

Feraci smiled, bowed a little, pressed Klemper's clammy flesh, and escaped. He and Gloria took a taxi to the pensione. His meeting with Klemper haunted him, though; it had an unresolved quality about it, and he couldn't put it out of his mind.

SO it was that on the following morning Feraci phoned Klemper and invited him to spend what remained of his vacation at the Ghiberti. Klemper, overjoyed, arrived within the hour. "You'll never regret this," he said, hugging the *padrone* so tightly that he seemed to be trying to extract juice. Feraci gave him an isolated room off the lobby. The visit proceeded without incident, except for the afternoon when Klemper dropped a teacup and broke it. But everybody judged this to be an accident. Klemper's behavior was otherwise exemplary. He made the rounds of churches and museums, just as he always did, and returned from them in a sober, contemplative mood. Often, he sat in the lounge of the pensione, reading a thick art-history book and writing marginal notes. Gloria talked to him a few times and reported to Feraci that he was something of an expert on the Renaissance. Massimo, on the other hand, was easy prey for Klemper's jokes and funny stories; he thought Klemper should be on television. Feraci regarded all this with a jaded eye; to him, the pattern was familiar, and he kept expecting Klemper to lose control at any minute.

But the days continued to pass calmly, and soon Klemper was making plans to go home to Düsseldorf. He insisted that he be allowed to show his appreciation to the Feracis by taking them out to dinner on the night before his departure. No ordinary restaurant would do—Gloria must choose some special place. It was agreed that everybody should meet in the pensione lobby at seven o'clock; meanwhile, Klemper was off for a last look at the glories of Florence.

The Feracis were in the lobby at seven, but Klemper was late. When he hadn't come by seven-thirty, Massimo decided to go outside and wait in the car; Gloria went into the kitchen to consult with the cook about tomorrow's menu. This left Feraci alone at the desk, thumbing through a newspaper. Around eight o'clock, Klemper burst through the door. There was no question that he'd been drinking. He had a half-empty bottle of brandy under his arm, and he lurched when he walked. Another guest, a haughty Frenchwoman who'd just finished using the lobby phone, made a sound of disapproval when Klemper knocked over a lamp. In response, Klemper smiled his gap-toothed smile and sang a bawdy version of the "Marseillaise."

Feraci watched the entire performance. It had a curious effect on him. He was not so much angry as comforted.

"My friend!" Klemper bellowed, stumbling toward him. "How glad I am to see you."

"You are a fool, Klemper," said Feraci. "I knew you couldn't change."

"Oh, I *could* change," said Klemper, wagging a finger in Feraci's face. "I just don't want to." He laughed loudly. "I have a present for you," he said, removing what appeared to be a piece of stone from his pocket.

Feraci picked up the stone and knew immediately by its smooth exterior that it was marble. Looking more closely, he saw that the marble had a distinct shape. "This is a toe," he said.

Klemper laughed again and patted him on the back.

"Where did you get it?" Feraci asked, dropping the toe into a drawer so that none of the other guests would see it. "Have you stolen it from a museum? Did you commit some crime?"

From another pocket Klemper produced a ball-peen hammer. "Tap, tap," he said. "Bye-bye, Michelangelo."

"You broke it from a statue? A Michelangelo?"

"Could be a Michelangelo. Could also be a Donatello."

"I am calling the *polizia*," Feraci announced.

But he was interrupted by Gloria, who'd heard the ruckus all the way in the kitchen. To his surprise, she didn't care about Klemper's drunkenness; she was so hungry she was willing to overlook almost anything.

"So he's had a little too much, Arturo," she said, slipping into her coat. "So what? Let's get going."

"Impossible," said Feraci. "An outrage has happened."

"O.K., we'll go without you."

The Fiat was at curbside, warmed up, with its radio blaring. Massimo, who was also hungry, gunned the engine. He drove with even more than his customary panache, urged on by Klemper, who giggled whenever the brakes squealed. Feraci, in the back seat, was agonized; the speed was a kind of punishment, and so was the feeling that he was being dragged somewhere against his will. "If you don't slow down, Massimo," he shouted, "you're going to kill someone!" That wasn't what happened, though. Instead, Massimo wheeled too close to a parked car while he was turning a corner and smashed in his right front fender.

The damage to the Fiat wasn't bad, but by the time Massimo had found the owner of the other car and talked to her, they were later than ever for their dinner reservation. Their table had been given away, and they had to wait nearly an hour for another one. That it was in a terrible location, back in an alcove hung with Chianti flasks and haunches of prosciutto, seemed only proper to Feraci; once established, chaos expanded at an alarming rate. He glared at Klemper, who was pouring wine; the wine rose to the lip of the glass and spilled over onto the tablecloth.

For a first course, they ordered *crostini*—slices of grilled bread topped with chopped liver—followed by pasta. When Gloria had finished eating, she pushed away her plate and lit a cigarette. Through the smoke she noticed a mural on the opposite wall. The mural was meant to simulate a Renaissance fresco, and it showed saints and cherubs wandering aimlessly about in an unidentifiable landscape. No Florentine would have commented on it, for such paintings were common even in dumpy trattorias, but Gloria was still enough of a tourist to be charmed.

"Oh, look," she said, pointing.

Massimo glanced up from the napkin on which he was trying to calculate how he'd pay for the Fiat's repairs. "Heaven," he said absently, recalling his childhood lessons.

"Heaven?" asked Klemper, in a voice that was both ironic and challenging. "How can that be Heaven?"

"The angels," Massimo said, sounding intimidated. "The halos. All the gold."

Klemper seemed not to hear. He was staring intently at the mural. "That's no kind of Heaven," he said. "I've been studying it for years. So flat and plain, so perfect, with nothing human in it. Who'd want to go there? It's horrible, isn't it?"

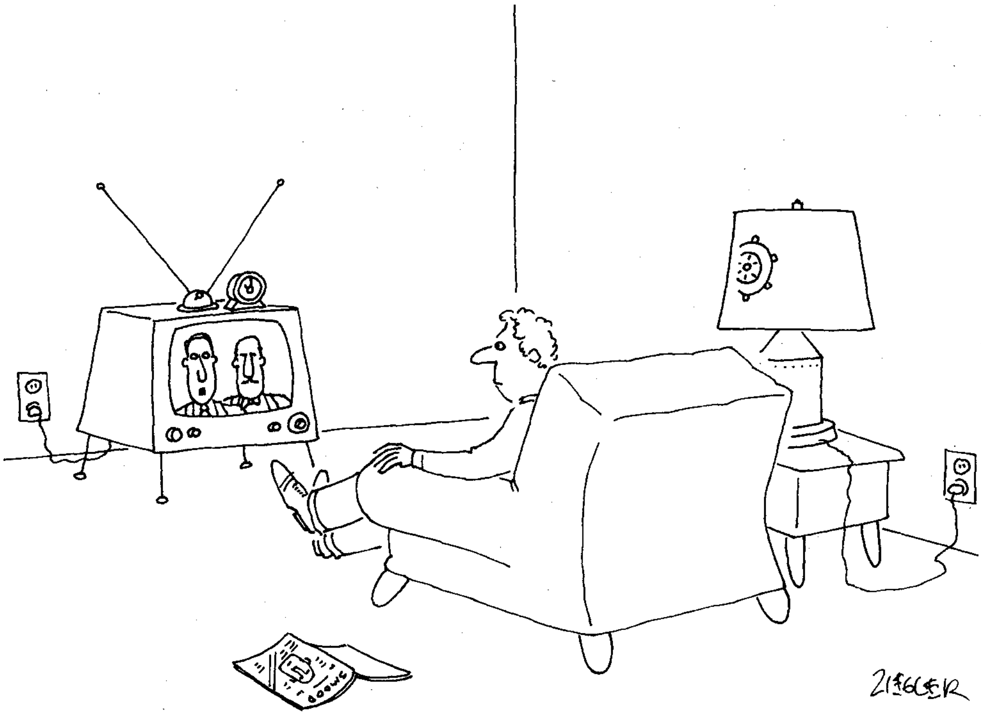
"Still," said Feraci, wiping his mouth, "it's Heaven."

"Maybe for you."

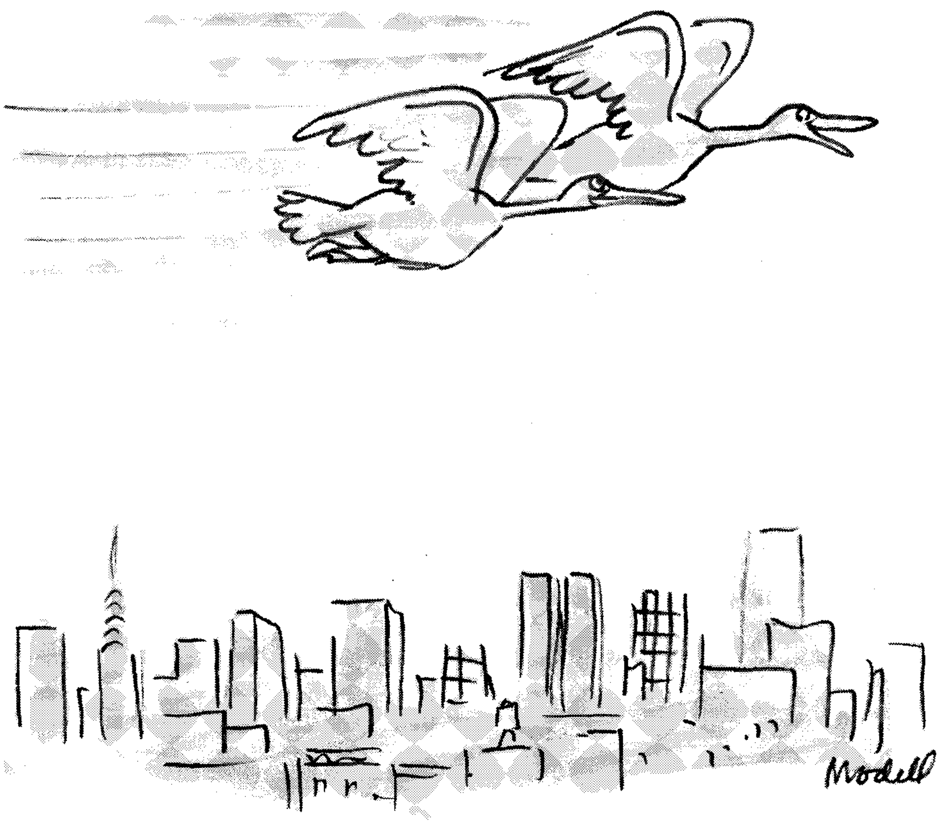
"For everybody."

Klemper smirked; he drank his wine, refusing to say anything more. He fell asleep during the fruit-and-cheese course, dozing off so suddenly that he rocked back in his chair and toppled to the floor. Feraci and Massimo hauled him to the car, and then, with the assistance of Taddeo, the young man who served as night clerk when Massimo was off duty, carried him to his room. Disgusted, Feraci went to his own room and put on his pajamas. Gloria was already under the covers, reading, with glasses on her nose. "The food was good, wasn't it?" she asked.

Feraci didn't know what to tell her. In truth, he couldn't remember what he'd eaten. All through the meal, he'd been concentrating on what he'd say to Klemper in the morning; he'd been devising a speech of such authority that every syllable would contain within it an ultimatum. The speech continued to formulate itself even after Feraci had switched off the lights. He couldn't sleep; the darkness around him seemed infinite. He was glad when a brilliant dawn began to seep through the slats of his shutters. He waited for the smell of morning coffee, imagining how he would be drawn irresistibly toward it, as he was every day; but, instead, it was a loud crash in



"Thank you for watching tonight's program. And now here is Dr. Kenneth Roche, of Harvard University, who will deprogram you."



“Before we head south, what do you say we drop in on the Hamptons?”

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the lobby that got him out of bed and into his robe.

As it turned out, the crash had been caused by a falling suitcase—Klemper's. Sprung open, it rested on the lobby floor. Klemper knelt next to it, stuffing clothes back in. He looked refreshed.

“Good morning, Signore,” he said cheerfully. “I am getting an early start for the trip home.”

Ah, yes, thought Feraci, the usual evasiveness. “You had a nice time last night?” he asked.

“Very nice,” said Klemper. “It was a lovely party. I have given Taddeo some extra money to pay for the restaurant bill.”

Taddeo, behind the desk, smiled and waved a wad of lire.

“Herr Klemper,” said Feraci, “as you surely know, there is something we must discuss.”

“In a minute.” Klemper sat on the suitcase to close it. Then, grunting, he grabbed it by the handle and set it right. Blood rushed to his face. “*Oof*,” he said, breathing hard. “I should take more exercise.” He straightened up and rubbed the small of his back. “Did I mention at dinner that I am thinking about doing something new on my next vacation?”

“You didn't mention,” Feraci said. He was distracted, half awake. The text of his speech was no longer so clear to him, and he was trying to recall it.

“Perhaps I may go to Wyoming, in America.”

“Wyoming? What's in Wyoming?”

“Dude ranch.”

“You want to be a cowboy?” Feraci asked.

“You don't think I'd make a good one?”

“I don't know,” Feraci said, further confused by the image of Klemper on horseback.

Klemper laughed. “Well, Signore,” he said, “again it is time for goodbye. I have had a fine stay.” He hugged Feraci and shook hands with Taddeo. Grinning, he ran a finger along the top of the desk. “No dust,” he said. “*Bravo*.” Feraci trailed him to the elevator and watched him cram his bags inside. Once more, he tried to speak, but the words wouldn't come. The elevator door began to close. “If I go to Wyoming, I'll send you a postcard,” Klemper said. “*Arrivederci*.” He waved, and then he was gone.

THAT was the last that Feraci saw of Wilhelm Klemper. He didn't know if Klemper really went to Wyoming, because he never received a postcard. For a while, the month of October spooked him; he couldn't answer the phone without expecting to hear Klemper's voice. No such phone call ever came, but Feraci remained suspicious. He was certain that Klemper must be in the city somewhere, for an attachment to Florence was not so easy to break. After a few years, though, his suspicions began to fade, and his recollections of Klemper became oddly pleasant. Klemper's awful behavior, seen at a distance, seemed more humorous than disastrous, and Feraci often told stories about him to new guests, as a way to make them feel comfortable.

There were other changes as well. As Feraci approached seventy, he took less and less interest in the Ghiberti, preferring to turn the running of it over to Gloria, who thrived on the activity. Massimo showed no interest in helping her; instead of participating in the business, he got a job with a big manufacturer in Milan. His salary was not exceptional, but he had many fringe benefits, including a company car.

So Feraci inherited the little Fiat with the dented fender. The pride he took in learning to drive it was quite extraordinary. Nothing made him happier than to tool around the hills, looking at the city below him. Often, he carried in his pocket the marble toe that Klemper had given him. He knew by now that it had not been chipped from any famous, or even semi-famous, statue, but he thought that someday he might accidentally discover where it belonged and put it back in place. He had no idea if he would need mortar to do the job, or if in fact the job could be done at all, but the question (and others like it) kept him happily occupied for hours at a time. When he returned to the pensione in the evenings, he spoke of sunsets, of flowing gold.

—BILL BARICH

•

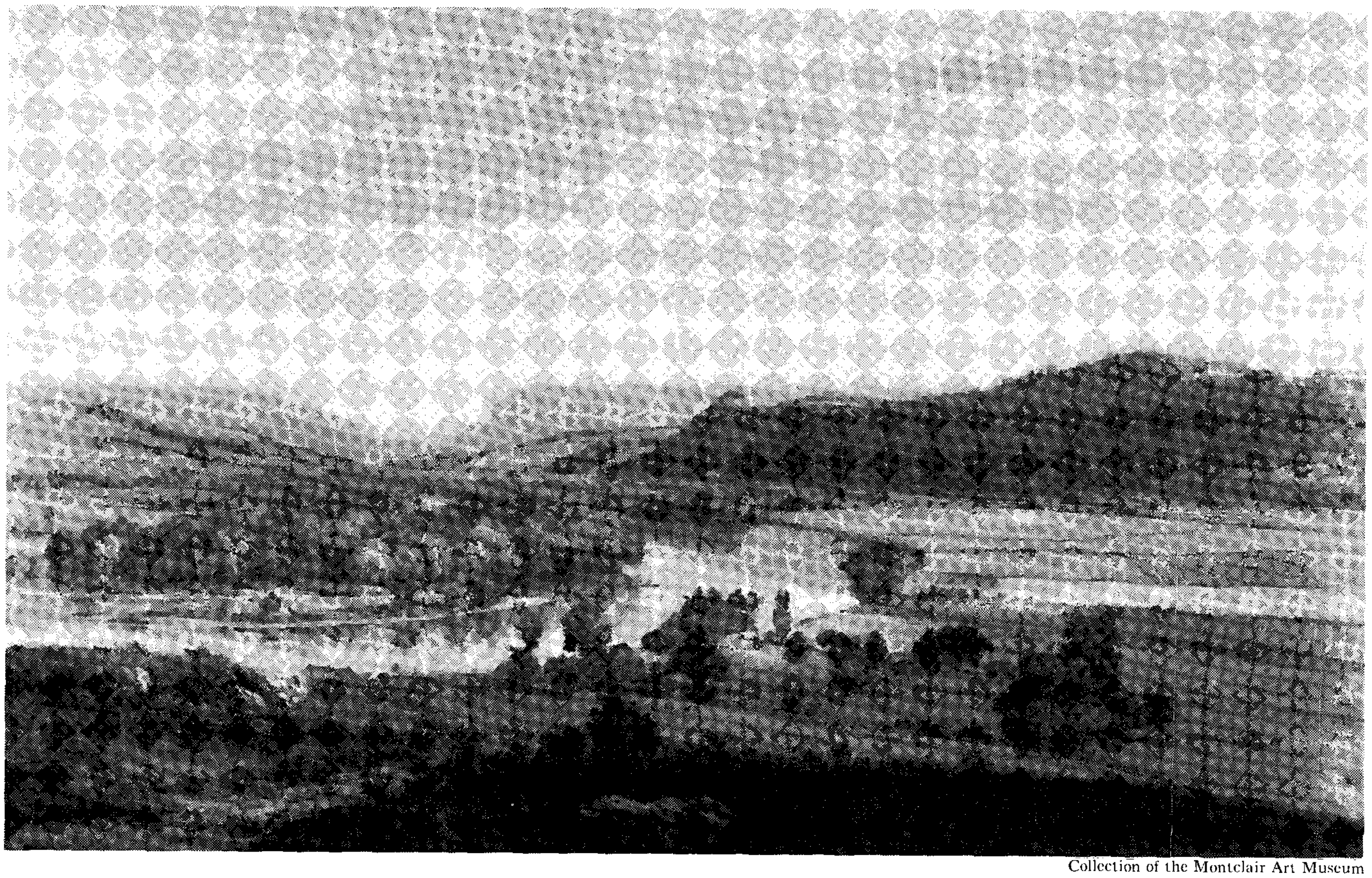
UH-HUH DEPARTMENT

[*Charles McCabe in the San Francisco Chronicle*]

Apart from talent there was one salient difference between Montaigne and I.

ANNALS OF THE FORMER WORLD

IN SUSPECT TERRAIN—II



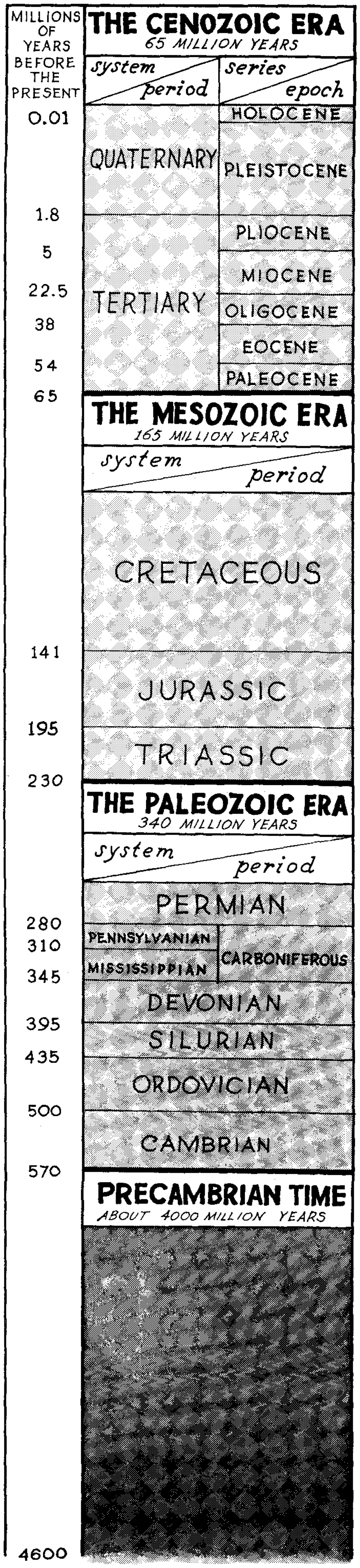
Collection of the Montclair Art Museum

"Delaware Water Gap," George Inness, 1859

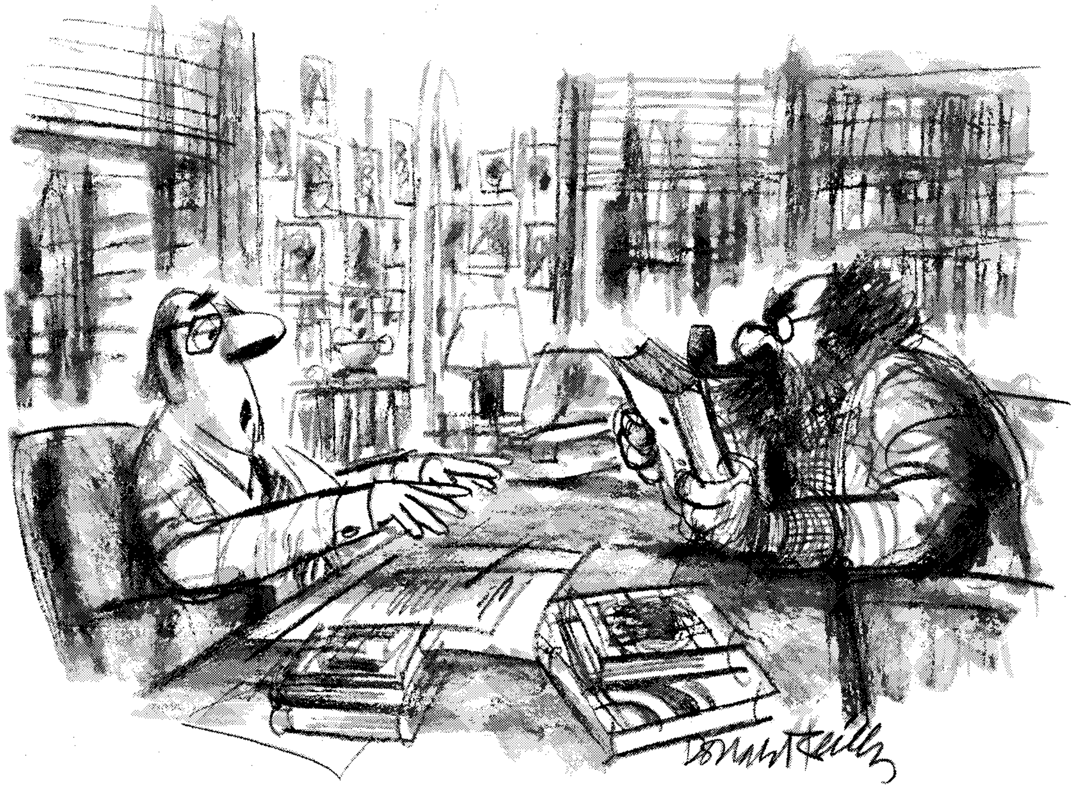
ANITA HARRIS—beginning her trip west on Interstate 80 with her rock hammer, her sledgehammer, her hydrochloric acid, and me—stopped at a lookoff near Allamuchy, New Jersey, about five miles west of Netcong. It was a cool April morning, the tint of the valley pastel green, and from our relatively high perspective, at an altitude of a thousand feet, the eye was drawn eighteen miles west across a gulf of air to the forested wall of Kittatinny Mountain, filling the skyline of two states, its apparently endless flat ridgeline broken only by one deep notch, which centered and arrested the view and was as sharply defined as a notch in a gunsight: the Delaware Water Gap, where the big river comes obliquely through the mountain, like a thief through a gap in a fence. There was a ridge or two near and below us, but the distance to the Water Gap was occupied largely by the woodlots, hedgerows, and striped fields of a broad terrain as much as seven hundred feet lower than the spot on which we stood and of such breathtaking proportions and fetching appearance that it could be mentioned in a sentence with the Shenandoah Valley. The picture of New Jersey that most people hold in their minds does not include a Shenandoah Valley. Nevertheless, this New Jersey Appalachian landscape not only looked like the Shenandoah, it actually was the Shenandoah, in the sense that it was a fragment of a valley that runs south from New Jersey to Alabama and north from New Jersey into Canada—a single valley, one continuous geology, known to science as the Great Valley of the Appalachians and to local peoples here and there as Champlain, Shenandoah, Tennessee Valley, but in New Jersey by no special name. This integral, elongate, predominantly carbonate valley disappears and reappears through the far Northeast, until in pieces it presents itself in Newfoundland and then dives under the sea. Its marbles are minable in Vermont, in Tennessee. It was the route of armies—the avenue to Antietam, the site of Chickamauga, Saratoga, Ticonderoga. It stands in the morning shadow of the Annieopsquotch Mountains, of the Green Mountains, of the New Jersey Highlands, of the Berkshire, Catoctin, and Great Smoky Mountains, which are fraternal in structure and composition and are all of Precambrian age. The lookoff where we stood was a part of that Appalachian complex. It was crystalline rock above a thousand million years old—and the rock in the valley was younger, and in the Kittatinny younger still. (Geologists avoid the word "billion" because in one part and another of the English-speaking world the quantity it refers to differs by three orders of magnitude. A billion in Great Britain is a million million.) We were looking from the New Jersey Highlands into another segment of the cordillera—the beginnings of the physiographic province of the Valley and Ridge, the folded-and-faulted deformed Appalachians, the long ropy ridges of the eastern sinuous welt, which Edmund Wilson had once written off as "fairly unimportant creases in the earth covered with trees."

"Geology repeats itself," Anita remarked, and she went on to say that anyone who could understand the view before us would have come to understand in a general way the Appalachians as a whole—that what we were looking at was the fragmental evidence and low remains of alpine massifs immeasurably high and wide, massifs which for the most part had stood behind us to the east, and were now largely disintegrated and recycled into younger rock that is tens of thousands of feet deep and wedges out to the west in ever-diminishing quantity until what covers Ohio is a thin veneer.

The appearance of a country is the effect primarily of water, running off the landscape, cutting out valleys, dozing wantonly as glacier ice. The sculpturing is external. But it is influenced and can even be controlled by the rock within: by the relative strength, not to mention the solubility, of successive strata, and by the folds and faults —the structure—that the rock has been given. Figuring out the Appalachians was Problem 1 in American geology, and a difficult place to begin, for it was scarcely a matter of layer-cake legibility, like the time scale in the walls of the Grand Canyon. It was a compressed, chaotic, ropy enigma four thousand kilometres from end to apparent end, full of overturned strata and recycled rock, of steep faults and horizontal thrust sheets, of folds so tight that what had once stretched twenty miles might now fit into five. The country seemed to consist of parallel meandering belts—the Piedmont, the Precambrian highlands, the Great Valley, the folded-and-faulted deformed mountains, the Allegheny Plateau. It was high and resistant, low and vulnerable. (I have heard the Shenandoah described, if not dismissed, as "a strip of weak rock.") The early Appalachian geologists, in their horse-drawn buggies, their suits and ties, developed a sense of physiography that tuned them to the land, and when they saw long sugarloaf hills they had learned to suspect that there was dolomite within, and when they looked up at coxcomb ridges they felt the presence of Cambrian sandstones, and of Cambrian shales in the valleys beyond. The higher, harder ridges would be thick, Silurian quartzites, more often than not, while flourishing green lowlands with protruding ribs of rock would owe their shape and their fertility to limestones assembled in Ordovician seas. There were knolls in the valleys. Inside the knolls were shales. Shale breaks up easily but will not dissolve like limestone, so the shales became blisters in the limestone valleys. Of the two carbonate rocks, limestone is a good deal more soluble than dolomite, and that was why dolomite would retain itself in sugarloaves above the limestone valleys. Once the early geologists had developed this sense of the substrate, they shook the reins and moved with dispatch, filling in the first American geologic maps with a general accuracy that is impressive still.



Identifying what is there scarcely describes what happened to put it there, however. The history of the earth may be written in rock, but history is not coherent on a geologic map, which shows a region's uppermost formations in present time, while indicating little of what lies farther down and less of what is gone from above. At a given place—a given latitude and longitude—the appearance of the world will have changed too often to be recorded in a single picture, will have been, say, at one time below fresh water, at another under brine, will have been mountainous country, a quiet plain, equatorial desert, an arctic coast, a coal swamp, and a river delta, all in one Zip Code. These scenes are discernible in, among other things, the sedimentary characteristics of rock, in its chemical composition, magnetic components, interior color, hardness, fossils, and igneous, metamorphic, or depositional age. But as parts of the historical narrative these items of evidence are just phrases and clauses, often wildly disjunct. They are like odd pieces from innumerable jigsaw puzzles. The rock column—a vertical representation of the crust at some point on the earth—holds a great deal of inferable history, too. But rock columns are generalized; they are atremble with hiatuses; and they depend in large part on well borings, which are shallow, and on seismic studies, which are new, and far between. To this day, in other words, there remains in geology plenty of room for the creative imagination. All the more amazing is the extent to which the early geologists, who travelled the Appalachians in the eighteen-twenties and thirties, not only catalogued the evident rock but also worked out stratigraphic relationships among various formations and began to see composite structure. Starting close up, with this rock type, that mountain, this formation, that valley—with what they could see and know—they gradually began to form tentative regional pictures. Piece by piece over the next century and a half, they and their successors would put together logically sequential narratives presenting the comprehensive history



"I'll level with you. Anger is bringing smaller and smaller advances."

• •

of the mountain belt. As new evidence and insight came along, old logic sometimes fell into discard. When plate tectonics arrived, its revelations were embraced or accommodated but by no means universally accepted. The Appalachians, meanwhile, continued slowly to waste away. The debate about their origins did not.

Observing the valley scene, the gapped and distant ridgeline, Anita said that mountains in this region had come up and been worn down not once but a number of times: the Appalachians were the result of a series of pulses of mountain-building, the last three of which had been spaced across two hundred and fifty million years and were known as the Taconic Orogeny, the Acadian Orogeny, and the Alleghenian Orogeny. The first stirrings of the Taconic Orogeny began five hundred million years ago. After the mountains it lifted had been pretty much eroded away, their stubs and their detritus, much of which had turned into sedimentary rock, became involved in the Acadian Orogeny; and when the Acadian Orogeny was long gone by, its mountain stubs and lithified debris were caught up in the Alleghenian Orogeny, which drove into the sky still another massif, the ruins of which lay all about us now. In such manner had each of the orogenies of the Appalachians cannibalized the products of previous pulses, and now we were left with this old mountain range, by weather almost wholly destroyed, but nonetheless containing in a traceable and unarguable way the rock of its ancestral mountains. She said the Delaware Water Gap, with its hard quartzites, represented action from the heart of the story, debris from the Taconic Orogeny: boulders, pebbles, sands, and silts carried down from bald mountains by the rapids of big braided rivers—a runoff unimpeded by vegetation, when not so much as one green leaf existed in the terrestrial world.

Long before the Taconic mountain-building pulse was felt, the scene was very different. A subdued continent, consisting of what is now the basement rock of North America, stood low with quiet streams, collecting on its margins clean accumulations of sand. One can infer the flat landscape, the slow rivers, the white beaches, in the rock that remains from those Cambrian sands. Sea level, never constant, moved generally upward all through Cambrian time. The water advanced upon the continent at an average rate of ten miles every million years, spreading across the craton successive coastal sands. Potsdam sandstone. Antietam sandstone. Waynesboro sandstone. Eau Claire sandstone. There were seventy million years in the long tectonic quiet of Cambrian time, 570 to 500 million years before the present. By the end of the Cambrian and the beginning of the Ordovician, the ocean had spread its great bays upon the continents to an extent that has not been equalled in five hundred million years, with the possible exception of the highest Cretaceous seas. No one knows why. There is a fixed amount of water in the world. It can rain and run, evaporate, freeze, sit in deep cold pools on abyssal plains, but it cannot leave the earth. When large amounts of it collect as ice upon the continents, the level of the sea drastically goes down. In much of Cambro-Ordovician time, glaciation was absent from the world, and almost all water was in a fluid state. But that alone will not explain the signal height of the sea. In most of the known history of the earth, glacial ice has actually been insignificant. Ice ages, such as the present one, are extremely rare. What seems likely is that ocean floors were higher in Cambro-Ordovician time, fluffed up by more than the usual amount of heat from the restless mantle—heat of the sort that has created the Hawaiian Islands in the middle of a lithospheric plate, and heat of the sort that lifts mid-ocean ridges, where plates diverge. Whatever the reason, the sea came up so far that it covered more than half of what is now the North American craton. And after the white clean beaches and shelf sands had spread their broad veneer, lime muds began to accumulate in the epicratonic seas. The lime muds were the skeletons, the macerated shells, the calcareous hard parts of marine creatures. The material turned into limestone, and where conditions were appropriate the limestone, infiltrated by magnesium, became dolomite. As the deposit grew to a general thickness of two thousand feet, these

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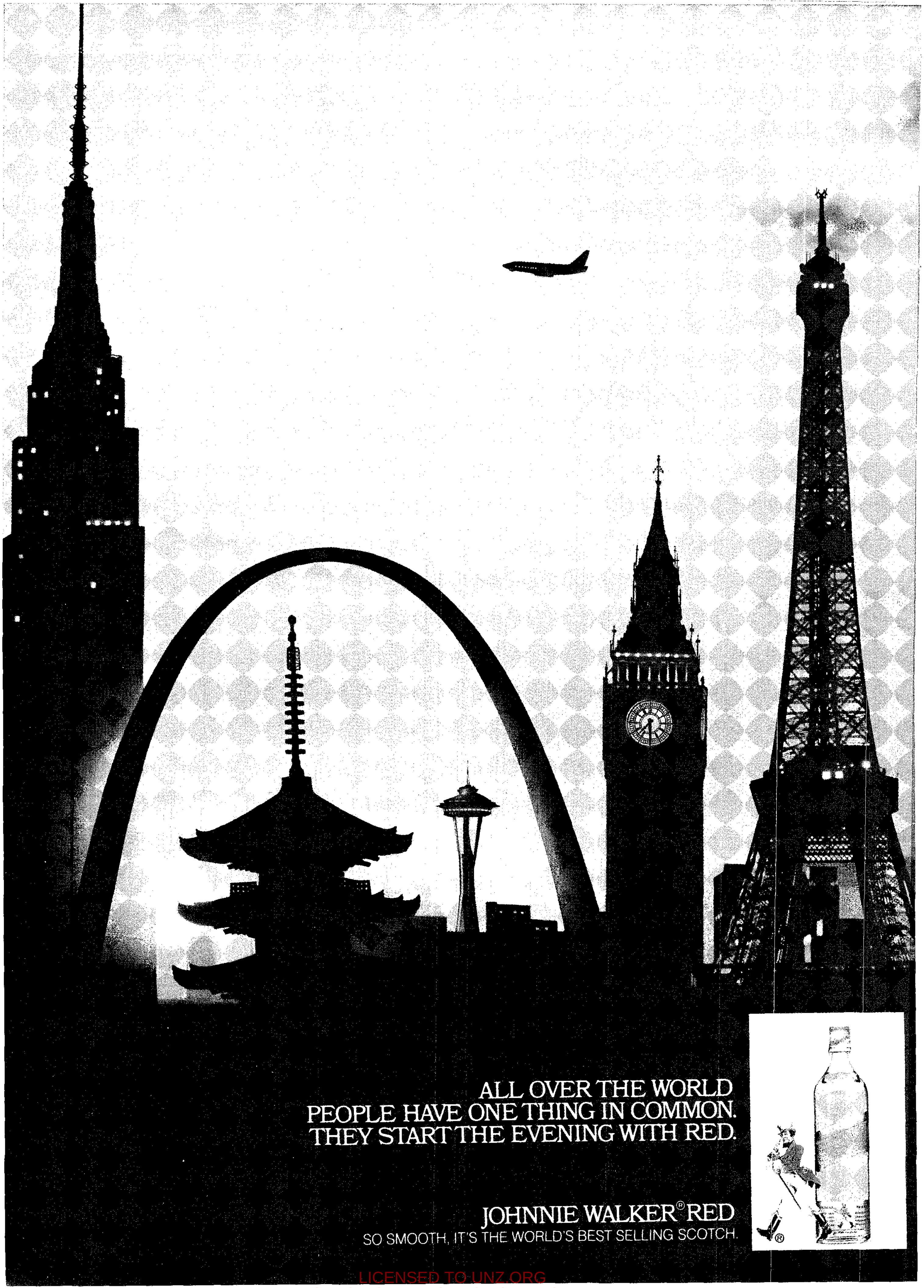
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Cambro-Ordovician carbonates buried ever deeper the sandstone below them and the Precambrian rock below that, pressing it all downward like the hull of a loading ship, into the viscous mantle—but sedately, calmly, a few inches every thousand years.

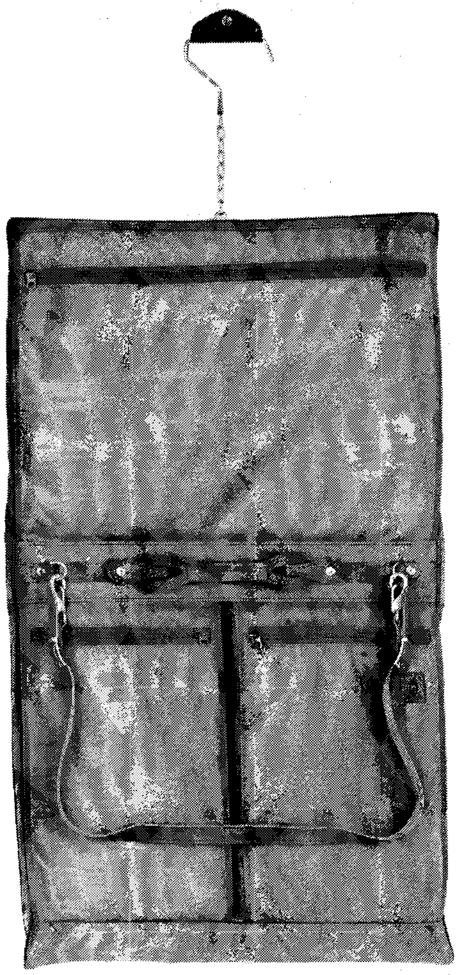
Absorbing the valley scene, the gapped and distant ridgeline, the newly plowed fields where arrowheads appear in the spring, I remarked that we had entered the dominion of the Minsi, the northernmost band of the Lenape. They came into the region toward the dawn of Holocene time and lost claim to it in the beginnings of the Age of Washington. Like index fossils, they now represent this distinct historical stratum. Their home and prime hunting ground was the Minisink—over the mountain, beside the river, the country upstream from the gap. The name Delaware meant nothing to them. It belonged to a family of English peers. The Lenape named the river for themselves. I knew some of this from my grade-school days, not many miles away. The Minisink is a world of corn shocks and islands and valley mists, of trout streams and bears, today. Especially in New Jersey, it has not been mistreated, and, with respect to the epoch of the Minsi, geologically it is the same. The Indians of the Minisink were good geologists. Their trails ran great distances, not only to other hunting parks and shell-mounded beach camps but also to their quarries. They set up camps at the quarries. They cooked in vessels made of soapstone, which they cut from the ground in what is now London Britain Township, Chester County, Pennsylvania. They made adzes of granite, basalt, argillite, even siltstone, from sources closer to home. They went to Berks County, in Pennsylvania, for gray chalcedony and brown jasper. They used glacial-erratic hornfels. They made arrowheads and spear points of Deepkill flint. They made drills and scrapers of Onondaga chert. Flint, chert, and jasper are daughters of chalcedony, which in turn is a variety of quartz. The Eastern flint belt runs from Ontario across New York State and then south to the Minisink. The Indians did not have to attend the Freiberg Mining Academy to be able to tell you that. They understood empirically the uniform bonding of cryptocrystalline quartz, which cannot be separated along flat planes but fractures conchoidally, by percussion, and makes a razor's edge. The forests were alive with game on the sides of what the Lenape called the Endless Mountain. There were eels, shad, sturgeon in the river. The people lived among maize fields in osier cabins. They worshipped light and the four winds—all the elements of nature, orchestrated by the Great Manito. The burial grounds of the Minsi display the finest vistas in the Minisink. As the dead were placed in the earth, they began their final journey, through the Milky Way.

"Well, I survived another vote of confidence."

• •

Indians first appeared in the Minisink about a hundredth of a million years ago. The carbonate rocks in the valley before us were five hundred million years old. They were one-ninth as old as the earth itself. For their contained conodonts, they were of special interest to Anita, and after the interstate dropped to the valley floor we stopped at roadcuts to collect them. The roadcuts suggested the ruins of blocky walls built by Hellenic masons. They were on both sides of the interstate and in the median, too. There were bluish-white and pale-gray limestones, dolomites weathered buff. Rock will respond to weather with varieties of color—rusting red in its own magnetite, turning green from trace copper. Its appearance can be deceiving. Geologists are slow to identify exposures they have not seen before. They don't just cruise around ticking off names at distances that would impress a hunter. They go up to outcrops, hit them with hammers, and look at the rock through ten-power lenses. If the possibilities include the carbonates, they try a few drops of hydrochloric acid. Limestone with hydrochloric acid on it immediately forms a head, like beer. Dolomite is less responsive to acid. With her sledgehammer, Anita took many pounds of roadcut, and not without effort. Again and again, she really had to slam the wall. Looking at the fresh surface of a piece she removed, she said she'd give odds it was dolomite. It was not responsive to acid. She scraped it with a knife and made powder. Acid on the powder foamed. "This dolomite is clean enough to produce beautiful white marble if it were heated up and recrystallized," she said. "When it became involved in the mountain-building, if it had got up to five hundred degrees it would have turned into marble, like the Dolomites, in Italy. There is not a lot of dolomite in the Dolomites. Most of the rock there is marble." She pointed in the roadcut to the domal structures of algal stromatolites—fossil colonies of micro-organisms that had lived in the Cambrian seas. "You know the water was shallow, because those things grew only near the light," she said. "You can see there was no mud around. The rock is so clean. And you know the water was warm, because you do not get massive carbonate deposition in cold water. The colder the water, the more soluble carbonates are. So you look at this roadcut and you know you are looking into a clear, shallow, tropical sea."

With dry land adrift and the earth prone to rolling, that Cambrian sea and New Jersey below it would have been about twenty degrees from the equator—the present latitude of Yucatán, where snorkelers kick along in transparent waters looking through their masks at limestones to be. The Yucatán peninsula is almost all carbonate and grew in its own sea. As did Florida. Under the shallow waters of the Bahamas are wave-washed carbonate dunes, their latitude between twenty and twenty-six degrees. At the end of Cambrian time, the equator crossed what is now the North American continent in a direction that has become north-south. The equator came in through the Big Bend country in Texas and ran up through the Oklahoma panhandle, Nebraska, and the Dakotas. If in late Cambrian time you had followed the present route of Interstate 80, you would have crossed the equator near Kearney, Nebraska. In New Jersey, you would have been in water scarcely above your hips, wading among algal mounds and grazing gastropods. You could have waded to the equator. West of Chicago and through most of Illinois, you would have been wading on clean sand, the quiet margin of the Canadian craton, which remained above the sea. The limy bottom apparently resumed in Iowa and went on into eastern Nebraska, and then, more or less at Kearney, you would have moved up onto a blistering-hot equatorial beach and into low terrain, subdued hills, rock that had been there a thousand million years. It was barren to a vengeance with a hint of life, possibly a



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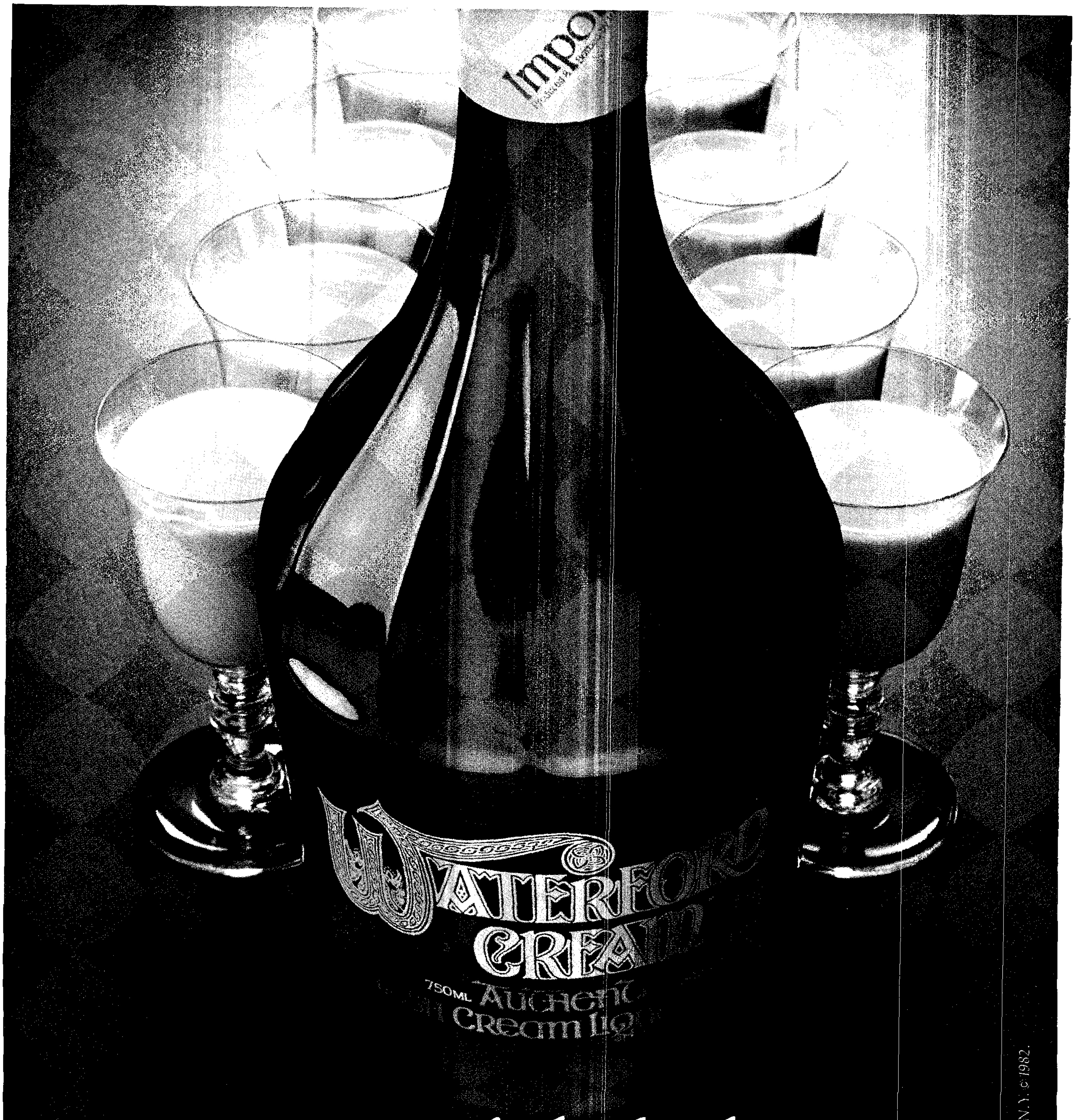

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hint of life—rocks stained green, stained red by algae. Wyoming. Past Laramie, you would have come to a west-facing beach and, after it, tidal mudflats all the way to Utah. The waters of the shelf would now begin to deepen. A hundred miles into Nevada was the continental slope and beyond it the blue ocean.

If you had turned around and gone back after fifty million years—well into Ordovician time, say four hundred and sixty million years ago—the shelf edge would still have been near Elko, Nevada, and the gradually rising clean-lime seafloor would have reached at least to Salt Lake City. Across Wyoming, there may have been low dry land or possibly continuing sea. The evidence has almost wholly worn away, but there is one clue. In southeastern Wyoming, a diamond pipe came up about a hundred million years ago, and, in the tumult that followed the explosion, marine limestone of late Ordovician age fell into the kimberlite and was preserved. In western Nebraska, you would have crossed dry and barren Precambrian terrain and by Lincoln have reached another sea. Iowa, Illinois, Indiana. The water was clear, the bottom uneven—many shallows and deeps upon the craton. In Ohio, the sea would have begun to cloud, increasingly so as you moved on east, silts slowly falling onto the lime. In Pennsylvania, as you approached the site of the future Delaware Water Gap, the bottom would have fallen away below you, and where it had earlier been close to the surface it would now be many tens of fathoms down.

"The carbonate platform collapsed," Anita said. "The continental shelf went down and formed a big depression. Sediments poured in." Much in the way that a sheet of paper bends downward if you move its two ends toward each other in your hands, the limestones and dolomites had formed a trough, which rapidly filled with dark mud. The mud became shale, and when the shale was drawn into the heat and pressure of the making of mountains its minerals realigned themselves and it turned into slate. We moved on west a couple of miles and stopped at a roadcut of ebony slate. Anita said, "Twelve thousand feet of this black mud was deposited in twelve million years. That's a big pile of rock." The formation was called Martinsburg. It had been folded and cleaved in orogenic violence following its deposition in the sea. As a result, it

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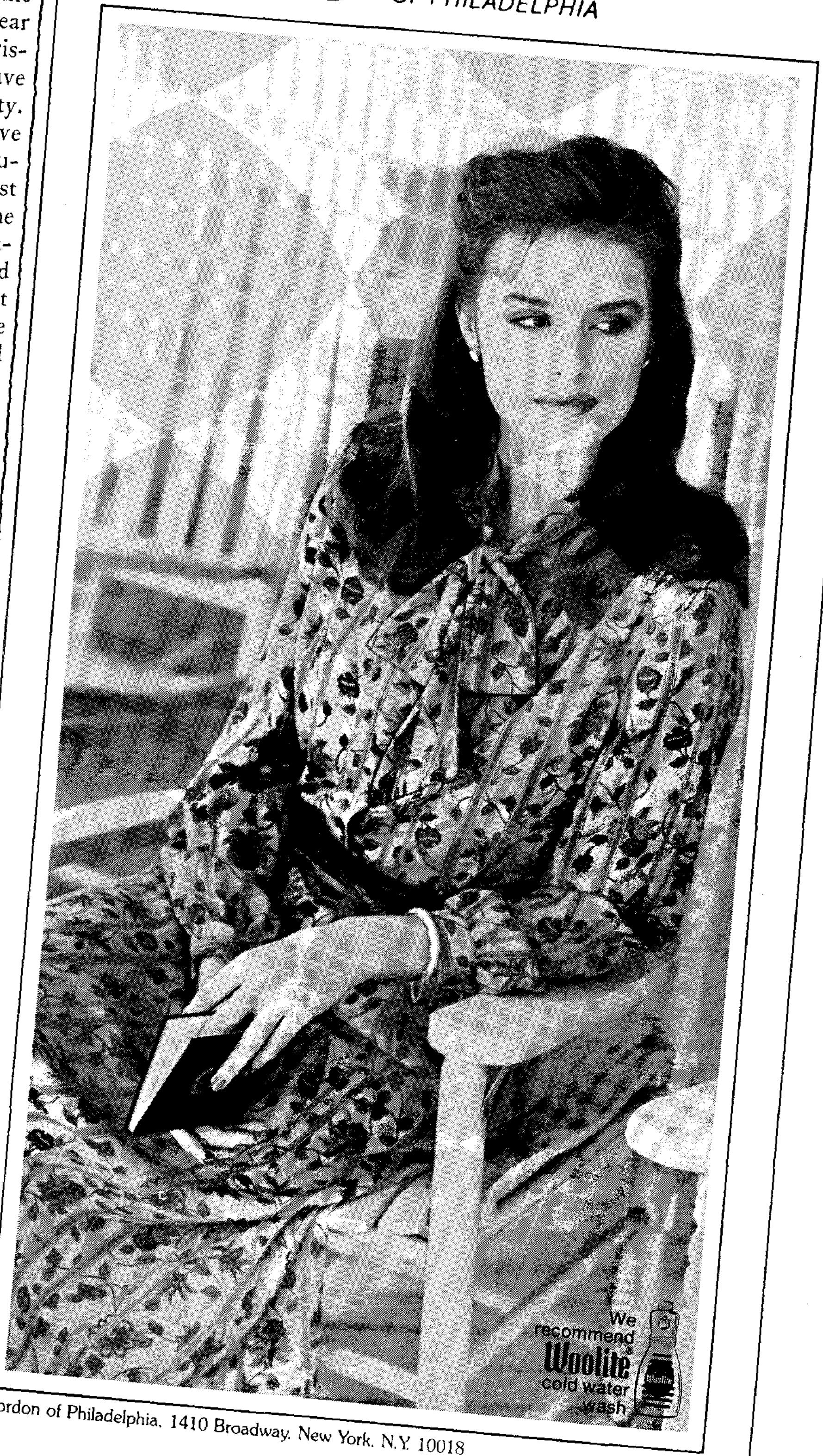

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resembled stacks of black folios, each of a thousand leaves. Just to tap at such rock and remove a piece of it is to create something so beautiful in its curving shape and tiered laminations that it would surely be attractive to a bonsai gardener's eye. It seems a proper setting for a six-inch tree. I put a few pieces in the car, as I am wont to do when I see some Martinsburg. Across the Delaware, in Pennsylvania, the formation presents itself in large sections that are without joints and veins, the minerals line up finely in dense flat sheets, and the foliation planes are so extensive and straight that slabs of great size can be sawed from the earth. The rock there is described as "blue-gray true unfading slate." It is strong but "soft," and will accept a polishing that makes it smoother than glass. From Memphis to St. Joe, from Joplin to River City, there is scarcely a hustler in the history of pool who has not racked up his runs over Martinsburg slate. For anybody alive who still hears corruption in the click of pocket billiards, it is worth a moment of reflection that not only did all those pool tables accumulate on the ocean floor as Ordovician guck but so did the blackboards in the schools of all America.

The accumulation of the Martinsburg—the collapsing platform, the inpouring sediments—was the first great sign of a gathering storm. Geological revolution, crustal deformation, tectonic upheaval would follow. Waves of mountains would rise. Martinsburg time in earth history is analogous to the moment in human history when Henry Hudson, of the Dutch East India Company, sailed into the bay of the Lenape River.

Completing the crossing of the Great Valley of the Appalachians, Anita and I passed more limestones, more slate. Their original bedding planes, where we could discern them, were variously atilt, vertical, and overturned, so intricate had the formations become in the thrusting and folding of the long-gone primal massifs. The road came to the river, turned north to run beside it, and presented a full view of the break in the Kittatinny ridge, still far enough away to be comprehended in context but close enough to be seen as the phenomenon it is: a mountain severed, its folds and strata and cliffs symmetrical, thirteen hundred feet of rock in close fraternal image from the skyline to the boulders of a blue-and-white river. Small wonder that painters of the Hudson River

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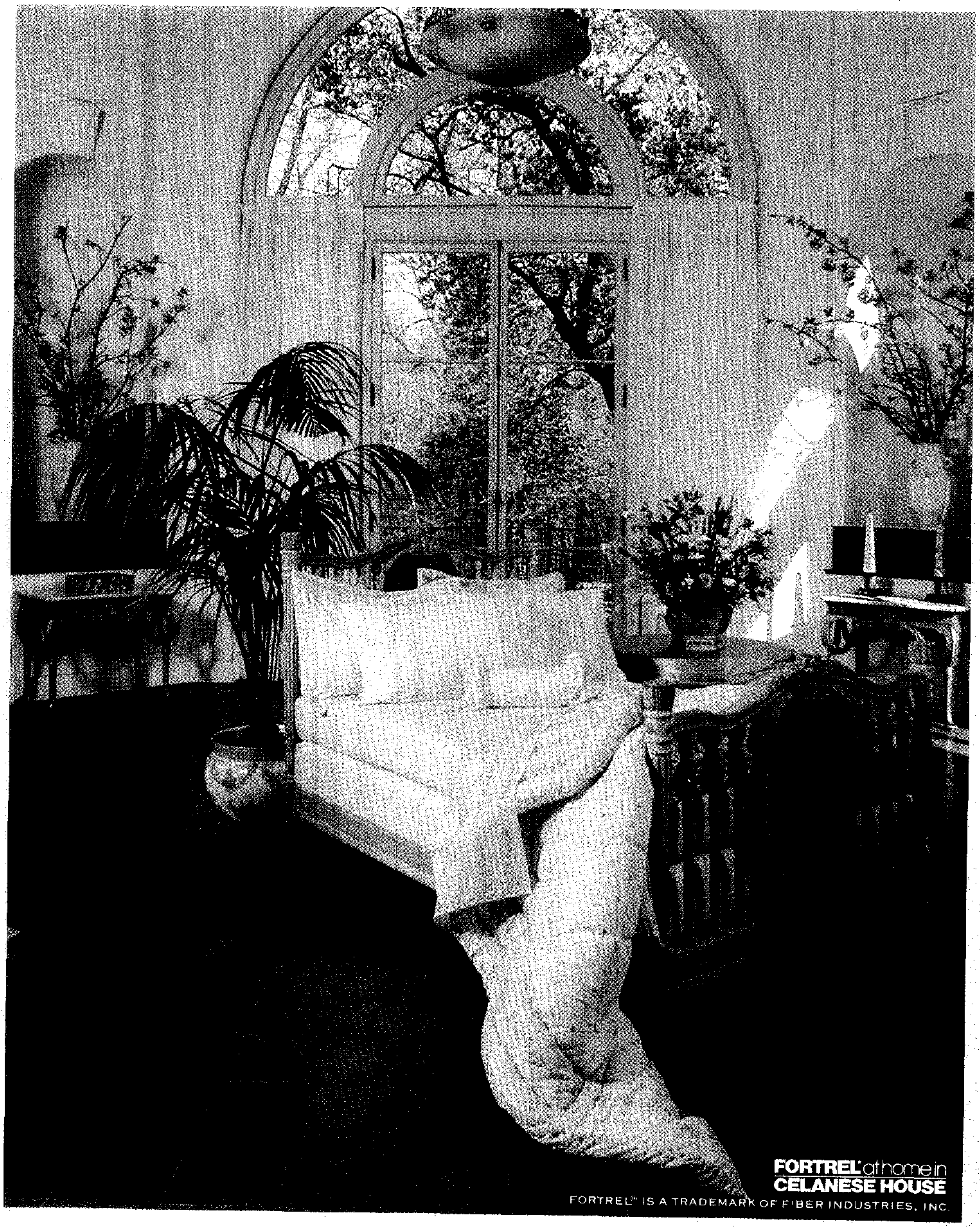
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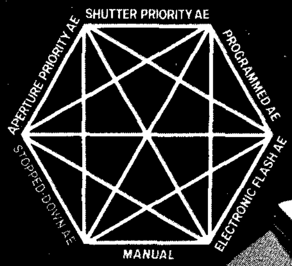

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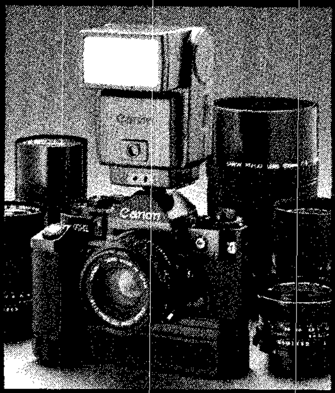

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School had come to the Delaware to do their best work. George Inness painted the Delaware Water Gap many times, and he chose this perspective—downriver about four miles—more than any other. I have often thought of those canvases—with their Durham boats on the water and cows in the meadows and chuffing locomotives on the Pennsylvania side—in the light of Anita's comment that you would understand a great deal of the history of the eastern continent if you understood all that had made possible one such picture. She was suggesting, it seemed to me, a sense of total composition—not merely one surface composition visible to the eye but a whole series of preceding compositions which in the later one fragmentarily endure and are incorporated into its substance—with materials of vastly differing age drawn together in a single scene, a composite canvas not only from the Hudson River School but including everything else that had been a part of the zones of time represented by the boats, gravels, steeples, cows, trains, talus, cutbanks, and kames, below a mountain broken open by a river half its age.

The mountain touched the Martinsburg, and its rock was the younger by at least ten million years. Kittatinny Mountain is largely quartzite, the primary component of the hubs of Hell. In the post-tectonic, profoundly eroded East, quartzite has tended to stand up high. The Martinsburg is soft, and is therefore valley. There is nothing but time between the two. Where the formations meet, a touch of a finger will cover both the beginning and the end of the ten million years, which are dated at about 440 and 430 million years before the present—from latest Ordovician time to a point in the early Silurian. During that time, something apparently lifted the Martinsburg out of its depositional pit and held it above sea level until weathers wore it low enough to be ready to accept whatever might spread over it from higher ground. The quartzite—as sand—spread over it, coming down from Taconic mountains. The sand became sandstone. Upward of fifty million years later, the sand grains fused and turned into quartzite in the heat and the crush of new rising mountains, or possibly a hundred million years after that, in the heat and the crush of more mountains. The Delaware River at that time was not even a cloud in the sky. Rivers of greater size were flowing the other

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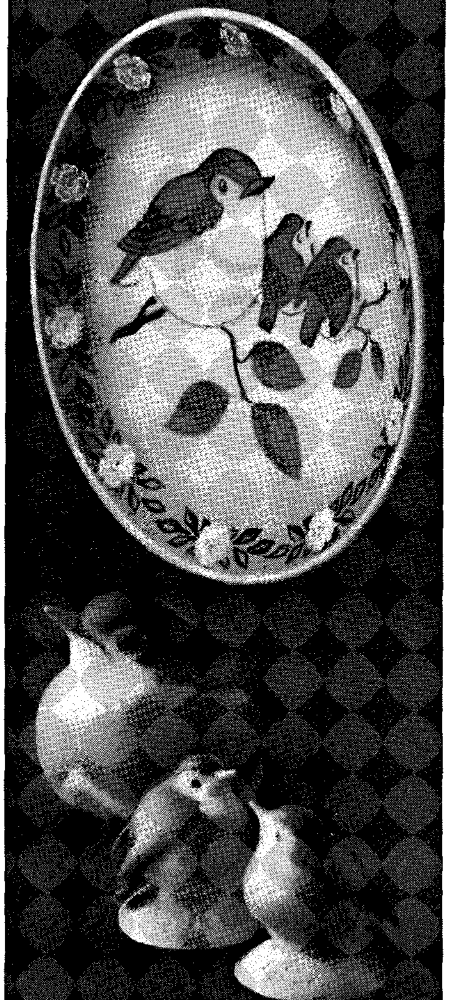

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way, crossing at wild angles the present route of the Delaware. Rivers go wherever the country tells them to, if the country is in vertical motion. The country would not be right for the Delaware for roughly a hundred million more years, and still another hundred million years would go by before the river achieved its present relationship with Kittatinny Mountain. No one knows how the river cut through. Did it cut from above through country now gone and lying as mud in the sea? Did it work its way through the mountain as two streams, eroding headward from either side, the one finally capturing the other? Was there once a great lake spilling over the mountain and creating the gap as its outlet? The big-lake idea has attracted no support. It is looked upon less as a hypothesis than as a theoretically possible but essentially foolish guess. There was for a time an ice-defended lake between the mountain and the Wisconsinan glacier. When the ice melted, the lake ran out through the Water Gap, leaving in evidence its stream deltas and seasonally banded bottom deposits. However, Glacial Lake Sciota, as it is called, was eight miles long and two hundred feet deep and could not have cut a gap through much of anything but sugar.

The ice arrived twenty-three thousand years before the present. The terminal moraine is only ten miles south of the gap. Nonetheless, the ice front was something like two thousand feet thick, for it went over the top of the mountain. It totally plugged and must have widened the Water Gap. It gouged out the riverbed and left there afterward two hundred feet of gravel. Indians were in the Minisink when the vegetation was tundra. Ten thousand years ago, when the vegetation changed from tundra to forest, Indians in the Minisink experienced the change. The styles in which they fractured their flint—their jasper, chert, chalcedony—can be correlated to Anatolian, Sumerian, Mosaic, and Byzantine time. Henry Hudson arrived in the New World about four hundred years before the present. He was followed by Dutch traders, Dutch colonists, Dutch miners. They discovered ore-grade copper in the Minisink, or thought they did. Part fact, part folklore, it is a tradition of the region that a man named Hendrik Van Allen assessed Kittatinny Mountain and decided it was half copper. The Dutch crown ordered him to establish a mine, and to build a road on which the ore

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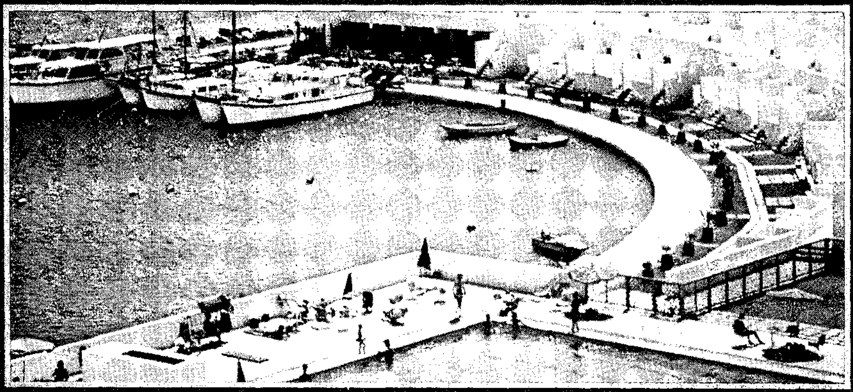

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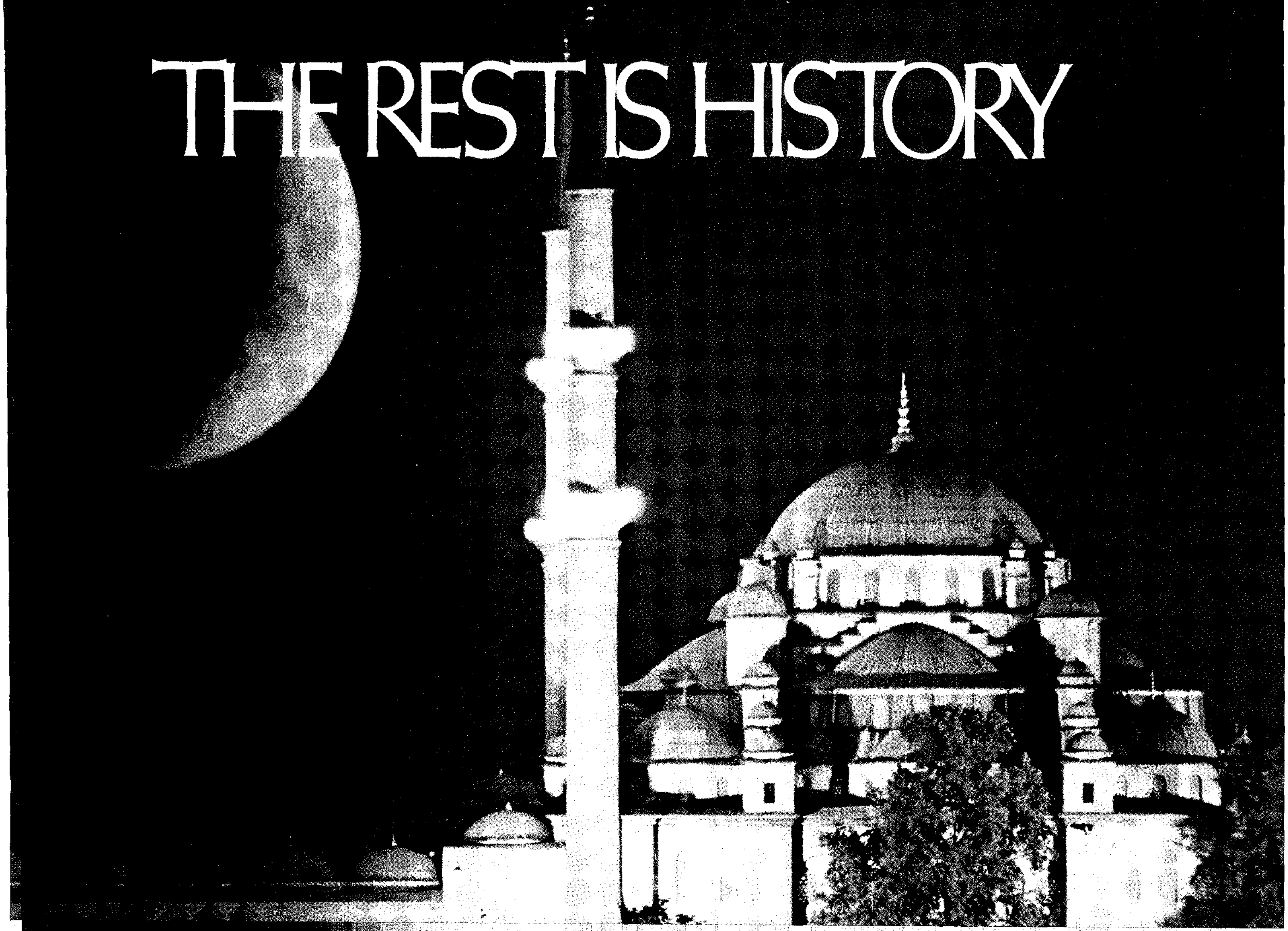

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could be removed. The road ran up the Minisink and through level country to the Hudson River at Esopus Creek (Kingston, New York). A hundred miles long, it was the first constructed highway in the New World to cover so much distance. It covers it still, and is in many places scarcely changed. When Van Allen was not busy supervising the road builders, he carried on an élite flirtational minuet with the daughter of a Lenape chief. The chief was Wissinoming, his daughter Winona. One day, Van Allen went alone to hunt in the woods near the river islands of the Minisink, and he discharged his piece in the direction of a squirrel. The creature scurried through the branches of trees. Van Allen shot again. The creature scurried through the branches of other trees. Van Allen reloaded, stalked the little bugger, and, pointing his rifle upward, sighted with exceptional care. He fired. The squirrel fell to the ground. Van Allen retrieved it, and found an arrow through its heart. By the edge of the river, Winona threw him a smile from her red canoe. They fell in love. In the Minisink, there was no copper worth mentioning. Van Allen didn't care. Winona rewrote the country for him, told him the traditions of the river, told him the story of the Endless Mountain. In the words of Winona's legend as it was eventually set down, "she spoke of the old tradition of this beautiful valley having once been a deep sea of water, and the bursting asunder of the mountains at the will of the Great Spirit, to uncover for the home of her people the vale of the Minisink." In 1664, Peter Stuyvesant, without a shot, surrendered New Amsterdam and all that went with it to naval representatives of Charles, King of England. Word was sent to Hendrik Van Allen to close his mines and go home. It was not in him to take an Indian wife to Europe. He explained these matters to Winona in a scene played out on the cliffs high above the Water Gap. She jumped to her death and he followed.

ON foot at the base of the cliffs—in the gusts and shattering noise of the big tractor-trailers passing almost close enough to touch—we walked the narrow space between a concrete guard wall and the rock. Like the river, we were moving through the mountain, but in the reverse direction. Between the mirroring faces of rock, rising thirteen hundred feet above the water, the gap was so narrow that the

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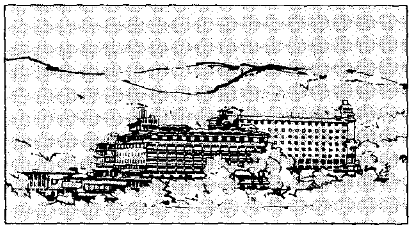

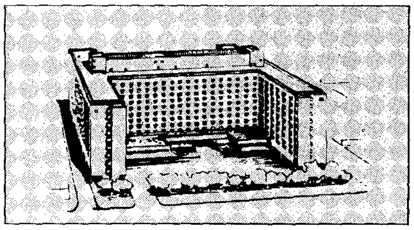

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interstate had been squeezed in without a shoulder. There was a parking lot nearby, where we had left the car—a Delaware Water Gap National Recreation Area parking lot, conveniently placed so that the citizen-traveller could see at point-blank range this celebrated natural passage through a mountain wall, never mind that it was now so full of interstate, so full of railroad track and other roadways that it suggested a convergence of tubes leading to a patient in Intensive Care. We saw painted on a storm sewer a white blaze of the Appalachian Trail, which came down from the mountain in New Jersey, crossed the river on the interstate, and returned to the ridgetop on the Pennsylvania side. There were local names for the sides of the gap in the mountain. The Pennsylvania side was Mt. Minsi, the New Jersey side Mt. Tammany. The rock of the cliffs above us was cleanly bedded, stratified, and had been not only deposited but also deformed in the course of the eastern orogenies. Regionally, it had been pushed together like cloth on a table. The particular fragment of the particular fold that erosion had left as the sustaining rock of the mountain happened to be dipping to the northwest at an angle of some forty-five degrees. As we walked in that general direction, each upended layer was somewhat younger than the last, and each, in the evidence it held, did not so much suggest as record progressive changes in Silurian worlds. "The dip always points upsection, always points toward younger rocks," Anita said. "You learn that the first day in Geology I."

"Do you ever get tired of teaching ignoramuses?" I asked her.

She said, "I haven't worked on this level since I don't know when."

Near the road and the river, at the beginning of the outcrop, great boulders of talus had obscured the contact between the mountain quartzite and the underlying slate. To move on through the gap, traversing the interior of the mountain, was to walk from early to late Silurian time, to examine an assembly of rock that had formed between 430 and 400 million years before the present. The first and oldest quartzite was conglomeratic. Its ingredients had lithified as pebbles and sand. Shouting to be heard, Anita said, "In those pebbles you can see a mountain storm. You can see the pebbles coming into a sandbar in a braided river. There is very little mud in this rock. The streams had a high enough

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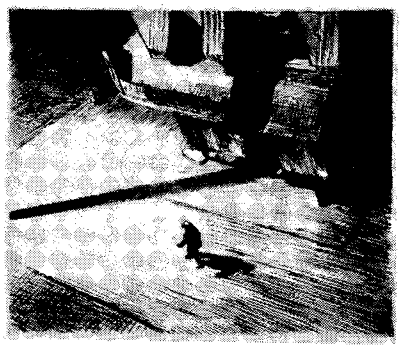

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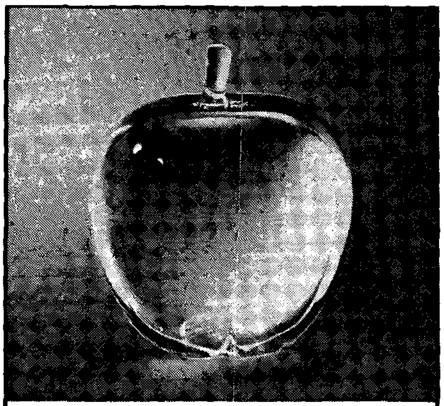

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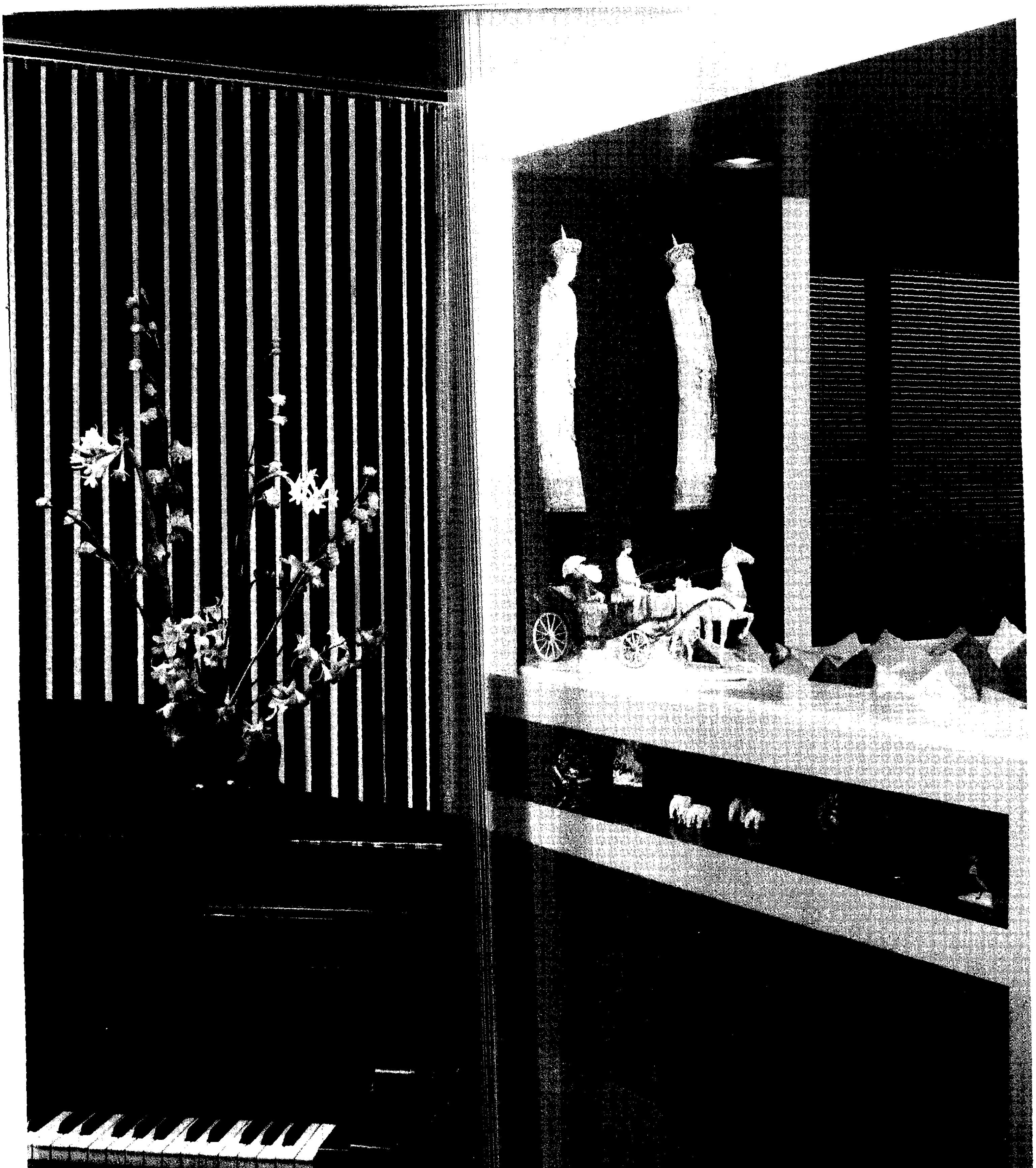

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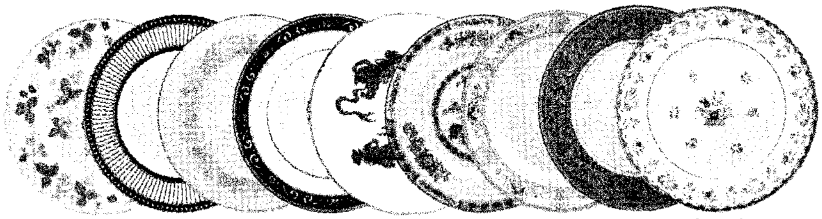

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gradient to be running fast and to carry the mud away. These sands and pebbles were coming off a mountain range, and it was young and high."

A braided river carries such an enormous burden of sand and gravel that it does not meander through its valley like most streams, making cutbanks to one side and point bars opposite. Instead, it runs in braided channels through its own broad bed. Looking at those Silurian conglomerates, I could all but hear the big braided rivers I had seen coming down from the Alaska Range, with gravels a mile wide, caribou and bears on the gravel, and channels flowing in silver plaits. If those rivers testify, as they do, to the erosional disassembling of raw young mountains, then so did the rock before us, with its clean river gravels preserved in river sand. "Geology repeats itself," Anita said, and we moved along, touching, picking at the rock. She pointed out the horsebelly curves of channel-fill deposits, and the fact that none was deeper than five feet—a result of the braiding and the shifting of the channels. Evidently, the calm earth and quiet seas that were described by the older rock we had collected up the road had been utterly revolutionized in the event that built the ancient mountains, which, bald as the djebels of Arabia, had stood to the east and shed the sand and gravel this way. In the ripple marks, the crossbedding, the manner in which the sands had come to rest, Anita could see the westerly direction of the braided-river currents more than four hundred million years ago.

Three hundred years ago, William Penn arrived in this country and decided almost at once that the Lenape were Jews. "Their eye is little and black, not unlike a straight-look't Jew," he wrote home. "I am ready to believe them of the Jewish race. . . . A man would think himself in Dukes-place or Berry-street in London, when he seeth them." They were "generally tall, straight, well-built" people "of singular proportion." They greased themselves with clarified bear fat. Penn studied their language—the better to know them, the better to work out his treaties. "Their language is lofty, yet narrow, but like the Hebrew. . . . One word serveth in the place of three. . . . I must say that I know not a language spoken in Europe that hath words of more sweetness or greatness, in accent or emphasis, than theirs." Penn heard "grandeur" in their tribal proper names. He listed

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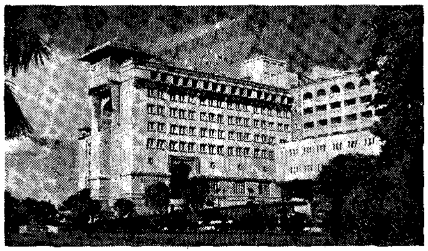

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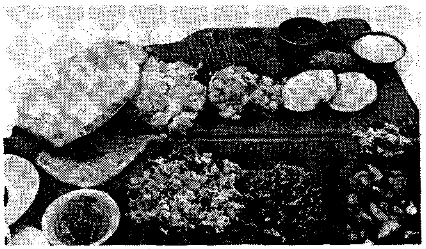

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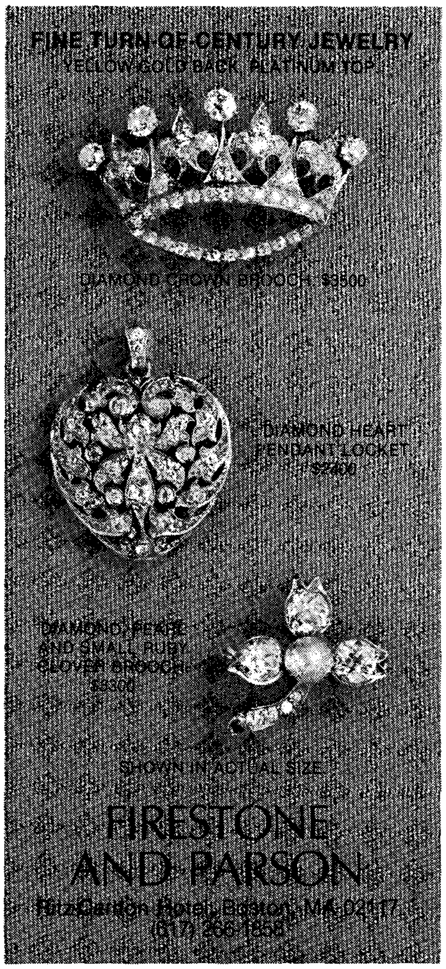
them: Tammany, Poquessin, Rancocas, Shakamaxon. He could have added Wyomissing, Wissinoming, Wyoming. He made treaties with the Lenape under the elms of Shakamaxon. Tammany was present. He was to become the most renowned chief in the history of the tribe. Many years after his death, American whites in Eastern cities formed societies in his name, and called him St. Tammany, the nation's patron saint. Penn's fondness for the Lenape was the product of his admiration. Getting along with the Lenape was not difficult. They were accommodating, intelligent, and peaceful. The Indians revered Penn as well. He kept his promises, paid his way, and was fair.

Under the elms of Shakamaxon, the pledge was made that Pennsylvania and the Lenape would be friends "as long as the sun will shine and the rivers flow with water." Penn outlined his needs for land. It was agreed that he should have some country west of the Lenape River. The tracts were to be defined by the distance a man could walk in a prescribed time—typically one day, or two—at an easygoing pace, stopping for lunch, for the odd smoke, as was the Lenape manner. In camaraderie, the Penn party and the Indians gave it up somewhere in Bucks County. Penn went home to England. He died in 1718.

About fifteen years later, Penn's son Thomas, a businessman who had a lawyer's grasp of grasping, appeared from England with a copy of a deed he said his father had transacted, extending his lands to the north by a day and a half's walk. He made it known to a new generation of Lenape, who had never heard of it, and demanded that they acquiesce in the completion of—as it came to be called—the Walking Purchase. With his brothers, John and Richard, he advertised for participants. He offered five hundred acres of land for the fleetest feet in Pennsylvania. In effect, he hired three marathon runners. When the day came—September 19, 1737—the Lenape complained. They could not keep up. But they followed. Their forebears had made a bargain. The white men "walked" sixty-five miles, well into the Poconos. Even so blatant an affront might in time have been accepted by the compliant tribe. But now the brothers made an explosive mistake. Their new terrain logically required a northern boundary. Illogically, the one they drew did not run east to a point on the river close to the Water



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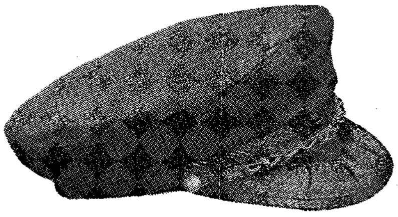

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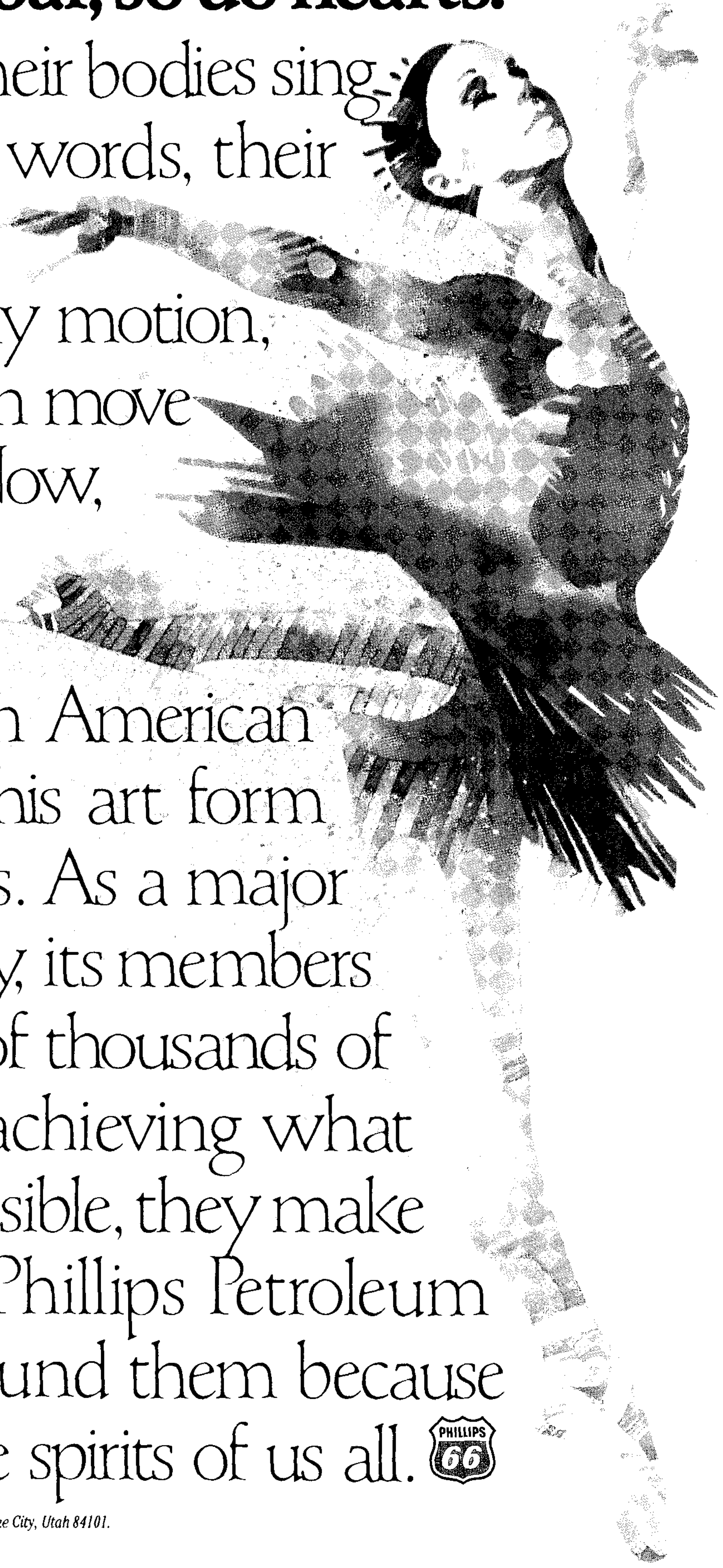

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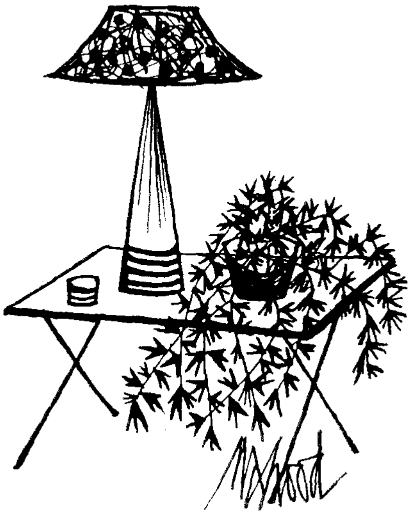
Gap but northeast on a vector that encompassed and annexed the Minisink. Massacres ensued. Buildings were burned. Up and down the river, white scalps were cut. The Lenape reached for "the French hatchet." Peaceful, accommodating they once had been, but now they were participants in the French and Indian Wars. Where they had tolerated whites in the Minisink, they burned whole settlements and destroyed the occupants. They killed John Rush. They killed his wife, his son and daughter. They killed seventeen Vanakens and Vancamps. They pursued people on the river and killed them in their boats. They killed Hans Vanfleara and Lambert Brink, Piercewell Goulding and Matthew Rue. They could not, however, kill their way backward through time. They never would regain the Minisink.

As we moved along beside the screaming trucks, we were averaging about ten thousand years per step. The progression was not uniform, of course. There might be two million years in one fossil streambed, and then the next lamination in the rock would record a single season, or a single storm—on one flaky surface, a single drop of rain. We looked above our heads at the projecting underside of a layer of sandstone patterned with polygons, impressions made as the sand came pouring down in storm-flood waters over mud cracks that had baked in the sun. From a layer of conglomerate, Anita removed a pebble with the pick end of her rock hammer. "Milky quartz," she said. "Bull quartz. We saw this rock back up the road in the Precambrian highlands. When the Taconic Orogeny came, it lifted the older rock, and erosion turned it into pebbles and sand, which is what is here in this conglomerate. It's an example of how the whole Ap-



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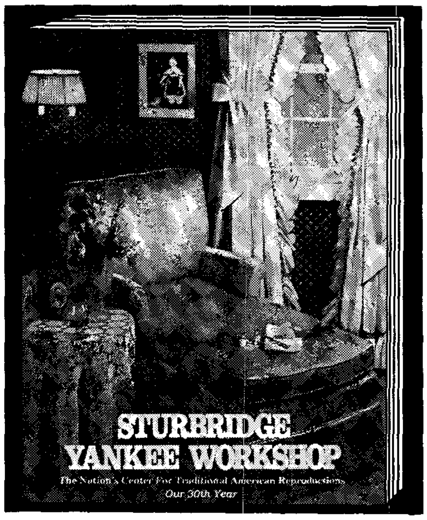
palachian system continually fed upon itself. These are Precambrian pebbles, in Silurian rock. You'll see Silurian pebbles in Devonian rock, Devonian pebbles in Mississippian rock. Geology repeats itself." Now and again, we came to small numbers that had been painted long ago on the outcrops. Anita said she had painted the numbers when she and Jack Epstein were working on the geology of the Water Gap. She said, "I'd hate to tell you how many months I've spent here measuring every foot of rock." Among the quartzites were occasional bands not only of sandstone but of shale. The shales were muds that had settled in a matter of days or hours and had filled in the lovely periodicity of the underlying ripples in the ancient river sand. For each picture before us in the rock, there was a corresponding picture in her mind: scenes of the early Silurian barren ground, scenes of the rivers miles wide, and, over all, a series of pictures of the big Taconic mountains to the east gradually losing their competition with erosion in the wash of Silurian rain—a general rounding down of things, with river gradients declining. There were pictures of subsiding country, pictures of rising seas. She found shale that had been the mud of an estuary, and fossil shellfish, fossil jellyfish, which had lived in the estuary. In thin dark flakes nearby she saw "a little black lagoon behind a beach." And in a massive layer of clear white lithified sand she saw the beach. "You don't see sand that light except in beaches," she said. "That is beach sand. You would have looked westward over the sea."

To travel then along the present route of Interstate 80, you would have been in need of a seaworthy shallow-draft boat. The journey could have started in mountain rapids, for the future site of the George Washington Bridge was under thousands of feet of rock. Down the huge fans of boulders and gravel that leaned against the mountains, the west-running rivers raced toward the epicontinental sea. They projected their alluvium into the water and spread it so extensively that up and down the long flanks of the Taconic sierra the alluvium coalesced, gradually building westward as an enormous collection of sediment—a deltaic complex. At the future site of the Water Gap, you would have shoved off the white beach and set a westerly course across the sea—looking back from time to time up the V-shaped creases of steep mountain val-



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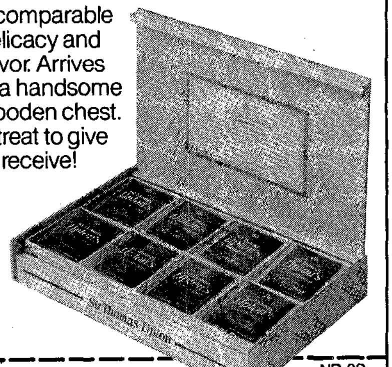

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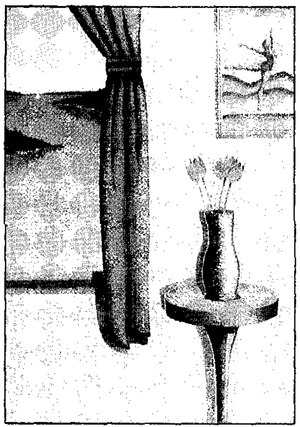

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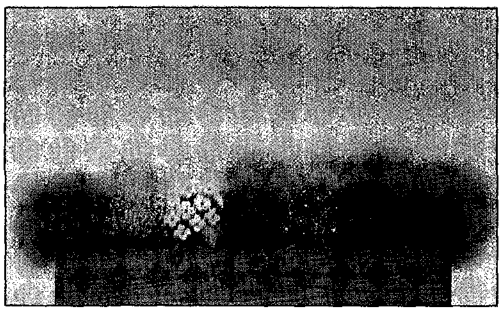

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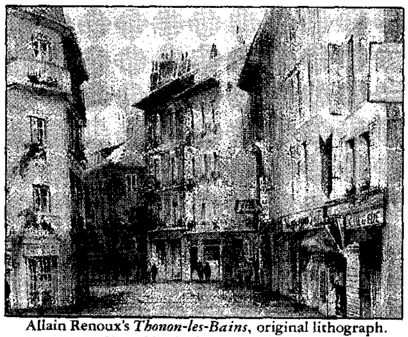

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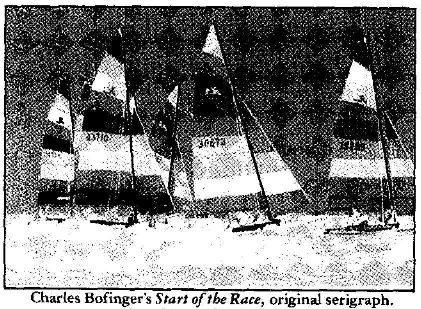

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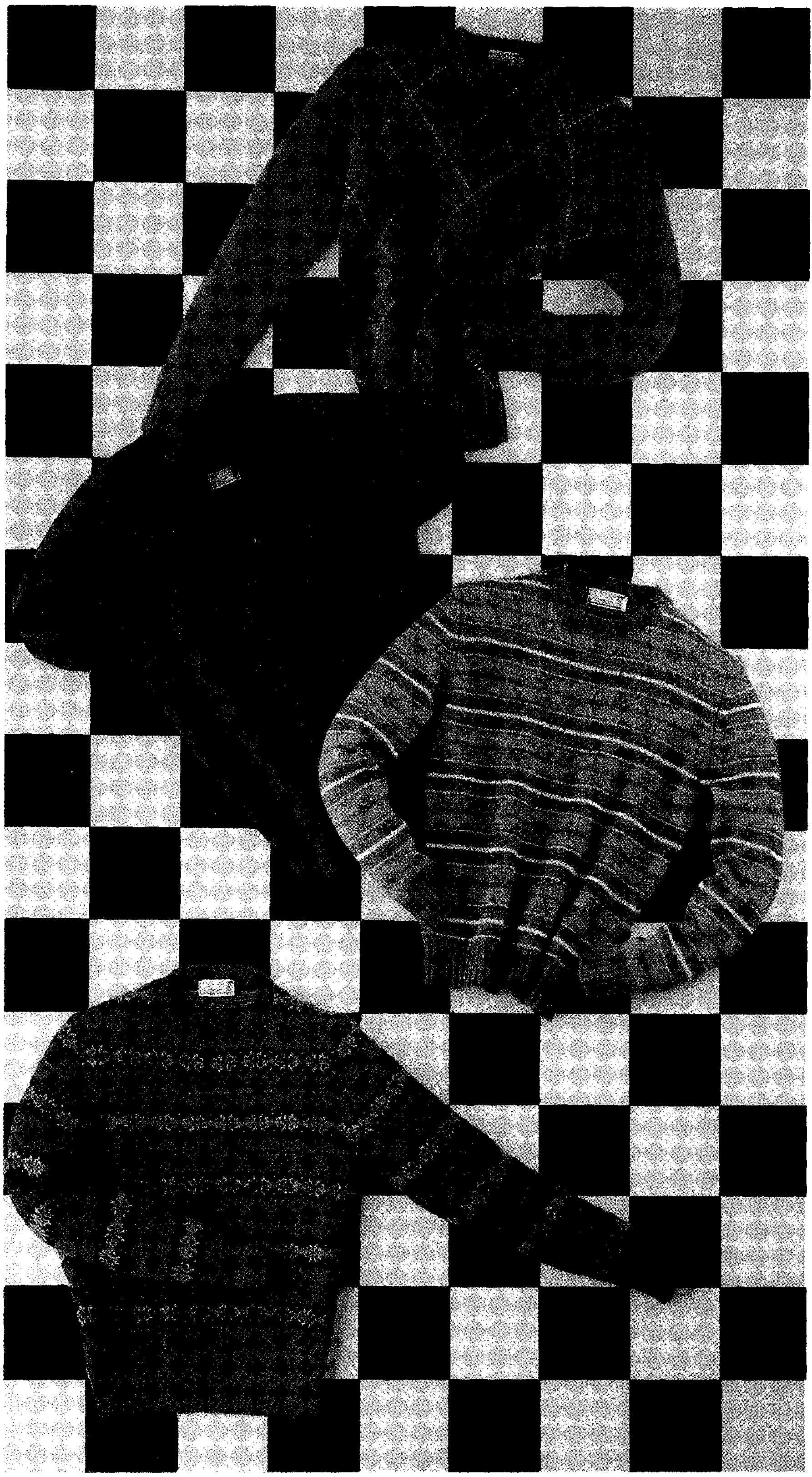
leys. That was the world in which the older rock of the Water Gap had been forming—the braided-river conglomerates, the estuary mud, the beach sand. In the Holocene epoch, the Andes would look like that, with immense fans of gravel coming off their eastern slopes—the essential difference being vegetation, of which there was virtually none in the early Silurian. The sea was shallow, with a sandy bottom, in Pennsylvania. The equator had shifted some and was running in the direction that is now northeast-southwest, through Minneapolis and Denver. There were muds of dark lime in the seafloors of Ohio, and from Indiana westward there were white-lime sands only a few feet under clear water.

If you had turned around and come back thirty million years later, in all likelihood you would still have been riding the sparkling waves of the limestone-platform sea, but its extent in the late Silurian is not well reported. Most of the rock is gone. There are widely scattered clues. Among the marine limestones that fell into the diamond pipe near Laramie, some are late Silurian in age. From Wyoming toward the east, there seems to have existed a vastly extrapolated sea. The extrapolation stops in Chicago. You would have come upon a huge coral reef, which is still there, which grew in Silurian time, and did not grow in a desert. It was a wave-washed atoll then, a Kwajalein, an Eniwetok, and in time it would become sugary blue dolomite packed with Silurian shells. After standing there almost four hundred million years, the dolomite would be quarried to become for many miles the concrete surface of Interstate 80 and to become as well the foundations of most of the tall buildings that now proclaim Chicago, as the atoll did in Silurian time. Interstate 80 actually crosses the atoll on bridges above the quarry, which is as close an approximation to the Grand Canyon as Chicago is likely to see, and is arguably its foremost attraction. Beyond the atoll, you would have come to other atolls and hypersaline seas. When water is about three times as salty as the ocean, gypsum will crystallize out. Sticking up from the bottom in central Ohio were dagger-length blades of gypsum crystal. You would have been bucking hot tropical trade winds then, blowing toward the equator, evaporating the knee-deep sea. East of Youngstown, red muds clouded the water—muds coming off the approaching shore.



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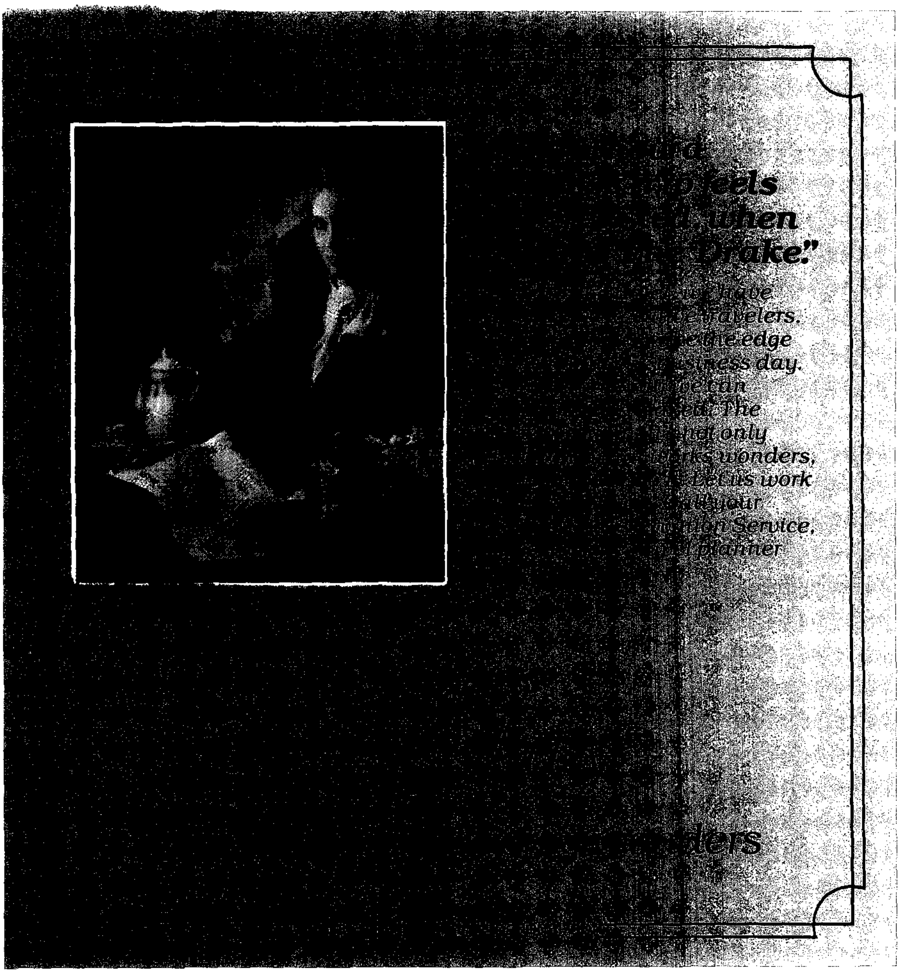
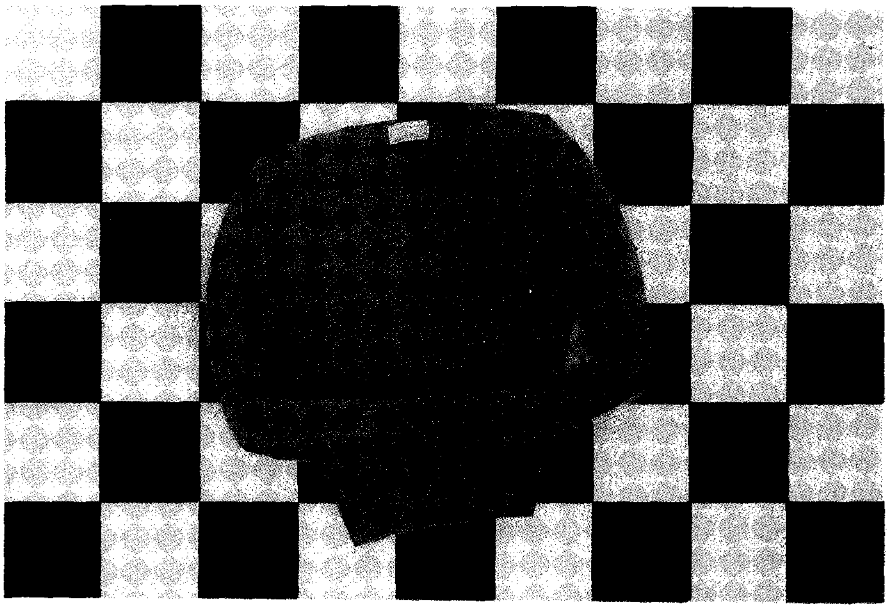
The beach was in central Pennsylvania now, near the future site of Bloomsburg, near the forks of the Susquehanna. The great sedimentary wedge of the delta complex had grown a hundred miles. The Taconic mountains were of humble size. The steep braided rivers were gone, their wild conglomerates buried under meandering mudbanked streams moving serenely through a low and quiet country—a rose-and-burgundy country. There were green plants in the red earth, for the first time ever.

Walking forward through time and past the tilted strata of the Water Gap, we had come to sandstones, siltstones, and shales, in various hues of burgundy and rose. In the irregular laminations of the rock—in its worm burrows, ripples, and crossbeds—Anita saw and described tidal channels, tidal flats, a river coming into an estuary, a barrier bar, a littoral sea. She saw the delta, spread out low and red, the Taconic mountains reduced to hills. We had left behind us the rough conglomerates and hard gray quartzites that had come off the Taconic mountains when they were high—the formation, known as Shawangunk, that forms the mural cliffs above the Delaware River. (The quartzites are paradisal to rappeling climbers, who refer in their vernacular to "the gap rap," a choice part of "the Gunks.") And now, half a mile up the highway and twenty million years up the time scale, we were looking at the younger of the two formations of which Kittatinny Mountain is locally composed. Generally red, the rock is named for Bloomsburg, outer reach of the deltaic plain in late Silurian time, four hundred million years before the present.

Less than two hundred years before the present, when the United States was twenty-four years old, the first wagon road was achieved through the Water Gap. The dark narrow passage in rattlesnake-defended rock had seemed formidable to Colonial people, and the Water Gap had not served them as a transportational gateway but had been left aloof, mysterious, frightening, and natural.

In the hundred feet or so of transition rocks between the gray Shawangunk and the red Bloomsburg, we had seen the Silurian picture change from sea and seashore to a low alluviated coastal plain; and if we had a microscope, Anita said, we would see a few fish scales in the Bloomsburg river sands—from fish that looked like





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In 1820, the Water Gap was discovered by tourists. They were Philadelphians with names like Binney.

Breaking away some red sandstone, Anita remarked that it was telling a story of cut-and-fill—the classic story of a meandering stream. The stream cuts on one side while it fills in on the other. Where bits and hunks of mudstone were included in the sandstone, the stream had cut into a bank so vigorously that it undermined the muddy soil above and caused it to fall. Meanwhile, from the opposite bank—from the inside of the bend in the river—a point bar had been building outward, protruding into the channel, and the point bar was preserved in clean sandstones, where curvilinear layers, the crossbeds, seemed to have been woven of rushes.

Confronted with a mountain sawed in half, a traveller would naturally speculate about how that might have happened—as had the Indians before, when they supposedly concluded that the Minisink had once been "a deep sea of water." Samuel Preston agreed with the Indians. In 1828, in a letter to *Hazard's Register of Pennsylvania*, Preston referred to the Water Gap as "the greatest natural curiosity in any part of the State." He went on to hypothesize that "from the appearance of so much alluvial or made land above the mountain, there must, in some former period of the world, have been a great dam against the mountain that formed all the settlements called Minisink into a lake, which extended and backed the water at least fifty miles." And therefore, he worked out, "from the water-made land, and distance that it appears to have backed over the falls in the river, the height must, on a moderate calculation, have been between one hundred and fifty and two hundred feet, which would have formed a cataract, in proportion to the quantity of water, similar to Niagara." Preston was a tourist, not a geologist. The first volume of Charles Lyell's "Principles of Geology," the textbook that most adroitly explained the new science to people of the nineteenth century, would not be published for another two years, let alone cross the sea from London. All the more remarkable was Preston's Hypothesis. Like many an accomplished geologist who would follow, Preston made excellent sense even if he was wrong. Withal, he had the courage of his geology. "If any persons think my

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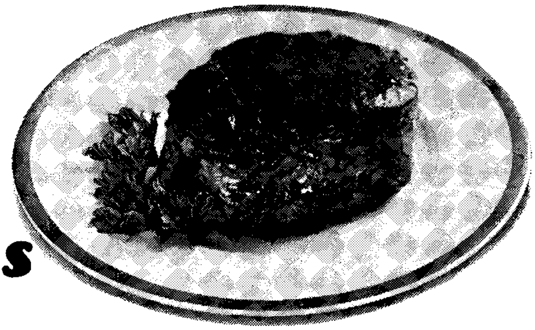

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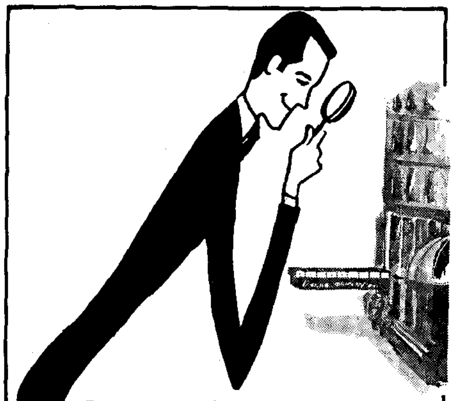

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hypothesis erroneous," he concluded, "they may go and examine for themselves. . . . The Water Gap will not run away."

While sediments accumulated slowly in the easygoing lowlands of the late Silurian world, iron in the rock was oxidized, and therefore the rock turned red. Alternatively, it could have been red in the first place, if it weathered from a red rock source. There were dark-hued muds and light silts in the outcrop, settled from Silurian floods. There were balls and pillows, climbing ripples, flow rolls, and mini-dunes—multihued structures in the river sands. Maroon. Damask. Carmine. Rouge.

Artists were the Delaware Water Gap's most effective discoverers. Inadvertently, they publicized it. They almost literally put it on the map. Arrested by the symmetries of this geomorphological phenomenon, they sketched, painted, and engraved it. The earliest dated work is the Strickland Aquatint, 1830, with a long and narrow flat-bottomed Durham boat in the foreground on the river, four crewmen standing at their oars, a steersman (also standing) in the stern, and in the background the wildwoods rising up the mountain with its deep, improbable incision.

Cutting and filling, a stream would cross its own valley, gradationally leaving gravels under sands under silts under muds under fine grains that settled in overbank floods. With nothing missing, the sequence was before us now, and was many times reiterated in the rock—a history of the migrations of the stream as it spread layer upon layer through its subsiding valley, 404, 403, 402 million years ago.

In 1832, Asher B. Durand came upon the scene. Durand was one of the founders of what in time would be labelled the Hudson River School. The term was a pejorative laid by a critic on painters who went outdoors to vent their romantic spirits. They went up the Hudson, they went up the Rockies, and they went into the Water Gap unafraid. Durand painted another Durham boat. His trees looked Japanese. The picture was published after Durand himself made a copper engraving. It contributed to the axiom that where an easel had stood a hotel would follow. Kittatinny House was established in 1833, sleeping twenty-five.

Anita chipped out a piece of Bloomsburg conglomerate—evidence in itself that the stream which had

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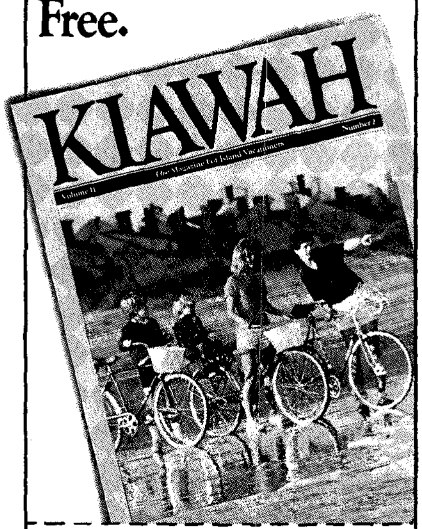

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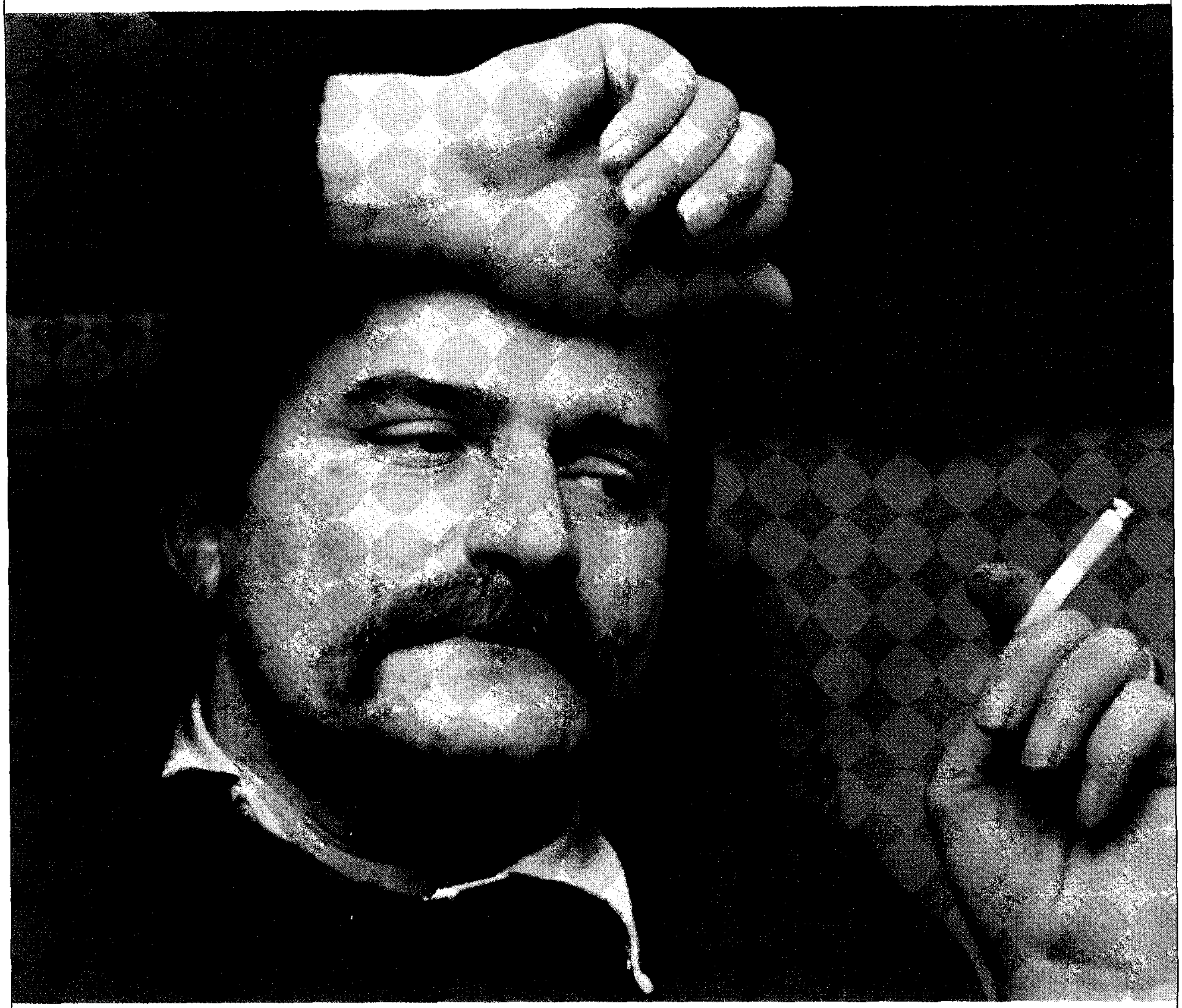

The man from Gdansk.

RUDI FREY

Unique insights into a crusade, and a crusader, perhaps guided more by hope and passion than by reason.

He seems to have sprung from nowhere, like the hero of a folk legend, summoned up by the urgency of his country's need. And like a legendary figure, Lech Walesa seems more charisma than person, a force rather than an individual.

When Poland was invaded by proxy on December 13, TIME had already chosen Walesa as Man of the Year. Writers, editors and researchers in Poland and America were at work to create a definitive word portrait of this extraordinary electrician from Gdansk.

With the sudden imposition of martial law, such a portrait became all the more imperative. And because of TIME's traditional access to world leaders, it emerged with a virtuosity that no other news magazine could have duplicated.

As told by TIME, the whole tragedy came alive on the page with astonishing three-dimensional clarity: time, place, mood, event, cause and effect. And above all, Walesa himself, in an interview that was exclusive with TIME, and in which he explained himself and his cause with wonderful idiomatic simplicity. Alternately pragmatic and philosophical, he summed up all he has done with the expressed conviction that: "I know that I exist and that people will come after me. I know another thing: I know that I will lose today, and tomorrow will be a victory."

Through its internationally recognized authority, its passion for accuracy and substance, its instinct for the right detail and the telling image, TIME has earned millions more readers each week than any other news magazine. They get more out of TIME because we put more into it.

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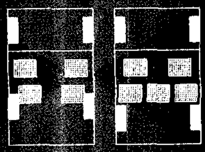
New Renault bridges the gap between European

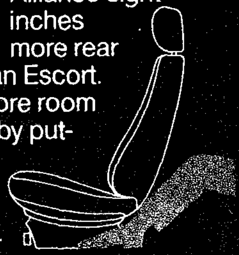
The New Renault Alliance

A five-passenger sedan of European design for the price of a four-passenger econobox? Until now, the idea was inconceivable. But now the Renault Alliance is here. Designed in Europe…built in America…so its price is just $5595.*

How five arrive in comfort.

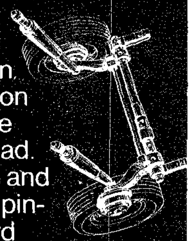
Unlike Escort, Rabbit or Honda Civic, the new Renault Alliance comfortably rides five, not four. How'd we do it? By moving the rear wheels back and away from the rear seat, we were able to improve ride characteristics while giving Alliance eight inches more rear seat hip room than Escort.





We found more room for improvement by putting the front seats on a pedestal. Literally. So rear seat passengers can slide their feet under the seat and enjoy the ride.

The making of a great performer.



The new Alliance has front wheel drive, a Renault tradition. And a fully independent suspension, featuring twin axial torsion bars—something no one else has—to level the road. Power front disc brakes and self-centering rack and pinion steering are standard equipment. As are radial tires, electronic ignition and, unique to Renault, an oil level gauge.

Under the hood, Alliance's 1.4 litre engine is electronically fuel-injected: a microprocessor chooses the most efficient air/fuel mixture as driving conditions, or even the day's humidity, change. Small wonder, then, that Renault Alliance achieves such outstanding mileage.** And here's another small wonder: when you opt for automatic transmission, a micro-

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price for the Alliance 2-door. Price does not include tax, license, destination charges and other optional or regionally required equipment. **Compare 1983 EPA estimates with estimated MPG for other cars. Your actual mileage depends on speed, trip length and weather. Actual highway mileage and CA figures will probably be lower.

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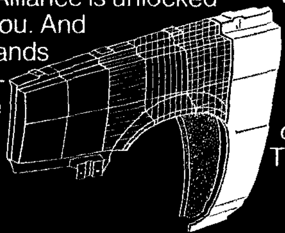
Or consider just one state-of-the-art option—an infrawave keyless entry system. Simply push a button on the special key ring as you approach: your Alliance is unlocked and waiting for you. And only you. Thousands of available combinations ensure your complete security.



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Since its introduction one year ago, the European version of the Alliance has been driven over a half billion miles by nearly two hundred thousand owners. And by the 52 automotive journalists from 16 countries who voted this new Renault Europe's Car of the Year for 1982.

52 ** est. hwy.

37 EPA est. MPG

Designers at both Renault and American Motors have gone to extraordinary lengths to assure the longevity of the Alliance. Galvanized steel in every exterior body panel receives a zinc-phosphate pretreatment and an electrically bonded cathodic bath. Which makes it possible to offer a five-year No Rust-Thru Limited Warranty™ as part of American Motors' celebrated Buyer Protection Plan.® With the only full 12-month, 12,000-mile warranty that covers virtually every part, even if it just wears out. But the biggest achievement of all is that Alliance offers sophisticated European engineering for a price that starts as low as $5595.

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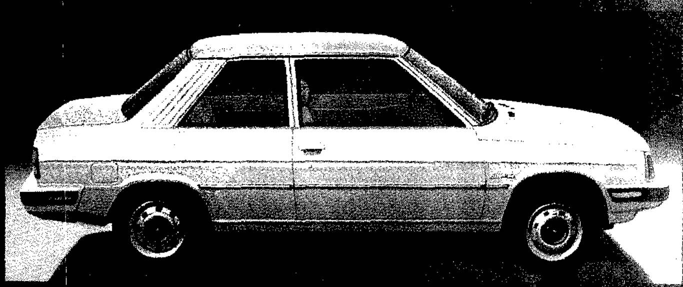

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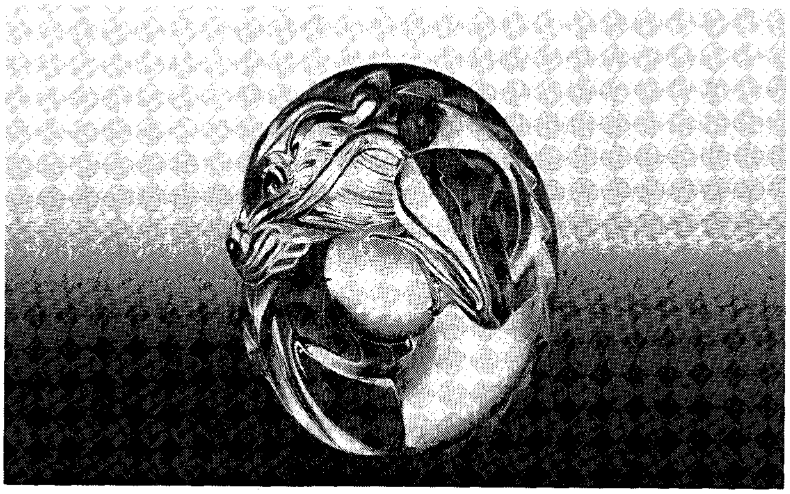
made it was by no means spent. The rolling Silurian countryside must have been lovely—its river valleys velvet green. There were highland jaspers among the pebbles in the sand.

The early geologists began arriving in 1836, led by Henry Darwin Rogers. They were conducting Pennsylvania's first geological survey. In the deep marine Martinsburg slate and in the mountain strata that stood above it—in the "plication" and the "corrugation" of the sediments—Rogers saw "stupendous crust-movement and revolution," the "most momentous" of ancient times, and reported to Harrisburg what would eventually become known as the Taconic and Alleghenian Orogenies. He decided that something had wrenched the mountain in New Jersey several hundred feet out of line with its counterpart in Pennsylvania. "I conceive these transverse dislocations to pervade all the great ridges and valleys of our Appalachian region," he wrote, "and to be a primary cause of most, if not all, of those deep notches which are known by the name of Water Gaps, and which cleave so many of our high mountain ridges to their very bases."

There were some thin green beds among the Bloomsburg reds. Anita said they were the *Kupferschiefer* greens that had given false hope to the Dutch. Whatever else there might be in the Bloomsburg Delta, there was not a great deal of copper. In the eighteen-forties, the mines of the Minisink were started up anew. They bankrupted out in a season. The Reverend F. F. Ellinwood delivered the "Dedication Sermon" in the Church of the Mountain, village of Delaware Water Gap, Pennsylvania, August 29, 1854, a year that Ellinwood placed in the sixth millennium after Creation. "The rude blasts of six thousand winters have howled in undaunted wildness over the consecrated spot, while yet its predicted destiny was not fulfilled," he told the congregation. "But here, at length, stands, in very deed the church firmly built upon the rock, and it is our hope and prayer that the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it. . . . For many centuries past, has Jehovah dwelt in the rocky fastnesses of this mountain. Ere there was a human ear to listen, His voice was uttered here in the sighing of the breeze and the thunder of the storms, which even then were wont to writhe in the close grapple of this narrow gorge. Ere one human footstep had invaded



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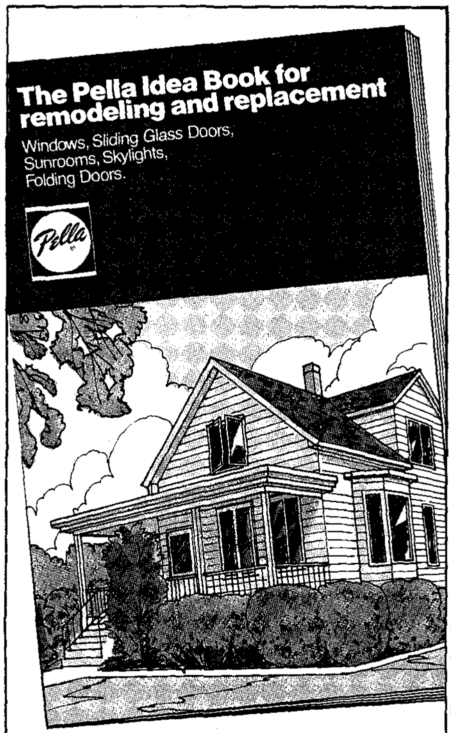
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the wildness of the place, or the hand of art had applied the drill and blast to the silent rock, God's hand was working here alone—delving out its deep, rugged pathway for yonder river, and clothing those gigantic bluffs and terraces with undying verdure, and the far gleaming brightness of their laurel bloom." The hand of art, that very summer, was blasting the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad into the silent rock. Stagecoaches would soon leave the scene. A pathway by the river was replaced with rails. The sycamores that shaded it were felled. A telegraph wire was strung through the gap. Given a choice between utility and grandeur, people apparently wanted to have it both ways. Trains would travel in one direction carrying aristocrats and in the other carrying coal.

Anita put her fingers on fossil mud cracks, evidence not only of hours and seasons in the sun but of tranquillity in the environment in which the rock had formed. She also moved her fingers down the smooth friction streaks of slickensides (tectonic scars made by block sliding upon block, in the deforming turbulence of later times).

In the Ecological epoch, the Backpackerhaus School of photography will not so much as glance at anything within twenty-five miles of a railhead, let alone commit it to film, but in the eighteen-fifties George Inness came to the Water Gap and set up his easel in sight of the trains. The canvases would eventually hang in the Metropolitan Museum, the Tate Gallery, the National Gallery (London). Meanwhile, in 1860, Currier & Ives made a lithograph from one of them and published it far and wide. By 1866, there were two hundred and fifty beds in Kittatinny House alone, notwithstanding that the manager had killed a huge and ferocious catamount not far from the lobby. That scarcely mattered, for this was the New World, and out in the laurel there were also wolves and bears. The gap was on its way to becoming a first-class, busy summer resort.

"Note the fining-upward cycles," Anita said. "Those are crossbedded sandstones with mud clasts at the base, rippled to unevenly bedded shaly siltstones and sandstones in the middle, and indistinctly mud-cracked bioturbated shaly siltstones with dolomite concretions at the top."

It was a lady visiting the Water Gap in the eighteen-sixties who made

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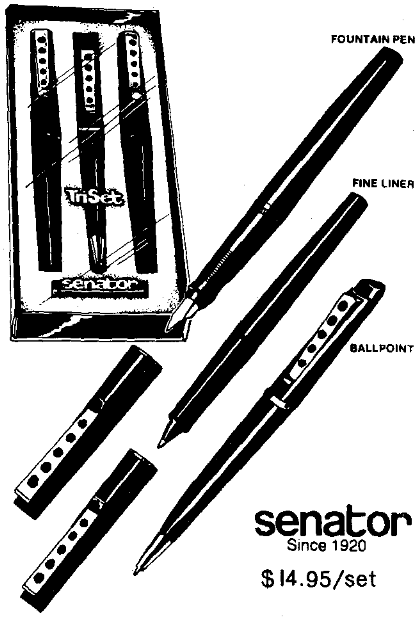

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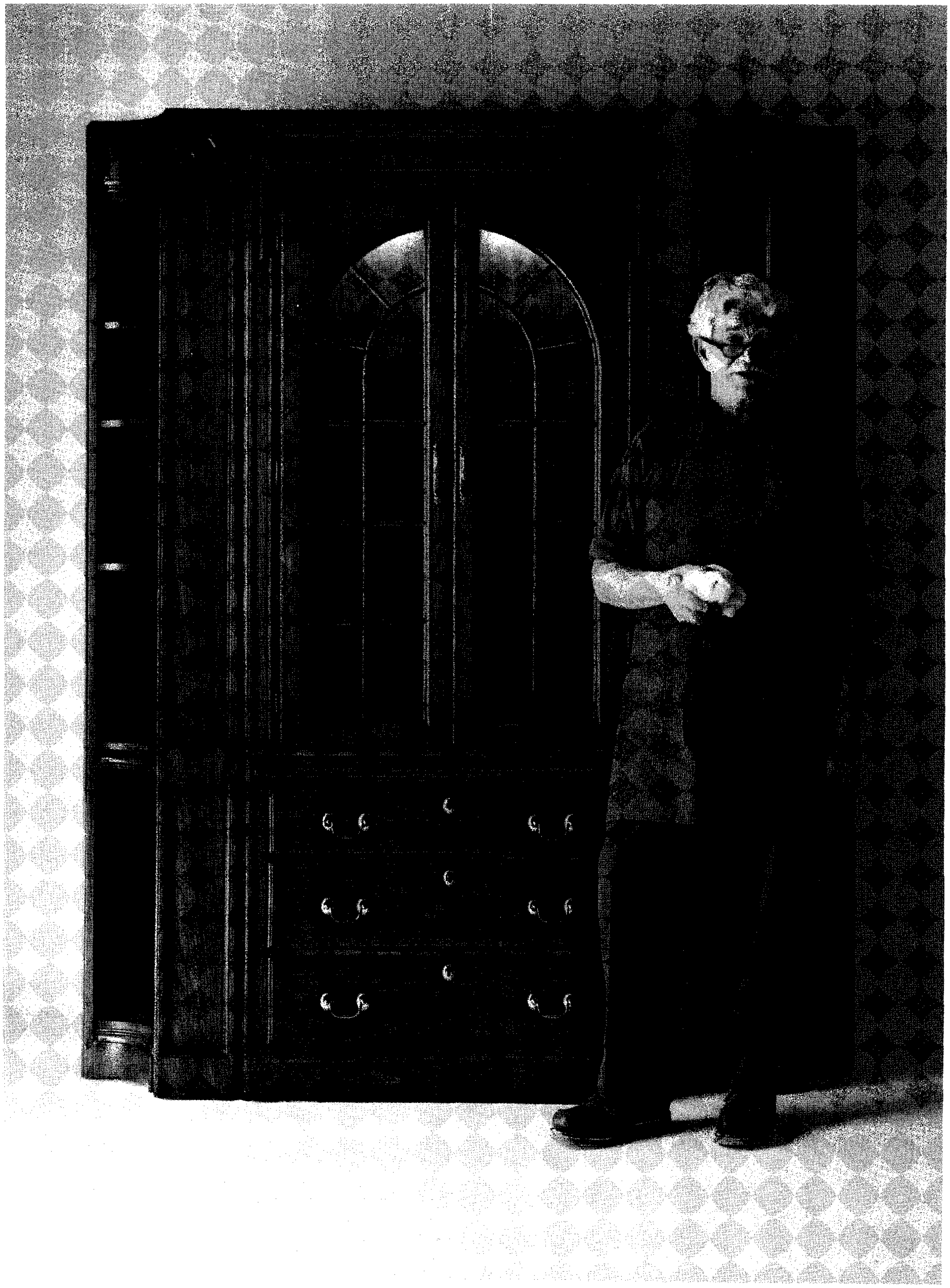

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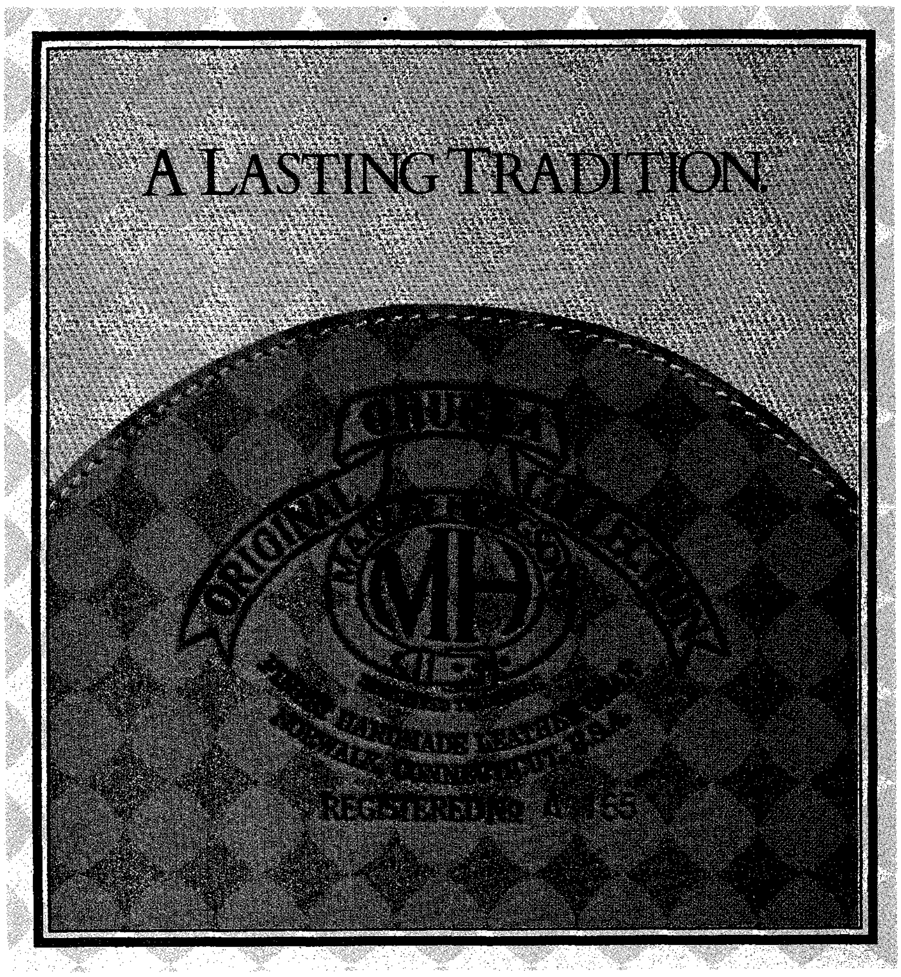
the once famous remark "What a most wonderful place would be the Delaware Water Gap if Niagara Falls were here."

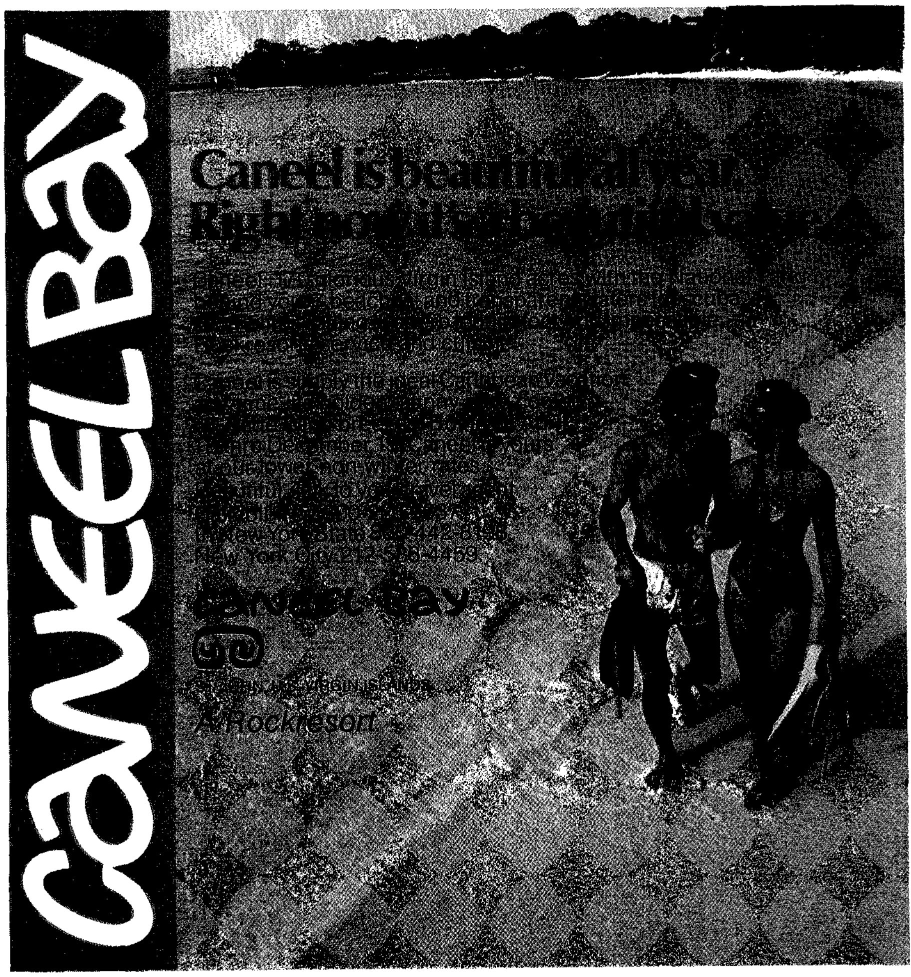
The Aldine, in 1875, presented three wood engravings of the Water Gap featuring in the foreground gentlemen with walking sticks and ladies with parasols, their long full dresses sweeping the quartzite. The accompanying text awarded the Delaware Water Gap an aesthetic edge over most of the alpine passes of Europe. *The Aldine* subtitled itself "The Art Journal of America" but was not shy to make dashes into other fields. "The mountains of Pennsylvania are far less known and visited than many of the American ranges at much greater distance, and even less than many of the European ranges, while they may be said to vie in beauty with any others upon earth, and to have, in many sections, features of grandeur entitling them to eminent rank," the magazine told its readers. "Not only the nature lover, by the way, has his scope for observation and thought in the Water Gap. The scientist has something to do, and is almost certain to do it, if he lingers there for any considerable period. He may not have quite decided how Niagara comes to be where it is—whether it was originally in the same place, or down at the mouth of the St. Lawrence; but he will find himself joining in the scientific speculations of the past half-century, as to whether the Water Gap changed to be what it is at the Flood; or whether some immense freshet broke through the barriers once standing across the way and let out what had been the waters of an immense inland lake."

By 1877, Kittatinny House was five stories high. *Harper's Weekly*, at the end of the season, ran a wood engraving of the Water Gap in color by Granville Perkins, who had taken enough vertical license to outstretch El Greco. Under the enlofted mountain, a woman reclined on the riverbank with a pink parasol in her hand. A man in a straw boater, dark suit, was stretched beside her like a snake in the grass.

In the crossbedding and planar bedding of the Bloomsburg rocks, as we slowly traced them forward through time, there had been evidence of what geologists call the "lower upper flow regime." That was now becoming an "upper lower flow regime."

When people were bored with the river, there were orchestras, magicians, lecturers, masquerade balls.





They could read one another's blank verse:

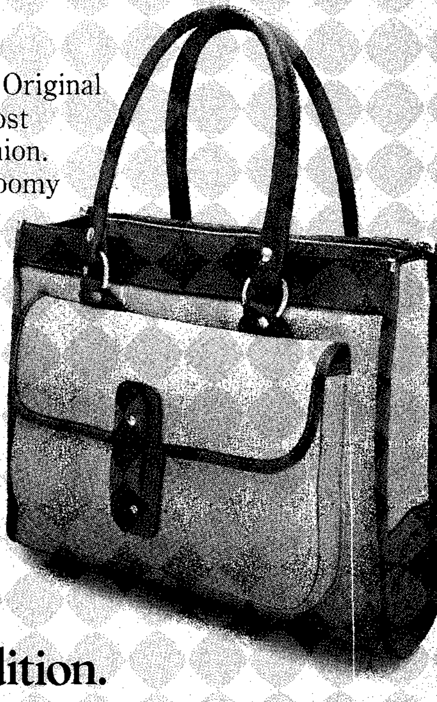
Huge pile of Nature's majesty! how oft
The mind, in contemplation wrapt, has
scann'd
Thy form serene and naked; if to tell,
That when creation from old chaos rose,
Thou wert as now thou art; or if some
cause,
Some secret cause, has rent thy rocky
mantle,
And hurl'd thy fragments o'er the plain
below.
The pride of man may form conceptions
vast,
Of all the fearful might of giant power
That rent the rampart to its very base,
Giving an exit to Lenape's stream,
And wildly mixing with woods and waters.
A mighty scene to set enchantment free,
Burst the firm barrier of eternal rock,
If by the howling of volcanic rage,
Or foaming terror of Noachian floods.
Let fancy take her strongest flight. . . .
But, as for us, let speculations go,
And be the food of geologic sons;
Who from the pebble judge the mountain's
form . . .

Anita said the rock had been weakened here in this part of the mountain. The river, cutting through the formations, had found the weakness and exploited it. "Wherever a water gap or a wind gap exists, there is generally tectonic weakness in the bedrock," she went on. "The rock was very much fractured and shattered. There is particularly tight folding here."

The hotels were in Pennsylvania, and were so numerous in the eighteen-eighties and eighteen-nineties that they all but jostled one another, and suffered from the competition. Up the slope from Kittatinny House, as in a game of king-of-the-mountain, stood Water Gap House, elongate and white, with several decks of circumambient veranda under cupolas that appeared to be mansard smokestacks. All it lacked was a stern wheel. There was a fine view. On the narrow floodplain and river terraces of New Jersey, where I-80 would be, there were cultivated fields and split-rail fences, corn shocks in autumn, fresh furrows in spring.

Anita and I came to the end of the Bloomsburg, or as far as it went in the outcrops of the gap. "These are coarse basal sands," she said of one final layer. "They were deposited in channels and point bars through lateral accretion as the stream meandered." In all, there were fifteen hundred feet of the formation, reporting the disintegration of high Silurian worlds.

Ten or twelve years after the turn of the century, a Bergdoll touring car pulled into the porte cochère of Water Gap House and the chauffeur stepped



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out, leaving Theodore Roosevelt alone in the open back while a photograph arrested his inscrutable face, his light linen suit, his ten-gallon paunch and matching hat. This must have been a high moment for the resort community, but just as Teddy (1858-1919) was in his emeritus years, so, in a sense, was the Water Gap. A fickling clientele preferred Niagaras with falls. An intercity trolley had been added to the scene. Two miles downstream—in what had been George Inness's favorite foreground—was a new railroad bridge that looked like a Roman aqueduct. Rails penetrated the gap on both sides of the river. There was a golf course—dramatic in its glacial variations on precipitous tills pushed by the ice up the side of the broken mountain—where Walter Hagen, in 1926, won the Eastern Open Championship. Soon thereafter, the tournament was played for the last time. Walter Hagen was not coming back, and neither was the nineteenth century. The perennial Philadelphians were now in Maine. In 1931, Kittatinny House burned up like a signal fire. Freight trains wailed as they rumbled past the embers. In 1960 came the interstate—a hundred and sixty years after the first wagon road. As a unit of earth history, a hundred and sixty years could not be said to be exactly nothing—although, in the gradually accumulated red rock beside the river, ninety-four thousand such units were represented. To put it another way, in the fifteen-hundred-foot thickness of the Bloomsburg formation, there were five millimetres for each hundred and sixty years. The interstate, with its keloid configuration, was blasted into the Shawangunk quartzites, blasted into the redbeds of the Bloomsburg, along the New Jersey side. As if that was not enough for one water gap, it turned and crossed the river.

In all the rock we had walked by, the rivers and streams that carried the material had been flowing west and northwest. I looked over the bank at the inventive Delaware, going the other way. "When did the Delaware River come into existence?" I asked Anita.

She shrugged, and said, "Long ago."

I said, "Really."

She turned and looked back toward the great slot in the mountain, and said, "In the late Jurassic, maybe. Possibly the early Cretaceous. I can look it up. I didn't pay much attention to that part of geology."

10:04P.M.

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In round numbers, then, the age of the river was a hundred and fifty million years. The age of the Water Gap rock was four hundred million years. Another fifty million years before that, the Taconic mountains appeared. The river 150, the rock 400, the first ancestral mountains 450 million years before the present—these dates are so unwieldy that they might as well be off a Manchu calendar unless you sense the pace of geologic change and draw an analogy between, say, a hundred million years of geology and one human century, with its upward-fining sequences, its laminations of events, its slow deteriorations and instant catastrophes. You see the rivers running east. Then you see mountains rise. Rivers run off them to the west. Mountains come up like waves. They crest, break, and spread themselves westward. When they are spent, there is an interval of time, and then again you see the rivers running eastward. You look over the shoulder of the painter and you see all that in the landscape. You see it if first you have seen it in the rock. The composition is almost infinitely less than the sum of its parts, the flickers and glimpses of a thousand million years.

—JOHN MCPHEE

(*This is the second part of a three-part article.*)

•

"We'll thank the Israelis if they do what they promised and get rid of the Palestinians and help us set up a strong central government, but we don't want them to keep their hands in our pocket," is a comment often heard among rank-and-file Phalangists.—*The Times.*

Catchy.

•

(6) Movie "Die, Monster, Die" (1965) Boris Karloff, Nick Adams. A young American, visiting his English fiancee's parents, recoils in horror when her father turns into a giant fungus.—*TV listing in the Los Angeles Times.*

You can't have in-laws without having problems.

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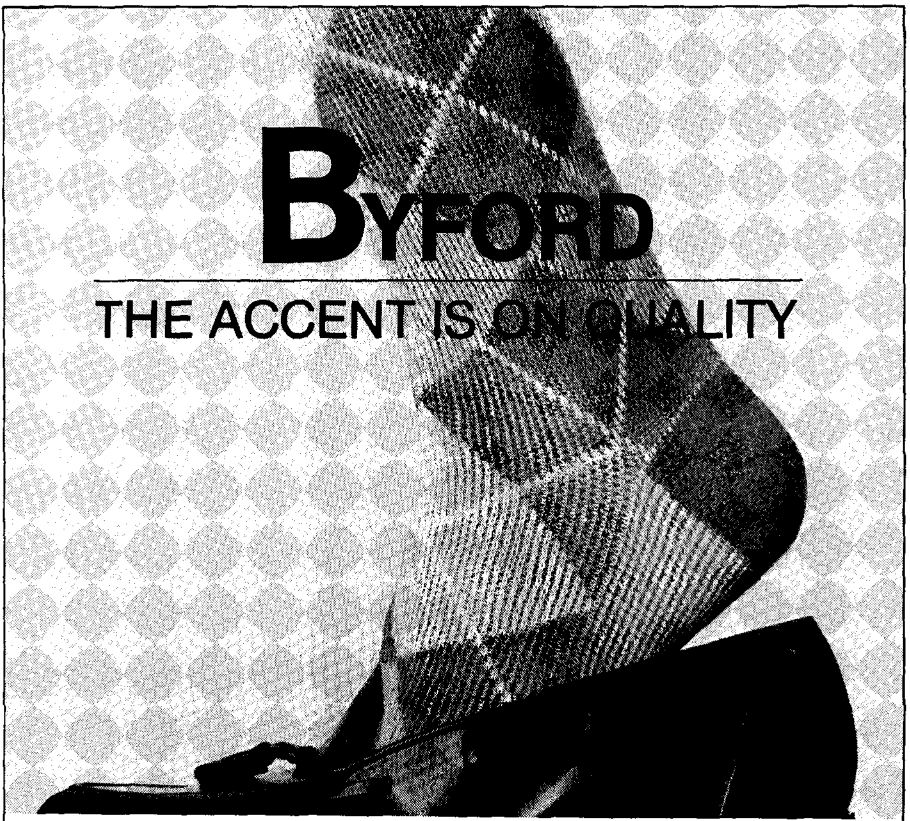

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THE ART WORLD

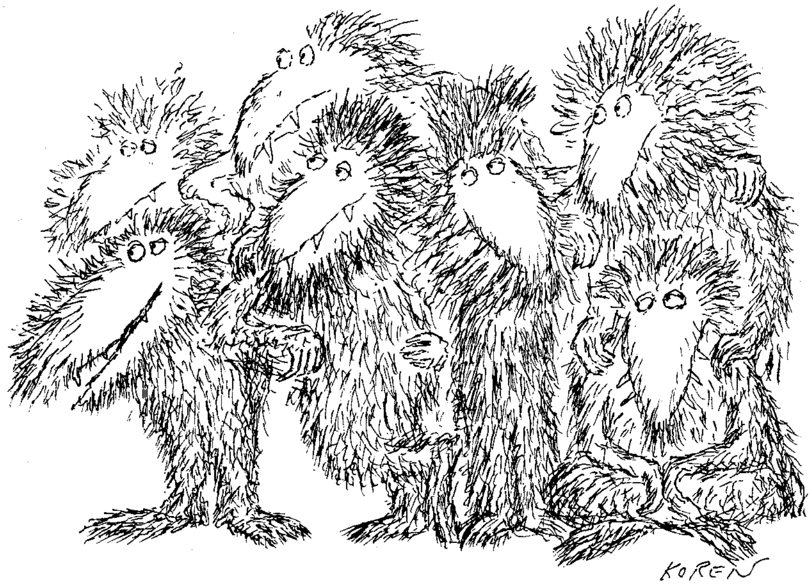
Skowhegan

THE summer in Europe is an annual rite for New York dealers and collectors, and for certain artists as well. This year's migration was unusually heavy, what with the *Venice Biennale*, the *Basel Art Fair*, and the big Documenta exhibition in Kassel opening in rapid succession; during the third week in June, I am told, you could walk into La Colomba, the art crowd's favorite Venetian restaurant, and see the same faces you had been seeing all winter at Les Pleiades (uptown) and Da Silvano (downtown). I resisted the flow and went to Maine instead, hoping to get a jump on art's future at the Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture. Skowhegan has a great reputation for turning out artists. Although it operates in the summer only, for nine weeks, its program attracts promising art students from all parts of the country, and the list of Skowhegan alumni who have gone on to become well-known artists is an impressive one; it includes Ellsworth Kelly, Alex Katz, William King, Robert Indiana, Lee Bontecou, Janet Fish, Nancy Graves, Judy Rifka, Richard Bosman, and Ross Bleckner. Sidney Simon, the sculptor, who was one of the school's founders, and who returned last year to serve as its academic director, had been urging me for some time to visit the place, which I did for a couple of days at the beginning of August.

The school is situated five miles north of the town of Skowhegan, in about the middle of the state, on a hundred and sixty acres of wooded farmland that runs down to the shores of Lake Wesserunsett. During the Second World War, Willard Cummings, a portrait painter, who inherited the farm from his parents, conceived the idea of starting an art school there, as a result of conversations he had with the painter Henry Varnum Poor, the sculptor Charles Cutler, and Sidney Simon. (They all served in the War Department's art unit.) What they had in mind was a school run entirely by artists, with a changing faculty that represented divergent, and even opposite, aesthetic viewpoints, so that students would be obliged to make their own decisions. And that, more or less, was how things evolved. Cummings provided the land and served as the school's president until his death, in 1975. Money had been raised to convert some chicken houses into studios and a few lakefront cottages into dormitories. The first summer session was in 1946.

Skowhegan is run by a board of governors, all of whose members are professional artists, and the necessary funds are raised annually by a board of trustees, several of whose members are wealthy artists. This past summer, there were sixty-two students in residence, six artist-teachers, and six visiting artists, who came in for two or three days at a time to lecture and to talk informally with the students. The majority of the students were on scholarships of one kind or another. Skowhegan has a scholarship arrangement with twenty leading art schools and university art departments around the country, each of which selects one student to go there each summer. The rest of the students get there by applying directly to the board of governors, whose members look at slides of work by more than two hundred applicants a year. The competition would be even stiffer, one student told me, if central Maine were not such a long way from anywhere. Money for transportation is not provided, and students are expected to bring or to pay for their own paint, canvas, and other working materials. Of the students I met, not one seemed to feel that he or she had made a mistake in coming. The chance to work all day, every day, at painting or sculpture (with no academic interruptions) and the close, informal contact with practicing artists (as opposed to professors who also paint or sculpt) made the nine weeks an extraordinarily intense and productive period, and there was much talk of personal breakthroughs, openings up, and the like. (Art students, like artists, tend to talk quite unself-consciously about themselves and their work—much more so than writers, who learn early to mistrust oral communication.) "This is the first place I've been where I was treated as an artist rather than as a student," one Vassar undergraduate (male) told me. "It makes quite a difference in your attitude."

The teaching at Skowhegan is on the pattern of a European atelier. Each faculty member spends two days a week visiting the various studios (some individual, some collective) and offering critiques of the students' work; the rest of the time the teachers are free to do their own work, in faculty studios provided for them. With six artist-teachers on hand, most of the students had found at least one who had something helpful to say to them. Several of the students I talked to were particularly high on George McNeil, an abstract painter of the generation of Pollock



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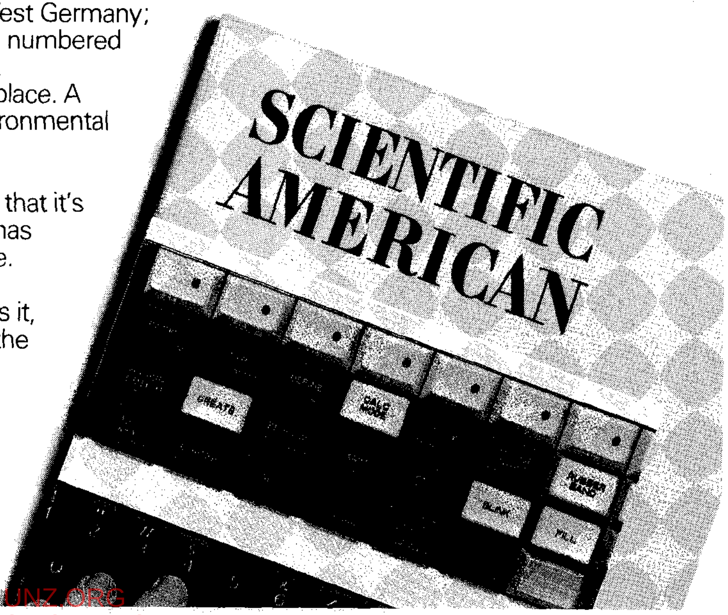

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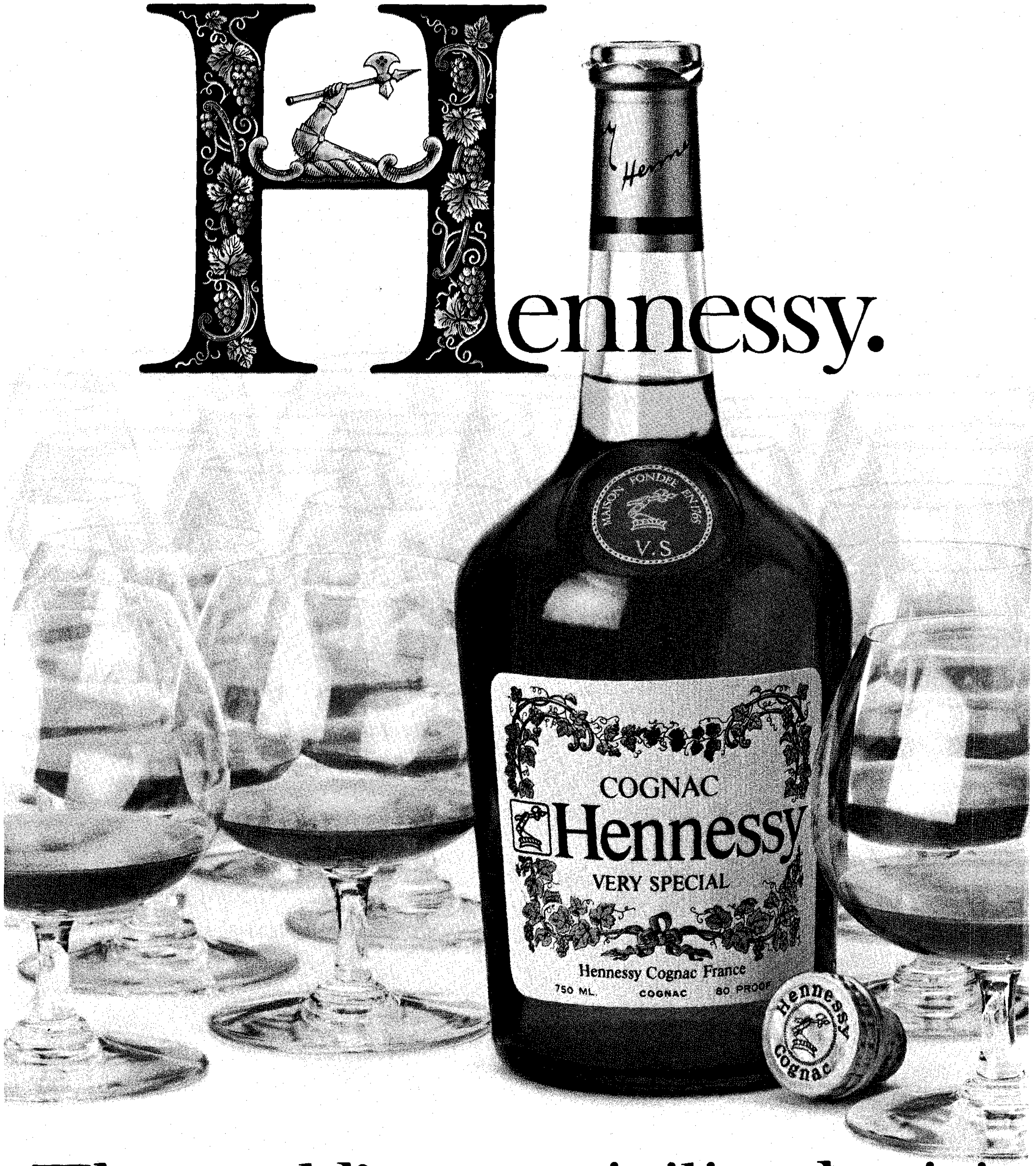
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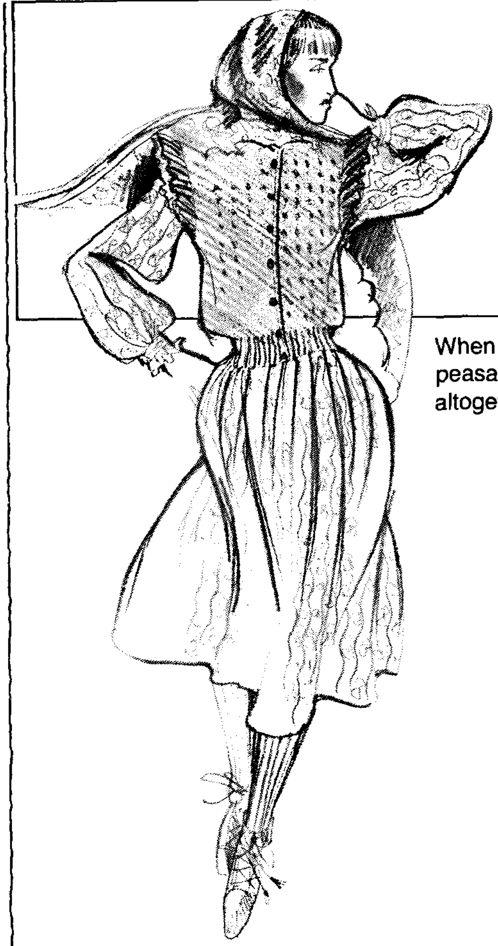
and de Kooning. William King, the sculptor known for his witty elongated human figures, was there to teach fresco painting—a Skowhegan specialty, which can be studied almost nowhere else in this country. About a dozen students were learning from him how to deal with wet plaster and pure, powdered color, in the Renaissance tradition. Sustaining a painting idea over a period of days or weeks, painting a section a day while the plaster is wet, and matching colors that change in the drying process is an experience that stays with you no matter what medium you work in, according to King—who learned fresco technique as a Skowhegan student in 1948, and who has executed a number of public commissions in fresco. In line with the theory of divergent viewpoints, the other teachers were a "new image" painter, Richard Bosman; a well-known sculptor of monumental outdoor works, Ronald Bladen; another sculptor, Donna Dennis, whose work makes use of architectural motifs; and Jake Berthot, a New York painter who leans toward Minimal art. The summer's visiting artists were Richard Haas, Louise Nevelson, Peter Voulkos, Jean Helion, Frank Stella, and David Hockney—as divergent a set of talents as the current scene can offer.

What influences and trends did the students' work reflect? Not surprisingly, most of what I saw looked very similar to the work currently on view in the New York galleries, and in roughly the same proportions: a lot of Neo-Expressionist painting, with recognizable figures and objects in odd settings and in lurid colors; considerably less abstract painting, messy rather than hard-edge, some of it containing figurative elements; a smattering of representational realism, in the newly fashionable old-fashioned modes (landscapes, portraits); a good deal of wood and metal sculpture, most of it abstract. Linda Peer, a staff assistant in the sculpture department, told me that since 1975, when she was a Skowhegan student, the ratio of abstract to representational work there had reversed itself in painting, though not in sculpture. In this era of travelling exhibitions, color reproductions, and promotional zeal, the latest developments in New York (and in Venice, Basel, and Kassel) are picked up very quickly in the art schools.

What is new about the current generation of art students is that nearly all of them have spent at least two years in the art department of a fully accred-



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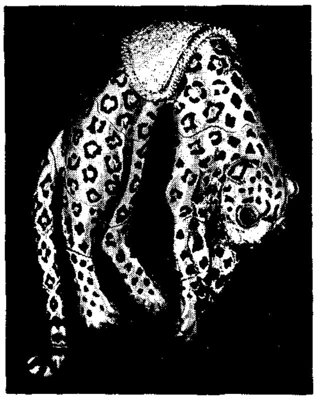

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ited college or university. Syracuse, Boston University, Yale, the University of Pennsylvania, and several other schools offer four-year programs in fine art, with the first year given over to a solid grounding in techniques that we tend to think are defunct, such as drawing from plaster casts. It is perfectly respectable to choose art as a profession today, even though the financial prospects are as dim as ever and the survival rate is infinitesimal. (Approximately one out of every two thousand art students becomes a practicing artist—although at Skowhegan the estimate is one out of four.) Whether the practice of art can be approached in this manner, as a profession, without abandoning to some extent its subversive role in society is an interesting question. Pollock, de Kooning, Newman, and the other giants of the first New York School saw themselves as outsiders, and were proud of it. Because society paid so little attention to them, they could take the risks that led to their individual and collective breakthroughs. The next generation of artists tended to define itself through its ability to reject or to go beyond the giants' achievement. It was not until the mid-sixties that the latest art began to attract the interest of news magazines and other barometers of public taste, and since that time—since Warhol and Lichtenstein, let's say—no significantly subversive artist has emerged here. Today's university-nourished artist seems to feel less of an urge than his predecessors did to change the course of art. In some ways, this is a great relief. Subversion has not always been thought to be art's main function, after all, and our society could use some reassurance.

I asked George McNeil, who has done a good deal of teaching over the years, whether he thought art students today were different from what they were twenty years ago. He said he found them better educated, in a general sense, and more impatient: "Most of them want to be famous in a year." He was perplexed by the upsurge of interest in realist painting among students as well as established artists. "They're throwing out a hundred and thirty years of art," he said. McNeil had been talking to his students about what he called "the new space" of the Impressionists, who did away with fixed-point perspective and established spatial relationships largely through shifting planes of color; he had also talked to them about "the new new

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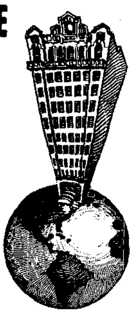

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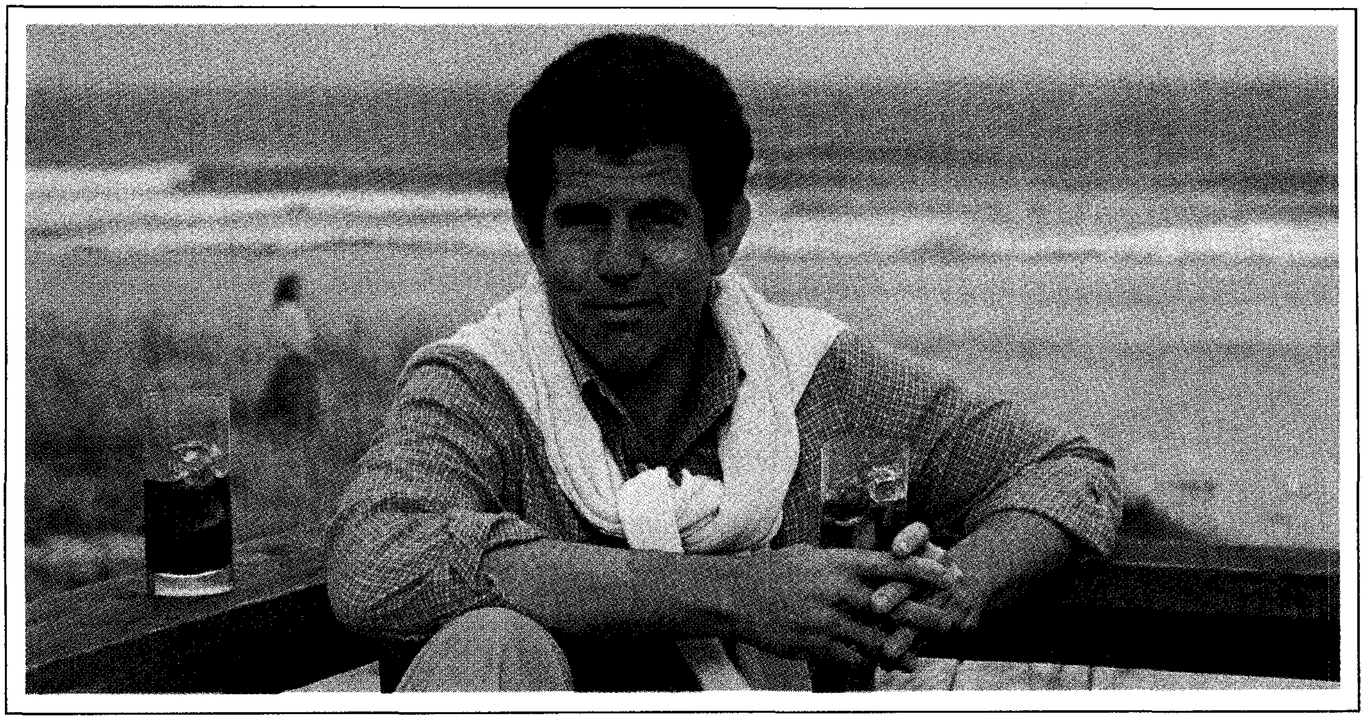

Tony Roberts talks about his first time.

ROBERTS: It was exactly seven years, eleven months, two weeks and five days ago, at 7:00 PM on Fire Island.

INTERVIEWER: You remember the exact moment?!

ROBERTS: Of course. A man never forgets his first time.

INTERVIEWER: It must have been quite an experience. You must tell me about it.

ROBERTS: I was at a beach party comparing tan lines, when an exotic woman in a red sarong sauntered over in my direction. I immediately noticed that she had the best tan on the beach.

INTERVIEWER: Go on.

ROBERTS: She looked me straight in the eye and said, "Campari?"

"I'm sorry," I replied, "I don't speak Italian."

"Neither do I," she said. I was so embarrassed.

INTERVIEWER: I can see why!

ROBERTS: Anyway, she handed me a Campari and orange juice, and sipped a Campari and soda herself. Then I understood.

INTERVIEWER: How was it?

ROBERTS: At first I thought it was bitter. Then I realized it was sweet, too. I guess bittersweet is the only way to describe it.

INTERVIEWER: Was she amused?

ROBERTS: Very. She said, "You'll acquire a taste for it, Tony. Most men do."

She was right. My second time was much better. And now I like to have it as often as I can.

INTERVIEWER: Did you ever see the young woman again?

ROBERTS: No, but I keep hoping I will. I've enjoyed it so many ways since my first time... now I could teach her a thing or two.

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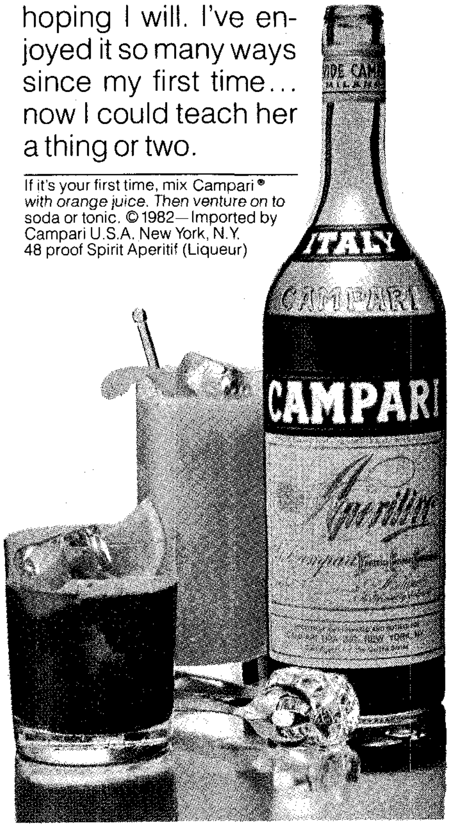

CAMPARI. THE FIRST TIME IS NEVER THE BEST.

space" introduced by abstract artists who had severed all ties with the natural world. In the new new space, as he explained it, you make a mark on the canvas, and then another mark, which relates to the first, and then another and another—and what you end up with is an art of surface relationships. Although he had his doubts about the new new space, he did not think that the way to resolve them was by going back to Renaissance perspective.

William King said he saw no essential difference between today's art students and those of the forties or fifties. "It's a type—they have it or they don't," he said. "Most of them here have it. You can see from the way they work all day and half the night. God knows, you can't teach art. Teaching here is just exhausting, because the students want to devour you. They're interested in how you've survived, for one thing. You can see them thinking, If that jerk can do it, so can I. A lot of them here don't think that much of my work. And I can't say I'm too impressed by this sort of stuff." He waved toward a pair of Neo-Expressionist student efforts—deliberately crude figurative scenes with a lot of paint pushed turbulently around. "That's what I call Junior Realism," he said. "That can't be very demanding to do, now, can it?"

If art can't be taught beyond a certain level, then what makes Skowhegan appear to be such a dynamic place? My guess is that it has something to do with generational crosscurrents—with students wanting to devour teachers, and artist-teachers feeling the pressure to stay on top and undevoured. Becoming an artist is still a risky thing to do; being one is much riskier. Skowhegan seems to foster an attitude for risk-taking of all kinds, and this may well be its lasting contribution.

—CALVIN TOMKINS

•

When she fought against *Our Bodies, Ourselves*, she wrote a letter to the editor of the local paper and quoted offensive passages filled with gutteral slang.—*Tacoma* (*Wash.*) *News Tribune*.

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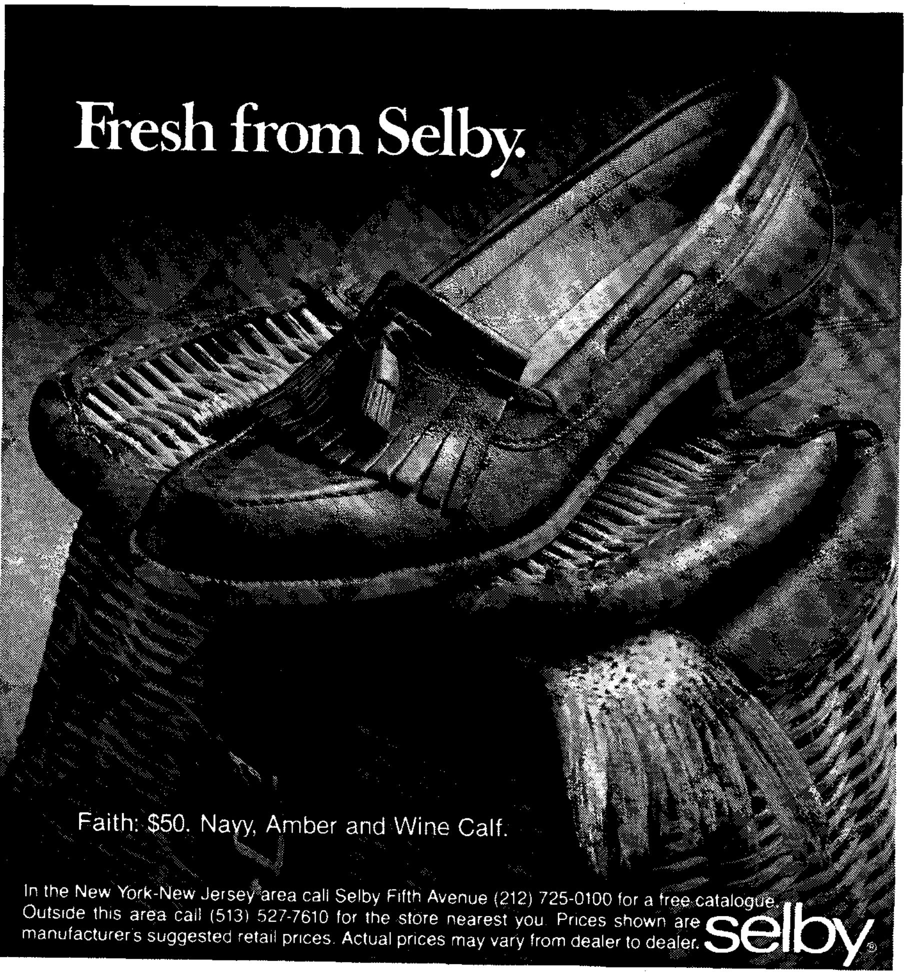

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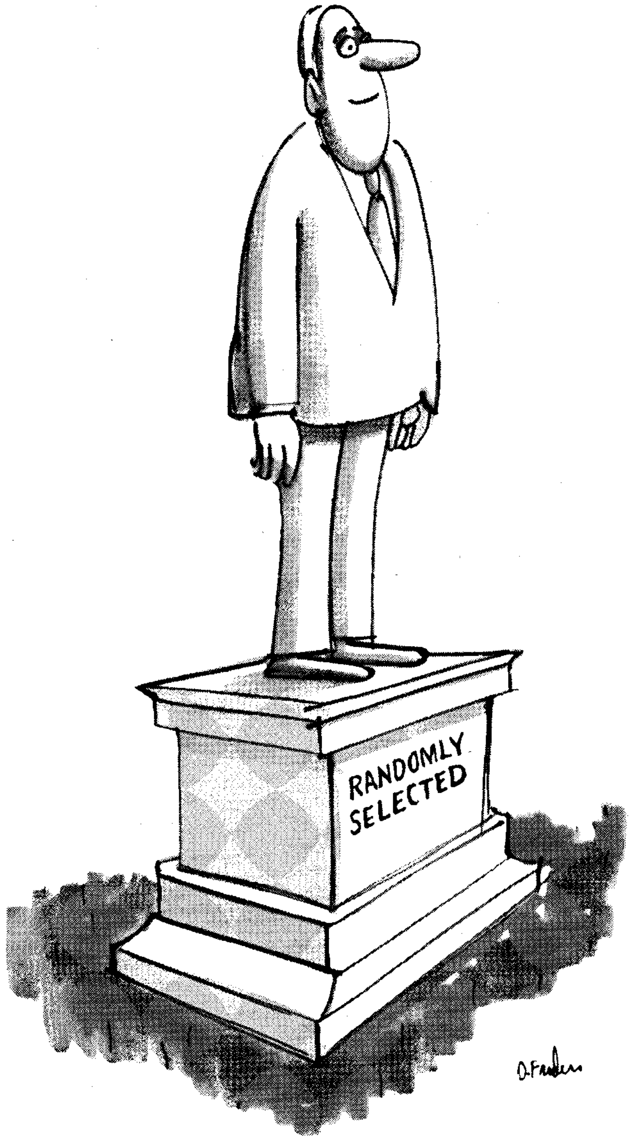
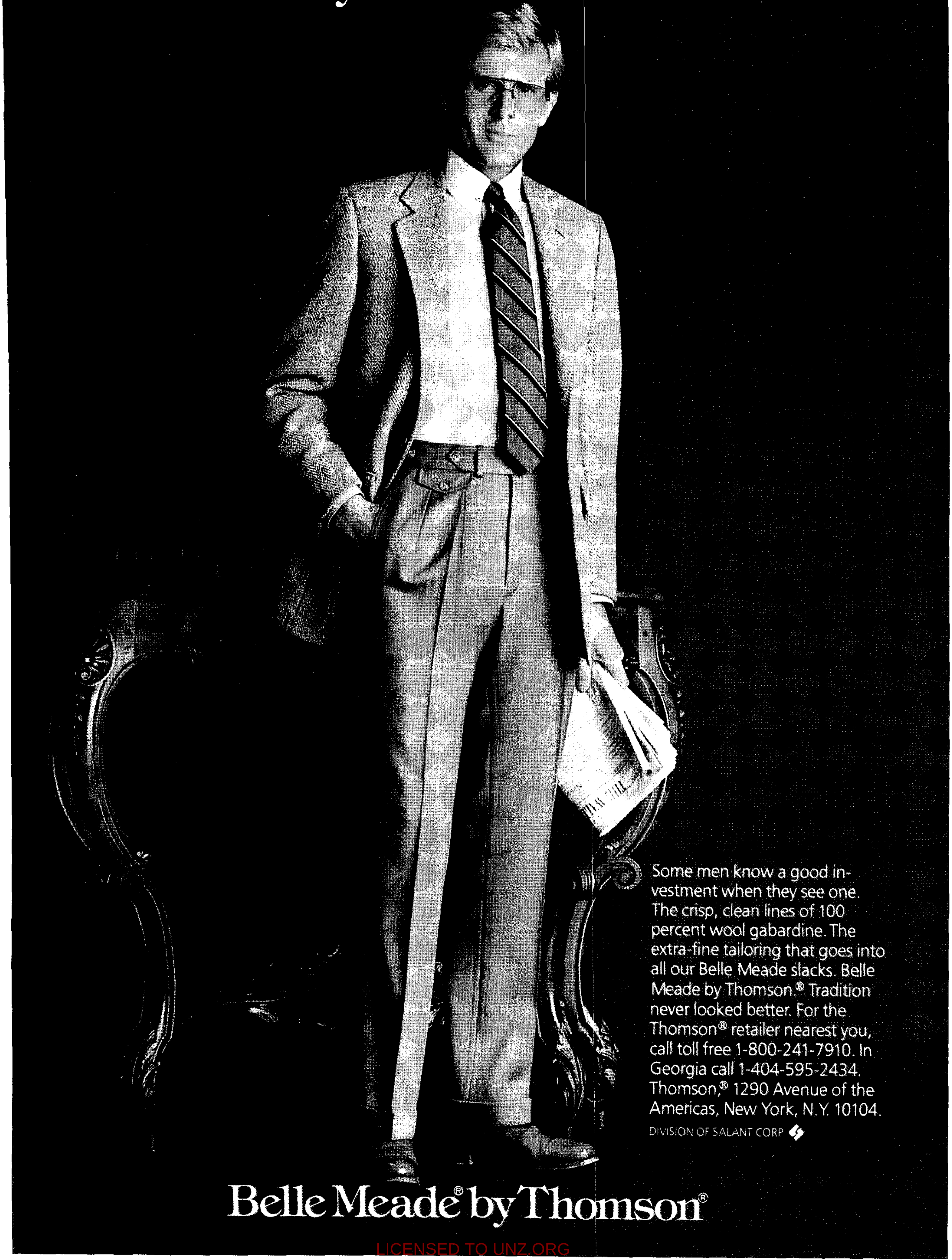
U.S. JOURNAL: GRUNDY COUNTY, IOWA

A FATHER-SON OPERATION

THE soil in Grundy County is often spoken of as the richest soil in Iowa—which means, Grundy County residents sometimes add, that it must be about the richest soil in the world. "The land is mostly a gentle, undulating prairie with just sufficient slope to thoroughly drain it," somebody wrote of Grundy County farmland in 1860. "There is not the same area in the state with less waste-land. . . . The soil is black mould of the prairie, deep and strong for all kinds of crops." Although the farmers who come in to Grundy Center, the county seat, to do their banking and buy their supplies manage to find plenty about the weather that is worthy of complaint, crop failures in Grundy County are even rarer than armed robberies. "Oh, we get six or seven crop failures a year," a local resident said recently over morning coffee at Manly's drugstore, on the main street of Grundy Center. "But they're all in the bar or the drugstore." Agribusiness spokesmen who routinely talk about the American family farm in the past tense are apparently not familiar with Grundy County. All its farms are family farms. Many of them are owned by the same families that carved them out of the prairie in the last decades of the nineteenth century. In those days, the northern part of the county was virtually all German—it was settled by serious, hardworking farm people from East Friesland, near the Dutch border—and it is virtually all German today. The family names are the same. People in Grundy Center still like to say that you can walk from a point just a couple of miles north of the county courthouse to Parkersburg, fifteen miles away, and almost never be off land that is owned by one member of the Meester clan or another. In some ways, the lives of the Grundy County Germans have not changed a lot since the days when walking was about the only way to make the trip. It is true, of course, that they now own sixty-thousand-dollar tractors and that they routinely drive twenty-five miles to a shopping mall in Cedar Falls for their groceries and that many of them can easily afford to fly to Germany to visit the villages of their forebears. It is also true, though, that they remain serious, hardworking farm people. Most of them still lead lives that revolve tightly around their families and their land. On Sundays, they go to church—to small country Reformed churches on county blacktops or to conservative versions of Presbyterian or Baptist churches in nearby trading towns like Parkersburg and Aplington. The Sabbath is still taken seriously as a day of rest in northern Grundy County; not many people would mow their lawn or wash their car or repair the roof of their barn on a Sunday afternoon—not within sight of the road, at least. Many people still live in the rambling white farmhouses that their forebears built on the family's original plot of land—what farm people in Iowa still call the home place. The houses stand surrounded by huge groves of shade trees that are visible for miles across an otherwise almost treeless prairie. In all directions, the black Iowa soil is planted in corn and soybeans. In Grundy County, a good farmer can expect a yield of a hundred and fifty bushels of corn an acre, and it is taken for granted that just about all farmers in Grundy County are good farmers. One of the best—one of the best, that is, until his life began to change in ways that his neighbors still can't quite explain—was a man named Lawrence Hartman.



Four or five years ago, when Lawrence Hartman was in his middle fifties, there didn't seem to be much of what life in Grundy County could offer that he didn't have. He owned one of the most prosperous corn-and-bean farms in the county. He ran a large cattle-feeding operation. He had served as a trustee of his township and a trustee of the Presbyterian Church and a member of the Landfill Commission and a member of the Election Board and a member of the Condemnation Board. His wife, Esther, was a Meester—a member of the largest and most prominent of northern Grundy County's founding families. His two grown sons, Rodney and Rollyn, worked with him on the Hartman land, as he had worked with his own father. Rodney, who was then about thirty, was a big, beefy, occasionally rambunctious bachelor who was gradually settling back down to life in Grundy County after a couple of years at a business col-



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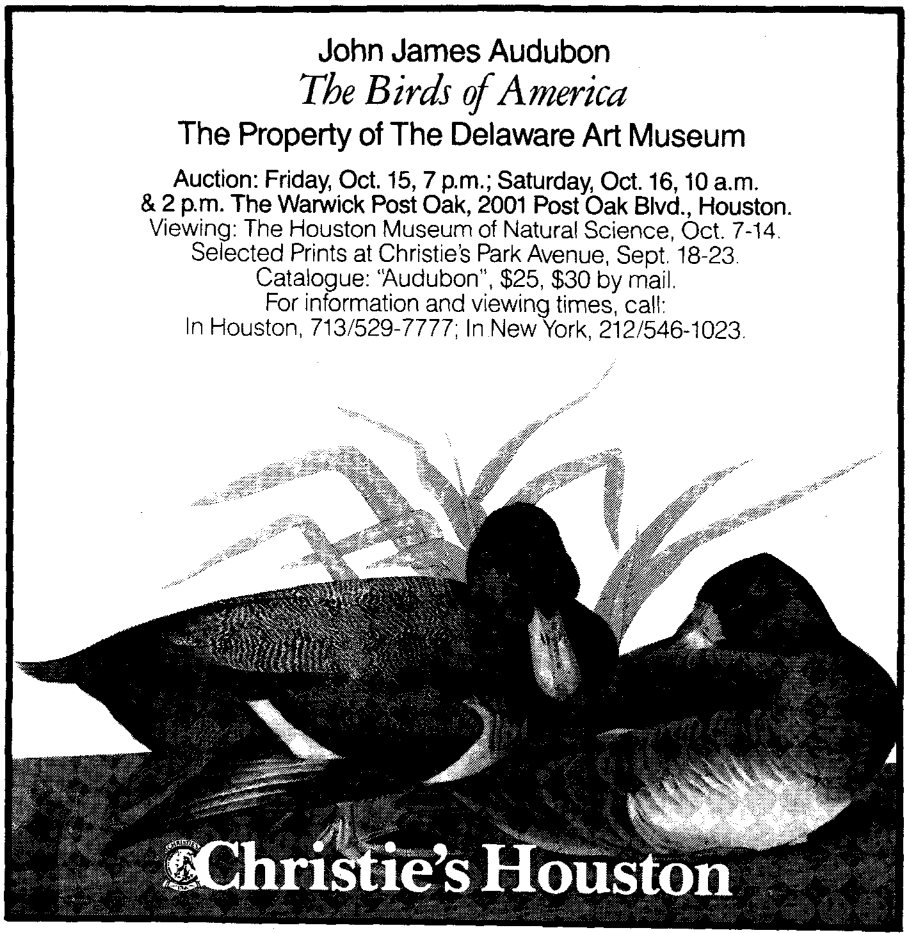
lege in Waterloo and a particularly unsettling year as a combat infantryman in Vietnam. Rollyn, eight years younger, was a quieter man, who had only recently left home for the first time: he got married and moved to a farmhouse just down the road from his parents. When Rollyn was asked some time later to describe the sort of farming the Hartmans did, he summed it up in one sentence: "It's a father-son operation."

In farm families, where people who have ties of blood may also be connected as business partners, it is customary to be explicit about the terms of the partnership. When Lawrence Hartman's father retired and moved to town—in 1947, the year Lawrence and Esther Hartman were married—Lawrence began farming the Hartman home place, two hundred and forty acres on a county road known as the Buck Grove Blacktop, in a fifty-fifty partnership. He worked his father's land with his father's equipment for half the profits. Thirty years later, Lawrence Hartman's arrangement with his two sons was as clearly defined. Lawrence and Rollyn Hartman were fifty-fifty partners in a hog operation—the corn for feed provided by the father, the labor by the son. In the main farming operation, Rodney and Rollyn traded their labor—they prepared the ground, their father did the actual planting—for the use of Lawrence Hartman's machinery and his planting expertise on a smaller farm they had bought for themselves with his help. The one person whose labors in the family's enterprises seemed beyond any agreements or categories was Esther Hartman.

Esther Hartman seemed to have inherited undiluted the values brought to Iowa by the God-fearing, thrifty, hardworking settlers from East Friesland. She was strict about going to church and strict about keeping the Sabbath and strict about not having any liquor in her house. Although she was three years older than her husband, and had a slight hunch from curvature of the spine, she seemed to have the energy of a strapping farm girl. She kept an immaculate house. She canned vegetables long after most of her neighbors had been won over by the frozen-food cases of the Cedar Falls supermarkets. She baked pies and she baked cakes. In the Hartman household, it was taken for granted that Rodney, who lived nearby, would bring his laundry home to his mother every week. Esther Hartman had always done the laundry and the spring cleaning for her elder brothers—bachelor twins who together still farmed the Meester home place, a couple of miles away, speaking the Plattdeutsch of their childhood to each other over supper. From the beginning, she had worked alongside her husband on the Hartman farm—not just managing the house but opening gates and helping with the livestock and keeping the books.

After thirty years of hard work by the Hartman family, the books looked remarkably good. The Hartmans had most of their land paid off; their income was more than respectable, even by city standards. As a farmer, Lawrence Hartman was known as a good manager—a man who could get his land plowed and planted with less equipment and less labor than his neighbors required for the same number of acres, a man who could judge the best time to plant and the best time to buy supplies in quantity. He was also shrewd at acquiring property. The Hartman holdings grew steadily. Esther inherited some land from her family, but mostly Lawrence bought land from his neighbors. Several times in the late sixties, he bought nearby farms by first arranging to sell off what is known as the acreage—the house and the outbuildings and the few acres they stand on—and then using the money as down payment. About the most he paid for land was five or six hundred dollars an acre, and gradually it became clear that Grundy County farmland at that price was a great bargain. In the middle seventies, the value of farmland in Grundy County seemed to increase almost daily. The boom was not the result of outside speculation; local farmers were attempting to increase their holdings. They were trying to expand partly because of two or three particularly good crops in a row and partly because increasingly efficient and expensive farm machinery made it sensible to spread a huge investment in tractors and combines over an extra hundred or two hundred acres of land. There was another factor that people in Grundy County talk about now and then in the drugstore over morning coffee or in the tavern over a beer: for one reason or another, a lot of people had come to the realization at about the same time that the black soil of Grundy County was limited in supply, and that nobody was ever going to produce any more of it. Around 1977, prime farmland in Grundy County was changing hands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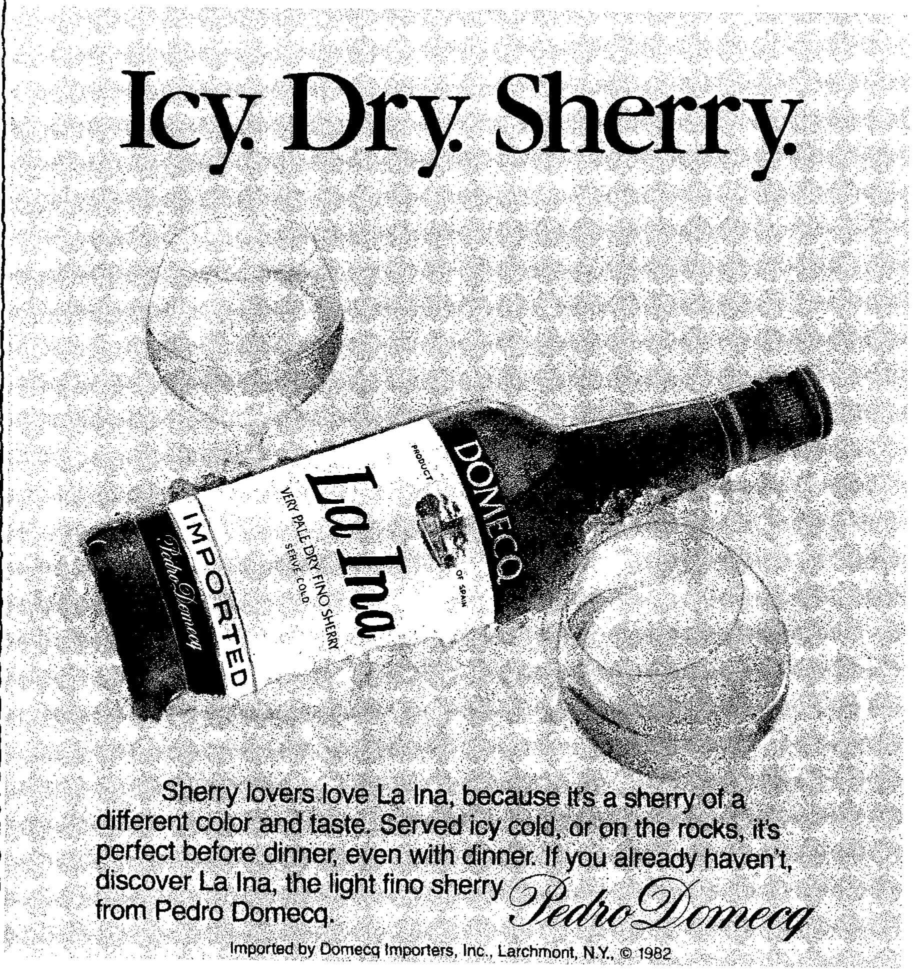
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for thirty-five hundred dollars an acre and going toward four thousand. Lawrence Hartman—a man whose education amounted to eight years in a county school, a man who had started with a half share in a quarter section, a man who had worked with his hands just about every day of every week except the Sabbath since childhood—had more than five hundred acres of it.

ONE evening in 1978, in a bar called the Apartment Lounge in Cedar Falls, Lawrence Hartman picked up a woman named Katherine Sunderman. The Apartment Lounge is in the College Square shopping center—a large, modern mall close to the campus of the University of Northern Iowa. Although the designer of the Apartment Lounge included examples of just about every type of decoration found in any type of American bar, from hanging plants to brewery art, the design element that seems most appropriate to the clientele is a series of drawings of Northern Iowa fraternity and sorority houses. At the Apartment Lounge, the waitresses are likely to be young women wearing crew-neck sweaters, and the bartender may be a physical-education major in a swim-team T-shirt. In that atmosphere, Katherine Sunderman, who worked as a cocktail waitress herself at one time or another, stood out—a divorcée in her early thirties with a lot of tight blond curls and a habit of calling all women "babe" and all men "tiger." The people who worked at the Apartment Lounge referred to her among themselves as Flo, after the brassy, gum-chewing waitress in a television sit-com. That night in 1978, she and a friend fell into conversation with a couple of men at the next table—Lawrence Hartman and a partner of his in a cattle-feeding operation. Not long after that, Katherine Sunderman and Lawrence Hartman were thought of by the Apartment Lounge staff as a couple—Flo and the quiet farmer.

Why was Lawrence Hartman trying to pick up a cocktail waitress over a drink in a Cedar Falls lounge instead of discussing the weather with his neighbors over coffee in Aplington or over a beer in Parkersburg? What had changed a family man and community leader of unassailable reputation? Some people in Grundy County would say simply "Cattle-buying." A corn-and-beans farmer never wanders far; he even comes home in the middle of the day for dinner. Someone who

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buys cattle—buys them with the thought of feeding them for a year and then selling them—may find himself in a large city with the day's work done and an empty evening on his hands. "It's almost like a travelling salesman," someone in a café in Aplington said recently. "You got to be pretty well grounded." For thirty years, Lawrence Hartman had in fact seemed pretty well grounded. There was a time when he managed to buy cattle by ordering over the phone from a dealer in Sioux City whom he knew and trusted, or by driving to Sioux City with Esther, so that she could go shopping with the dealer's wife while the deal was being made. By the time he met Katherine Sunderman at the Apartment Lounge, though, he had begun travelling to places like Kansas City to buy cattle, with some cattle-buyers who were known in Grundy County for being interested in big-city entertainment as well as in livestock. "He'd been here thirty-some years farming, and then he got to the city," Rodney Hartman said not long ago. In the city, according to an Aplington man who dealt with Lawrence Hartman for a number of years, "he had some money and he probably found it could buy him some goodies he hadn't been aware of." Lawrence Hartman began to pay less attention to the farm than he had in the past. He began talking about the pleasures of drinking Screwdrivers at cocktail lounges. Then, Rodney Hartman has said, "*she* came along."

Rodney and Rollyn Hartman found out who she was almost as soon as their mother finally told them that their father had apparently been seeing another woman for some time. They traced a number from a telephone bill to Katherine Sunderman's mobile home, in a trailer park outside a little town between Aplington and Cedar Falls. When Lawrence Hartman arrived home the next morning and spoke harshly to his wife, apparently not realizing that Rodney was in the house, Rodney hit him hard enough to break his jaw. Even now, Rodney finds it astonishing that he hit the man he had been brought up to respect and obey. "I was probably out of line bad," he said. "But I couldn't handle it." It was not the last violence to pass between father and sons. Once, Rollyn Hartman and his father exchanged blows. Once, Lawrence Hartman threatened Rollyn with a shotgun, and Rollyn tried to knock him down the stairs. Once, Rodney and Rollyn forc-

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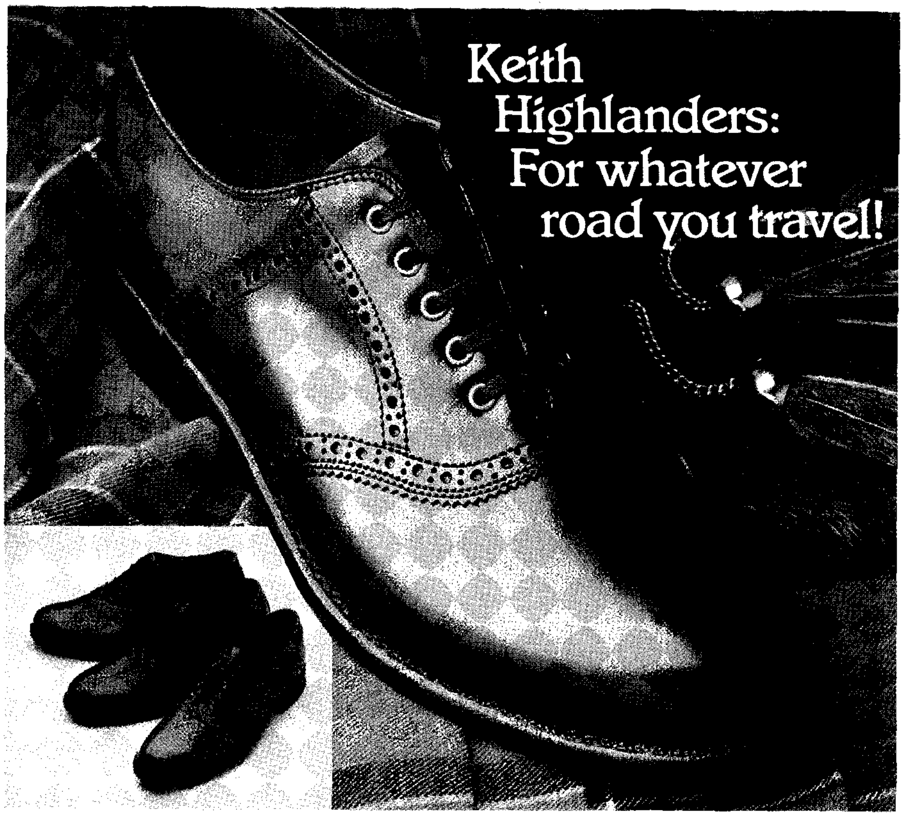

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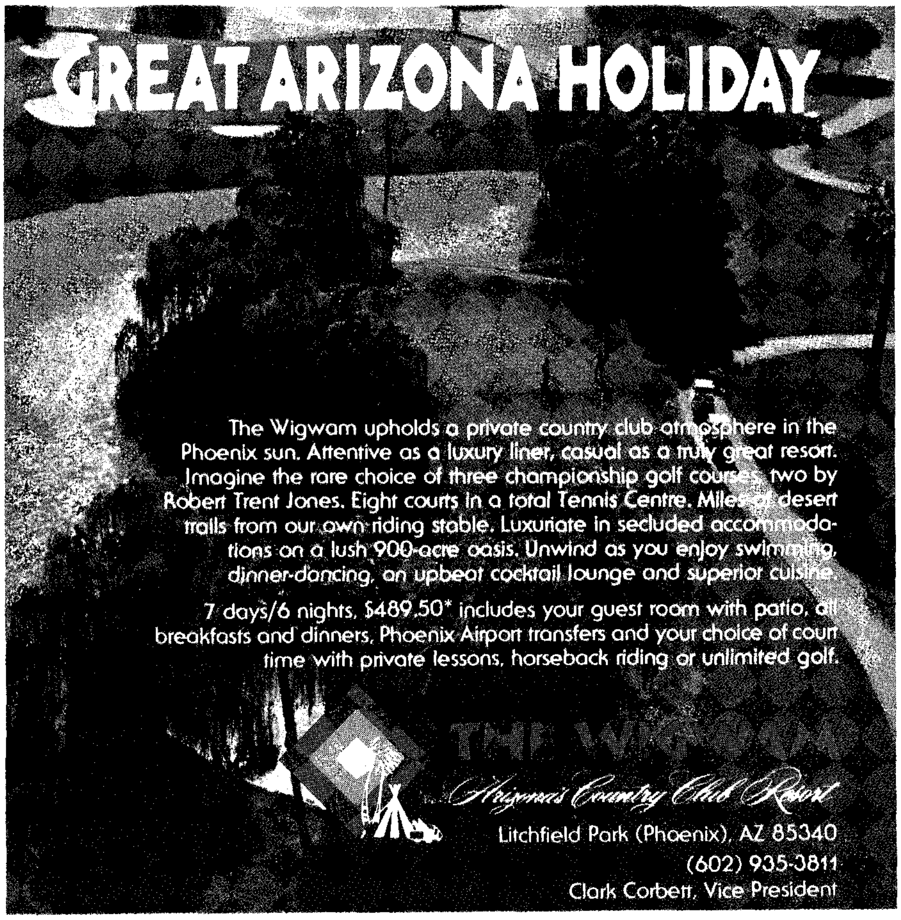

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ibly dragged Lawrence Hartman to the Happy Chef restaurant in Cedar Falls so that the sons could confront Katherine Sunderman as a home-wrecker in their father's presence.

Lawrence Hartman had told his sons that his personal life was none of their business, but they considered it literally their business. They were concerned not just about their mother but also about the future of the farm they had worked on all their lives. "My father lost his ability to manage," Rodney has said. Lawrence Hartman was often gone, even at the time of year when hogs had to be taken to market or planting was imminent. "We had to know what was going to be corn and what was going to be beans," Rollyn has said. "If you farm eight or nine hundred acres, you may have one chance at a crop. You'd better be there when the weather's right." At times, Lawrence said he wanted to work out his marital problems. There were sessions with a marriage counsellor and with the Hartmans' minister, Charles Orr. At times, Hartman assured his sons that he had given up Katherine Sunderman, only to disappear again over a long weekend. "We tried a lot of things," Rodney Hartman said recently. "But we never did get the job done." For two Christmases in a row, Lawrence Hartman was absent when his family—his wife and his sons and his daughter-in-law and, the second year, his first grandchild—gathered at the Hartman home place. It was an act that seemed to shock them almost more than anything else he had done. What it all meant in Rollyn's view was that Lawrence Hartman was "no longer part of our family." In the spring of 1980, Esther Hartman, who had been raised in a society where the permanence of the marriage contract was unquestioned, finally began divorce proceedings. She got a court injunction that barred her husband from their farmhouse and severely limited the amount of money he could draw from the family account.

Within a couple of months, she had taken him back. "Oh, he begged her," a close friend of Esther Hartman said. "He didn't want to be alone, he said. He'd miss her pies. He'd miss her mashed potatoes." Hartman said he was through with Katherine Sunderman. He and his wife took a trip together to Arkansas. He no longer found reasons for being away from the farm all the time. Rodney and Rollyn Hartman allowed themselves to believe that some inexplicable chapter in their father's life might have finally ended. By autumn, Esther Hartman seemed more cheerful than she had been in years. She chatted away with friends about plans for a new garden and a new strawberry patch. Then, shortly after 3 A.M. on a stormy Saturday in September, Charles Orr, who is the ambulance driver in Aplington as well as the Hartmans' pastor, was awakened by a telephone call from Lawrence Hartman. "It's Esther," Hartman said. Orr drove the ambulance to the Hartman farmhouse. Esther Hartman was dead.

She had bruises on her face and hands. All but one of her ribs had been broken, crushing her lungs and cutting off her ability to breathe. Lawrence Hartman said he had been out during the evening—at Katherine Sunderman's new apartment, not far from the Happy Chef, in Cedar Falls, as it turned out—and after his return had found his wife at the bottom of the basement steps, presumably the victim of a fall while carrying laundry on the stairs. Hartman seemed in sort of a daze. "Esther was good to me," he told Rick Penning, who was then a deputy and is now the sheriff of Grundy County. "She always baked me stuff—pies and stuff." His sons—and particularly Rodney—were in a state that seemed in danger of erupting into violence. As the farmhouse began to fill up that night with the sheriff's deputies and doctors and friends, some of the law-enforcement people spent part of their time making certain that Lawrence Hartman was not alone with his sons. "I finally asked the boys if they would go up to Rollyn's home and wait until we called them," William Marten, who was then the sheriff, has said. "Because I felt the situation was becoming out of hand." Before the boys left, though, Rollyn had made their feelings clear to his father. "Someday," he told Lawrence Hartman, "you'll burn in hell."

AROUND Christmastime of 1980, Lawrence Hartman was indicted for the murder of his wife—the first murder case in Grundy County in thirty years. A few months later, Rodney and Rollyn brought a wrongful-death suit against their father in civil court—a suit that was really about who would own Esther Hartman's share of the farm she had worked on for so long. To defend him against the murder charge, Hartman hired one of the best-known criminal lawyers in

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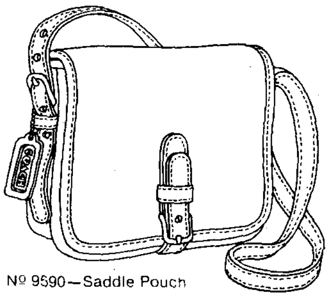

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the state. (People in Grundy County, speculating about the fee that such a big-city lawyer might command, said, "There goes one farm right there.") It was nearly a year before Hartman was actually tried for murder. The defense argued, without much opposition, that Hartman could not get an impartial jury in Grundy County, and the trial was set for the seat of Black Hawk County—Waterloo, the city right next to Cedar Falls. A lot of people from Grundy County made the drive daily. At times, there were crowds too large to be accommodated in the courtroom. The atmosphere among the spectators was caught by a photograph in the Des Moines *Register*—a row of eight women, middle-aged or older, staring at the proceedings with expressions that carried no hint of forgiveness.

The prosecutor, a young Grundy Center attorney named Richard Pilcher, presented evidence to show that in the summer of 1980 Lawrence Hartman had gone back to Katherine Sunderman after all. He had given her a diamond ring. He had leased a car for her. He had promised her that once the fall harvest was in he would have his final divorce settlement and would then be able to marry her. They had talked about a honeymoon in Hawaii. Evidence was entered that Hartman had once injured his wife by kicking her, and that she had expressed fear that he would attack her again. Pilcher claimed that Hartman had wanted "the best of both worlds"—the pies and cakes and solidity of the home that Esther provided as well as a new and drastically different life with a cocktail waitress who had a habit of calling men "tiger." According to the prosecution's case, when Hartman finally had to make a choice—when he was getting pressure from Katherine Sunderman to marry her and getting pressure to straighten out from his wife and his sons and pressure from the court injunction—he saw no way to have both his farm and his new life except to kill Esther. Rodney and Rollyn both testified against their father.

"The truth of the matter is, Rollyn," the defense lawyer said on cross-examination, "you'd like to see him, in your words, 'burn in hell.' "

"Well, if that's justice," Rollyn said.

Hartman did not deny his relationship with Katherine Sunderman—that he had slept with her the night of Esther Hartman's death, that he had lied to his family about her, that he

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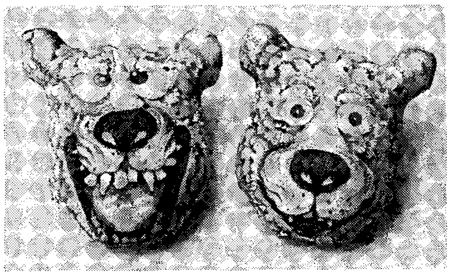

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was living with her as he stood trial for his wife's murder, that he planned to marry her. Although he expressed his love for his wife ("Esther was a good person; nothing wrong with Esther"), he said that his marriage had dried up after the boys moved out. He had told Katherine Sunderman that he felt like a slave at times, and that Esther sometimes seemed to care more for her brothers than she did for him. Throughout the trial, it was said that Lawrence and Esther Hartman had become incompatible. The word used to describe the relationship between Lawrence Hartman and Katherine Sunderman was "bouncy"—in Katherine Sunderman's testimony, "very bouncy." There wasn't much brought out about Hartman's behavior that might have softened the stares of the women who drove to the courthouse from Grundy County every day. The defense attorney took care to remind the jury that "Lawrence Hartman isn't on trial here for having an affair."

To refute the testimony of pathologists called by the prosecution, the defense presented some pathologists who said that Esther Hartman's injuries could have resulted from a fall and an effort at cardiopulmonary resuscitation by her husband. Even so, there were a lot of problems with the defendant's explanation of what had happened that night. He had to explain what he was doing in the basement, and why Esther was walking back down the basement stairs with clean laundry of Rodney's that had been seen in the kitchen that afternoon, and why a couple of presumably disinterested neighbors testified that they had seen him in Aplington or Parkersburg when his alibi called for him to be in Cedar Falls. Katherine Sunderman's testimony supported Hartman's story—if that can be said of testimony that she knew he was still in her bed at two in the morning because she had set the alarm clock for two in order to take a twelve-hour cold pill—but she acknowledged making a statement that seemed rather damaging. When an investigator informed her that Esther Hartman was dead, Katherine Sunderman acknowledged, her response had been to blurt out, "Oh, God! Was she beaten?"

Pilcher asked the jury to find Hartman guilty of first-degree murder—murder committed with premeditation as well as intent. It may be that the prosecution itself had poked too many holes in Hartman's story to make pre-

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meditation plausible. If Hartman had planned the whole thing, the jurors may have surmised, wouldn't he have done a better job of tying up loose ends than that? They apparently believed, though, that Lawrence Hartman had killed his wife—killed her in a drunken rage, maybe, or killed her because he had started hitting her and couldn't stop. After eight and a half hours of deliberation, Hartman was found guilty of second-degree murder. The judge sentenced him to twenty-five years in prison.

BECAUSE the case was appealed to the Iowa Supreme Court, Lawrence Hartman was able to remain free on a hundred-thousand-dollar bond. A couple of months after the trial was over, he and Katherine Sunderman were married. They continue to live in the apartment that Hartman visited the night his wife died. They are not seen around northern Grundy County. For the most part, what Hartman's former neighbors know about him and his new wife is what they read in the papers. A recent item, reprinted in the Grundy County weekly from the Waterloo paper, reported that Katherine Sunderman Hartman had been picked up by the Iowa State Patrol for driving while intoxicated, and that Lawrence Hartman, who was in the car with her, was booked at the same time for public intoxication.

There are, of course, still a lot of different theories in Grundy County to account for how Lawrence Hartman was transformed from a pillar of the German farming community into a man who carried on with a cocktail waitress and lost the respect of his sons and was eventually convicted of murdering his own wife. Some people think that Hartman simply fell into bad company—high-steppers who exposed an unworldly farmer to temptations he couldn't resist. Some people think he just happened to be smitten—bewitched, maybe—by Katherine Sunderman. ("The defendant becomes obsessed with this other woman," Pilcher said in his closing statement. "He becomes totally dominated by this woman, and she gains control of his every action. She caused substantial changes in the defendant, in his personality and in his character. His association with her ruins his relationship with his wife and his two sons, Rodney and Rollyn.") In the Shamrock café in Aplington not long ago, one man offered the possibility that Lawrence Hartman's change had been al-

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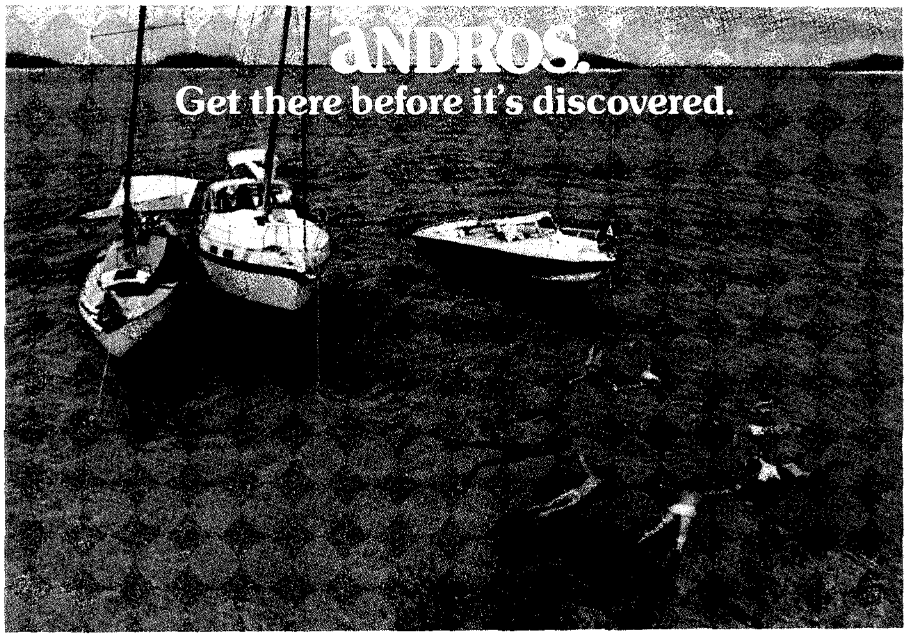
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most biological. "I heard that some men have a change of life, just like women," he said. "Their whole personality changes." The man across the booth shook his head, held up his hand, and rubbed his thumb and forefinger together. "Money," he said. "There are very few people who can stand being rich."

Rodney Hartman seems to share that interpretation, more or less. When asked what happened to his father, he says, "Inflation." He means inflation in land values. "All of a sudden, people were coming up to him and saying, 'Lawrence, you're rich,' " Rodney said recently. Even now, there are people in Grundy County who don't believe that Lawrence Hartman killed his wife, but his sons are not among them. They resent the fact that he is free—living with the woman they shouted at as a home-wrecker—even after a jury found him guilty of killing their mother. Rodney and Rollyn planted the Hartman acres in corn and beans this spring without the help of their father. Under an out-of-court settlement of the civil suit, the sons farm the Hartman land with the agreement that they pay their father a lump sum of more than two hundred thousand dollars, plus thirty thousand dollars a year for the next twenty years. Given the added burden, the younger Hartmans don't sound completely confident of being able to make a go of it, but they are obviously committed to trying. For some time after his mother's death, Rollyn couldn't bring himself to enter the farmhouse, but now he has plans to move there with his wife and child. It is, after all, the Hartman home place.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

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[*From the London Daily Telegraph*]

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•

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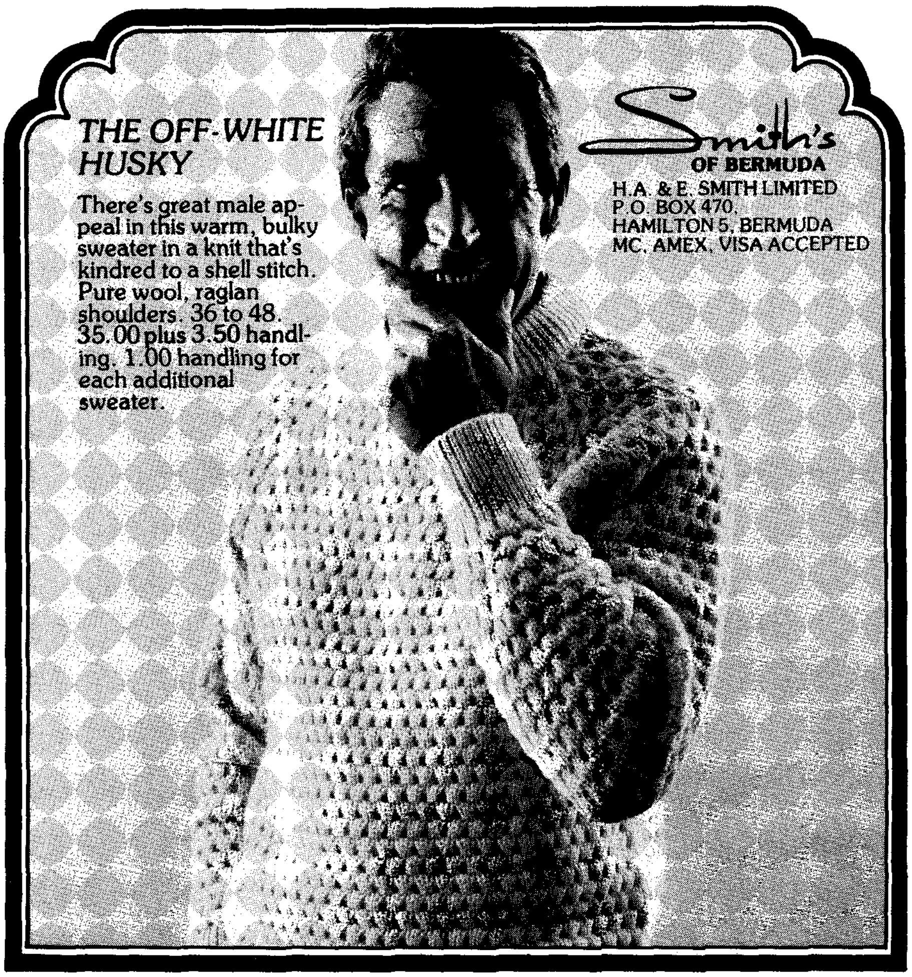

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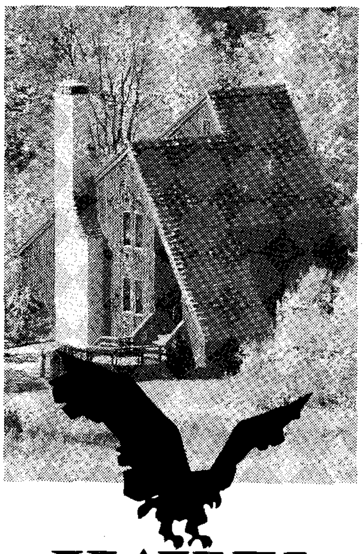

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JAZZ

Betty Bebop

THE late Alec Wilder was a passionate listener, and he used to turn his head and shut his eyes at musical performances. He even did this when he listened to recordings. He once explained why: "I discovered a long time ago that the human eye and the human ear are constantly at war—that when you're listening *and* looking your eyes win out. That's why musical audiences tend to 'listen' with their eyes, thereby missing most of what they came to hear. The only way I can listen to music properly is with my eyes closed—as rude as it might appear to the performers onstage." Wilder would have been surprised by the surrealist jazz singer Betty Carter, for she must be seen to be heard. Her onstage presence—a kaleidoscopic series of facial expressions and Martha Graham plunges and slides and arabesques—is a visual extension of her singing. It is sound made three-dimensional. She forces her audience to look and listen with equal intensity, and it is an almost cathartic experience: eyes and ears are sated. Betty Carter comes in four consummate and indivisible parts—clothes, face, body, singing. In a large hall, she will wear a white snood or turban, a gold lamé caftan, and white silk pants. On television, she will wear a multicolored fillet and a three-quarter-length pale-red silk dress with a loose décolleté top. On the street, she will wear a white silk blouse, a chocolate cotton skirt, boots, a long tan coat, and a brown fedora, its crown rounded and its brim down. Her clothes are handsome vessels that set off her singing and her motions and her extraordinary face. She has a wide mouth, and large eyes that tip up at their outer ends. Her teeth are square and very white, like Louis Armstrong's. She has a ski-jump nose and freckles and small, pretty ears. Hers is a rubber face, an actress's face, and it is almost never still. Smiles slide in and out of grimaces. Her eyes close slowly, then suddenly pop open. Her eyes close suddenly and her eyebrows shoot up. Her lips pout and her chin sinks stubbornly into her neck—naughty-child fashion. She is a lithe, medium-sized woman who moves weightlessly. She calls to mind the encomium that tap dancers used to lavish on one another after a particularly fine performance: "I saw you dance tonight, man, and you never touched the floor." Five or six years ago, Betty Carter took the microphone out of its stand and started moving around the stage. The results are hypnotic. She begins a song standing slightly stooped, with the microphone in her right hand, and her right leg slightly crooked. Her left arm is horizontal, and her left hand is just so—the thumb cocked, the index finger and the little finger out straight, and the middle fingers folded flat. At the end of her first eight bars, she slowly lowers the left hand, keeping the thumb cocked, and, in a seamless motion, sways back and forth, turns, and straightens, so that she is facing to her right. A smile moves across her face and becomes a grimace. The bridge of the song begins, and she swings her head back and forth to emphasize the words. Her brow furrows, her eyes shut, then open, and she looks sharply over her left shoulder. She shifts the microphone to her left hand, puts her right hand on her right hip, and swings her head until it is directly over her right arm—Egyptian queen. Midway through the last eight bars, she hunches her shoulders, looks forward and down, and, shutting her eyes, moves her head up and down in half time. She abruptly raises her right hand and chops it to stop the rhythm section, and goes into a coda. Her eyes flash and slowly close, and she drops into sotto voce. She purses her lips and lowers her chin into her neck. Her voice sinks into its lowest register. Her eyebrows go up, her forehead wrinkles, her right hand comes to rest on her right hip, the fingers splayed. She holds this pose and falls silent (her chin still sunk, her face contorted). The drummer hits a rimshot, and the pianist goes into a fast tempo. Her head snaps up, and she smiles brilliantly, and bows. Only half of Betty Carter comes through on recordings. More comes through in concert halls and night clubs. But the best place to watch and hear her is on television. She makes the medium exhilarating.

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Betty Carter lives in three floors of a brownstone, which she owns, near the

Brooklyn Academy of Music. Her seventeen-year-old son, Kagle, is in high school and lives with her, and her twenty-two-year-old son, Myles, is studying communications at C. W. Post College, in Brookville, Long Island. She talked about herself one day recently in Brooklyn. Her voice has a contralto tint, and she talks in gusts. A sentence will come out tight and fast, loosen into everyday speech, and balloon into a shout. The shout falls into silence, and she laughs—a round, tumbling arpeggio—and explodes again. There is no pretense about her.

"People are always talking about my age, so there's no secrets about it," she said. "I was born Lillie Mae Jones, on May 16, 1929. We lived on the west side of Detroit, but my mother went to Flint, to her sister's, to have me, because I was the first and she was scared. She stayed out there nine months, then went home. Later, when she had my sister Vivian and my brother James she stayed home. They're still in Detroit. James is a sheriff, and Vivian works in a hospital. My mother's name was Bertha Cox, and she was born in Arkansas. I don't think she was a very happy woman. She was stocky and brown-skinned, and I resemble her. My father was James Jones, and he came from Arkansas, too. He and my mother were married there, before they moved to Detroit. He was about five foot eleven, and lean and fair and rather handsome. There were moments during the thirties when we were on welfare, but it never came to our being destitute. My father and mother both worked in defense plants during the war. Then, when I was fifteen, my father died, and we lived on his pension. My mother stayed sad a long time. There was no talking to her, no getting her out of it. She finally remarried and moved to Flint to be with her family and stayed there until she died. My parents were religious. My father was director of the senior choir in the church he belonged to. I played piano in church, and did some arranging. I think my father sensed something in me before he died, some gift, even though he didn't know quite what it was. My mother always looked down on what I did. Jazz music to her was a mortal sin. There was no 'Go get 'em, kid!' from her. When I was in high school, the word 'college' was never mentioned.

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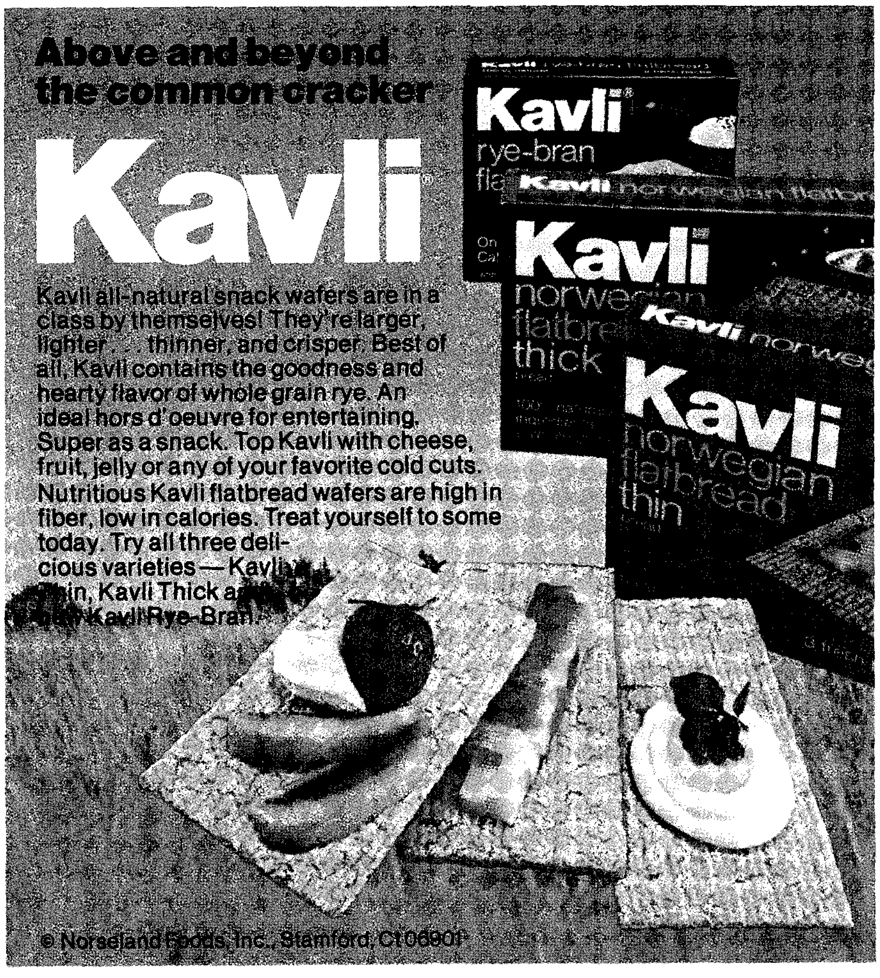
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jazz music. There was a soda bar near school that had a jukebox, and we hung out there and listened to Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie and Billie Holiday and Woody Herman. We learned the melodic lines of all the solos. We learned the changes. Bebop was the sound that was hitting the streets, and we were all on it. I had had a little piano training, and I had a pretty good ear, so I was the assembly person in school—playing selections up there before the program began. Everyone loved Avery Parrish's 'After Hours' and Eddie Heywood's version of 'Begin the Beguine,' and if you could play eight or ten bars into either of them you were a social success. When I was sixteen, I auditioned for the black amateur night they had every Wednesday at the Paradise Theatre. I sang 'The Man I Love,' and accompanied myself, and I won second prize. I did well enough for a couple of Detroit booking agents to pursue me for Sunday-afternoon cabarets and for appearances at the Elks Hall and at fashion shows. I was listening to singers. I liked Billie Holiday and respected her, but the music was headed toward a different level—toward Sarah Vaughan and Dinah Washington. I listened to Big Maybelle and to a Detroit singer named Alberta Adams, who nobody knows about. And there was a singer in my school, Rachel Babcock, who was better than I was. I had p-e-r-s-o-n-a-l-i-t-y, but she had a better voice. About that I never had any illusions. I couldn't have been a lead singer in church. Gospel singers have great pipes, and I'm weak in that department. I started working at night in clubs when I was seventeen. Cincinnati, Dayton, Lima—places like that. They hired singers for the weekend, and I'd work with a local trio. Then a boyfriend asked me to go hear Lionel Hampton's band, and the kids we went with told Hampton I was a singer. He said 'Do you sing, gates?'—which is what he called everybody—and I said yes. I did some scatting, and it worked out. His singer, Wini Brown, was leaving, and Hampton offered me a job. His wife, Gladys, travelled with the band, and she was my savior, my model. She used to sew for the movie stars—slips and underclothes, everything cut on the bias, which takes some skill. She was well dressed and well read, and she was a shrewd businesswoman. She was the force behind the band. Hampton and I fought a lot. He'd ask me whose band

I liked best—his or Dizzy Gillespie's, which I loved. I'd tell him Gillespie, and because he was kind of jealous of Diz and Charlie Parker he'd tell me I couldn't sing that night, or he'd fire me and Gladys would rehire me. Because I loved Dizzy's music and because I was a scat singer, Hampton called me Betty Bebop. I had taken the name Lorraine Carter, since it sounded good, and, of course, what finally came out was Betty Carter. Hampton had Charlie Fowlkes and Benny Bailey and Milt Buckner and Charlie Mingus. Once, when we were playing the Strand Theatre in New York, Charlie Parker turned up and tried to put the touch on Hampton for fifty dollars. Hampton said, 'All right, gates, but you play a show for me.' He put Charlie Parker in the second-saxophone chair, and Parker borrowed an alto saxophone and did the show, reading all the parts and taking solos, and you never heard anything like the reaction in that band. All the soloists thought they were in heaven. They played *way* over their heads. That was the effect Charlie Parker always had. When word came that he was on the scene, musicians started *thinking* about what they were doing. Even Hamp was thinking that afternoon. I had met Charlie Parker once before, in Detroit. I was hanging around a club I sang at, waiting for him to rehearse with the chorus line. He was four hours late, and when he came in all he said was 'I'm hungry. Where can I get something to eat?' I was sitting at the end of the bar near the door, and I told him across the street. He grabbed my arm, and we went across the street and he ate a huge meal of soul food. At the rehearsal, it turned out that the girls couldn't dance to what he played, so there wasn't any chorus line that week."

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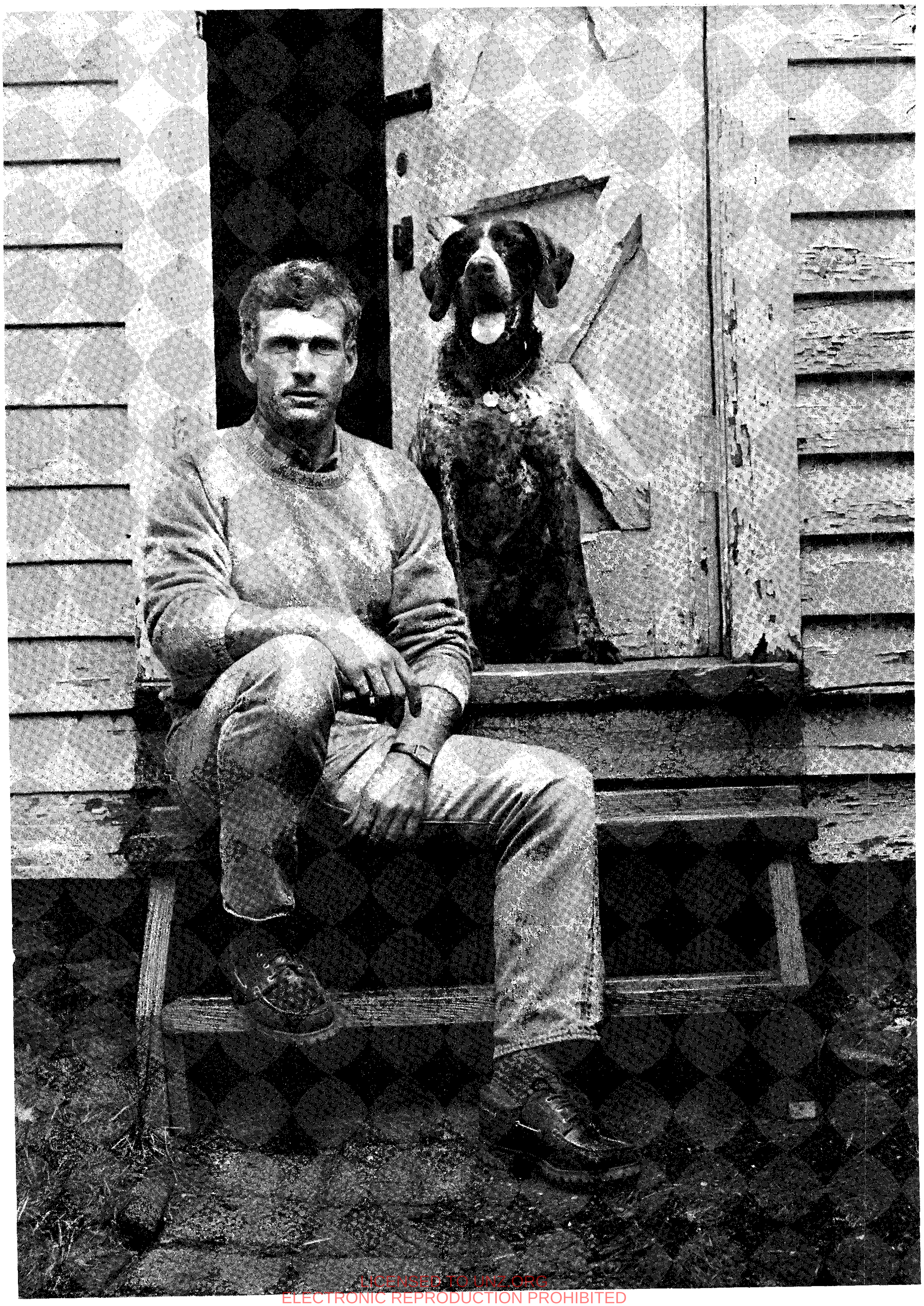

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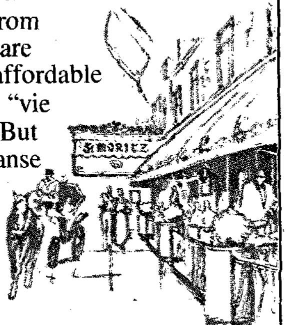

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three days after Bessie Smith made her last.) She had listened to Bessie Smith and to Louis Armstrong, and she improvised almost constantly. The melodies she sang were recognizable, but she dropped notes, added notes, and rearranged notes, and she played hob with rhythm. She lifted each song out of its rhythmic frame and placed it within her own, which, alternately legato and on the beat, moved in its own graceful time zone. She and the tenor saxophonist Lester Young, loosening the stays of jazz rhythm, prepared the way for the beboppers. A host of admirers immediately appeared (they are still appearing), and the best was probably Anita O'Day. She moved closer to the sound and techniques of a horn player, sometimes letting her lyrics go by the board and singing in a brittle, jumping way. The earliest jazz players had been affected by the human voice, and now the circle closed: jazz singers imitated instruments, and out of Anita O'Day came such horn singers as Mavis Rivers, Annie Ross, Jackie Cain and Roy Kral, Sheila Jordan, Morgana King, and Betty Carter. (During the forties and fifties, Mahalia Jackson and Dorothy Love Coates headed a majestic group of women gospel singers. They did not consider themselves jazz singers, but, of course, they were, and out of them came Dinah Washington and Aretha Franklin.) Betty Carter is a shock at first hearing. She abstracts her songs. She converts her melodies into strangely shaped fragments made up of long-held notes, many of them bent; clusters of eighth notes; quick, diving arpeggios; and a variety of hums and moans. Capacious silences often separate her phrases. The melody, viewed through the heavy scrim of her style, is sometimes there, sometimes not. She stretches time even farther than Billie Holiday. She will sing a song like "Spring Can Really Hang You Up the Most" in a very slow tempo. This allows her to rocket in and out of double, and even triple, time, to wallow luxuriously along in the chosen tempo, and to engage in a kind of *staccato parlando*. Her voice is not big—she has about two and a half octaves—but, like Billie Holiday's, it does everything she asks of it. Her low register has a lot of room, and she can even manage a vibrato when she hits a low C. She has in recent years begun to scat-sing a great deal, and she has no match among the living—or, perhaps, among the dead. She has pulled just about even with the Joycean scat

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singer Leo Watson, whom she resembles but whom she says she has never heard. Most scat singing, as it has been developed in the past thirty years by Ella Fitzgerald and Jackie and Roy and Mel Tormé, is rubbery and one-dimensional. It is made up of "b"s and "d"s and "ooeeyop"s. It repels you—it fends you off. Once in a while, Betty Carter will scat non-stop for twenty or thirty minutes. She passes through half a dozen tempo changes, ranging from slow to very fast. She fashions beautiful slow passages of sounds that fall between hums and moans. She scats at top speed, using mostly vowels, and winding around and up and down with astonishing swiftness. And she drops into medium tempos, making her meaningless words loaf and sway and strut. Her scat singing has nothing to do with trying to jam the entire alphabet into each measure. It is an exercise in free-floating, free-associating melody.

Betty Carter is unique, and she proclaims it. She once told the jazz writer Michael Ullman, "In that time we dared not imitate. It wasn't easy for us as black people to imitate other great stars and make it. It didn't settle with us. A second Sarah Vaughan would never have the respect of the black community. In the white world, they imitated each other. Stan Getz had a lot of tenor players sounding like him, while he sounded like Lester Young. . . . There were never two Sarah Vaughans, or two Billie Holidays, or two Ella Fitzgeralds. Even in our dancing acts, our shake dancing, our tap-dancing acts, we all strived to be our own person. That was my whole background, my whole foundation."

Betty Carter left Lionel Hampton in

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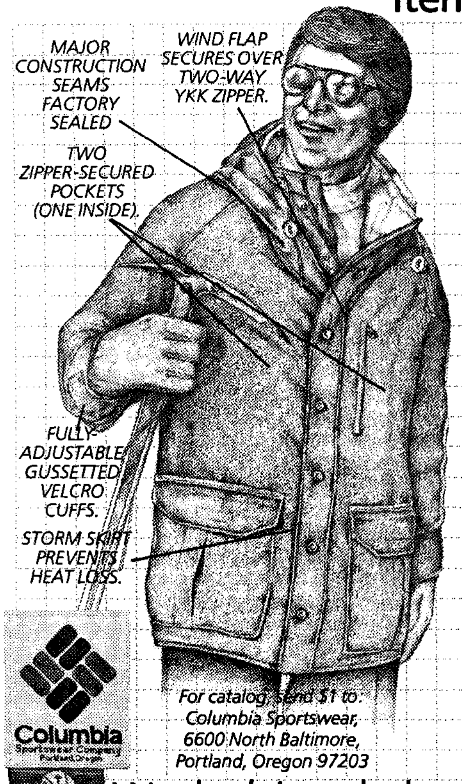
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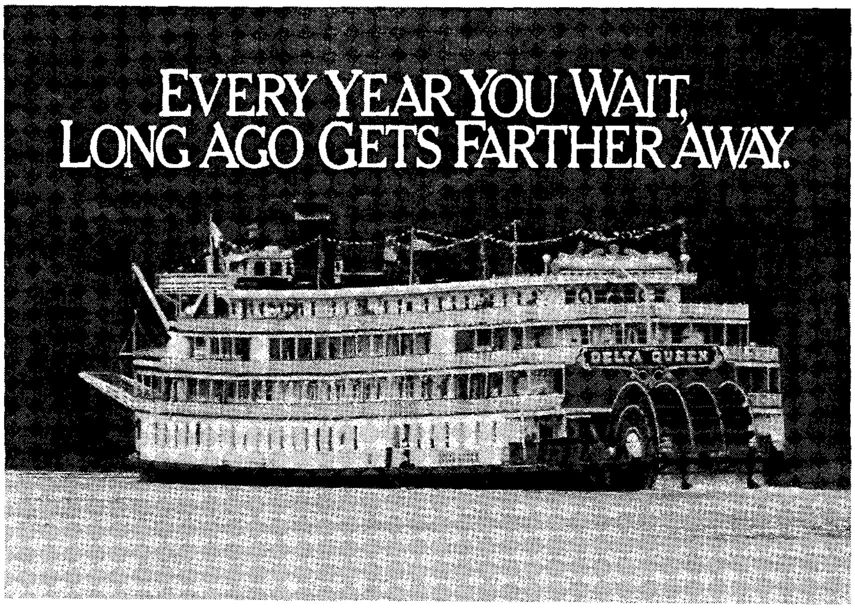

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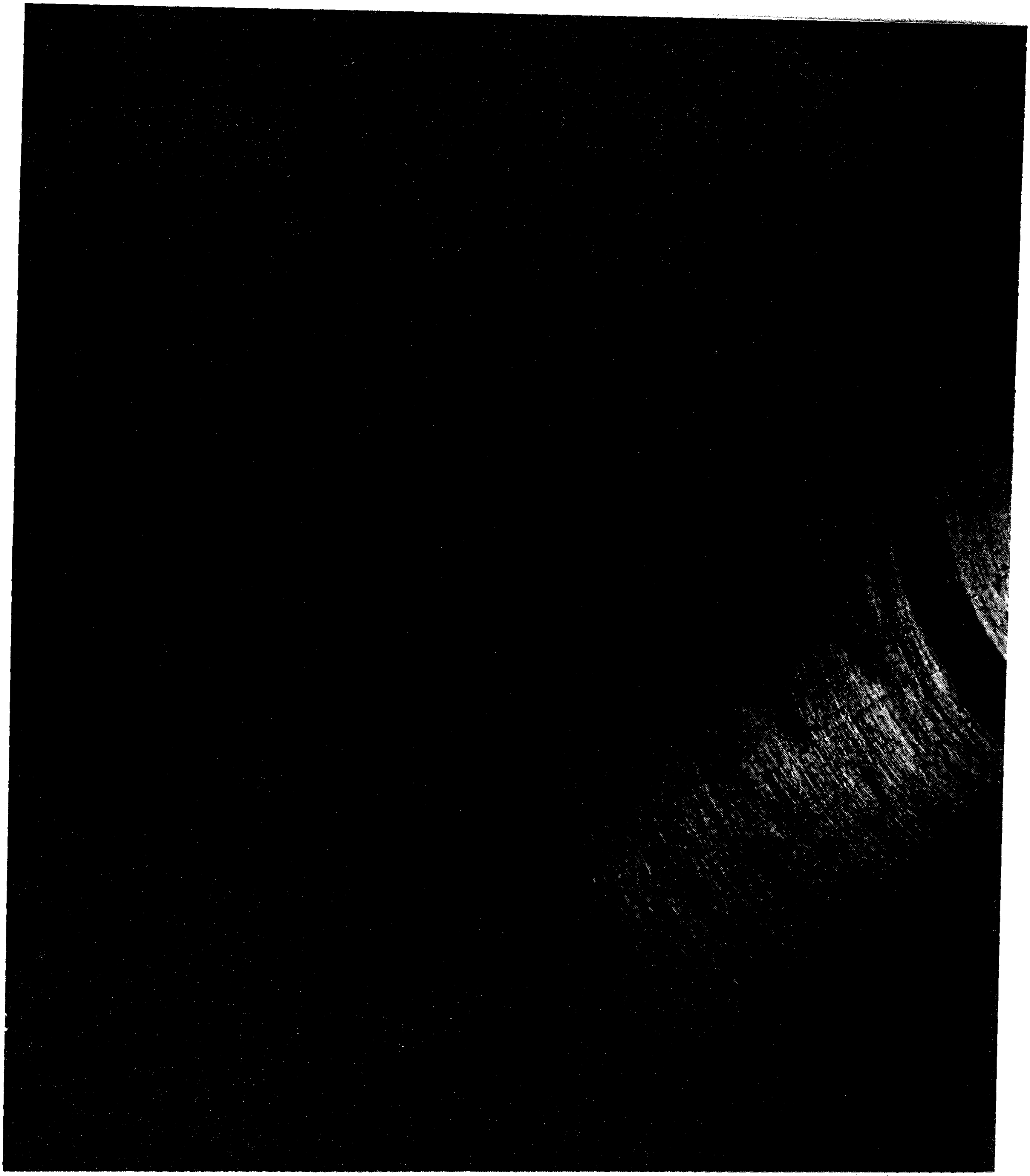

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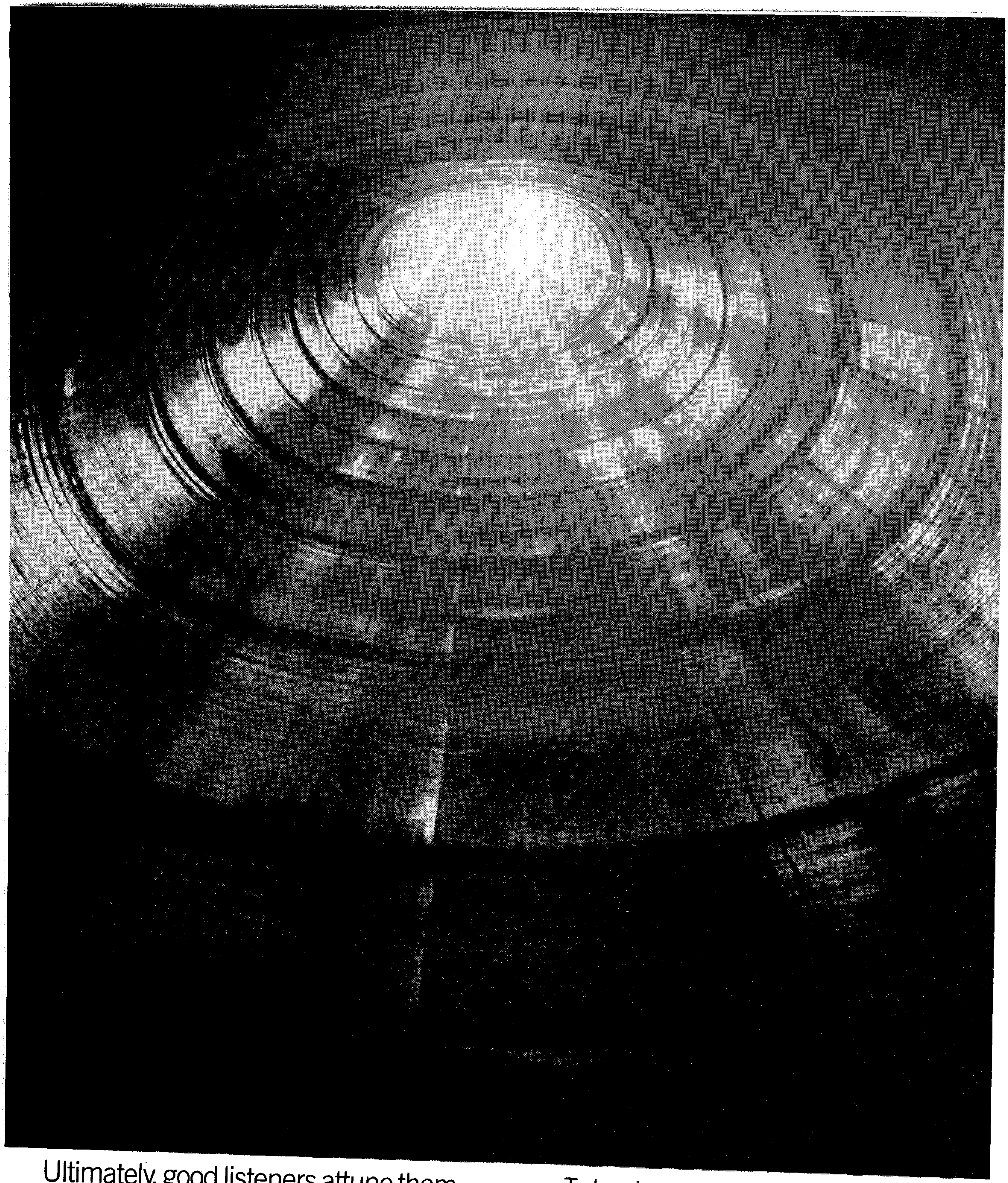

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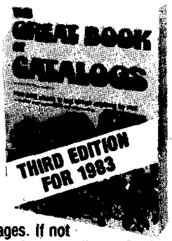

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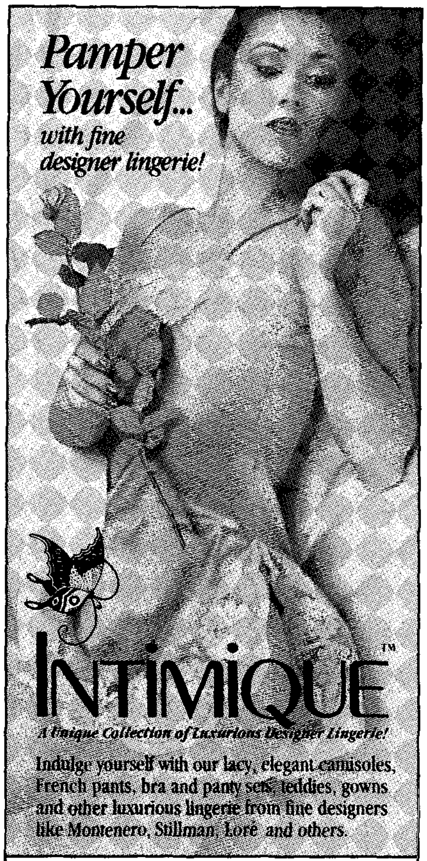
1951. After a short stint at home, she settled in New York, moving into the Hotel America, on West Forty-seventh Street. "There was a lot of work uptown, at places like the Apollo," she said. "I spent much time there in the fifties and sixties, and at places like Wells' and Smalls' Paradise, and at the Baby Grand, here in Brooklyn. You could still walk safely on the streets and travel safely in the subways, and everybody had a good time working. Money didn't matter. It was the fun of being out there on the scene, digging all the singers and musicians and having them dig you. And the club owners were different. Some of them would go under rather than not have someone like me. The Showboat in Philadelphia—it's now called the Bijou—has always been like that, and I still work there twice a year. In 1956, I moved to an apartment in East Orange. I couldn't afford New York anymore, and I wanted a little distance between my singing and my personal life. I worked in Jersey in places like Teddy Powell's Lounge and the Key Club. I married a man named James Redding in 1960, and in 1965 we moved to Newark. The Beatles knocked us all for a loop in the sixties, but in 1969 I did manage to start my own record label, and I've done four albums so far. And I've started doing dates at white colleges, and in night clubs with mostly white audiences. I crossed over, and the reason is that black people are not supporting their own music. In the early seventies, I had a backup trio made up of Danny Mixon and Buster Williams and Louis Hayes. Danny inspired me on the energy level. I had left my husband, and I was down. Danny proved to me that I wasn't completely dead musically. His example told me I still had somewhere to go, and I even started writing tunes of my own, which I sing now. Things have been changing and growing ever since. I have a lot more confidence in me. People might say 'Who's that?' when I go on a network television show, but I've made it musically and I'm doing all right monetarily. I'm getting on, and I'm preparing myself to survive. If you really care, if you really love your music, you can't help but improve. Everything I do now has just evolved naturally. I've learned there's an intelligence line that makes you able to communicate with your audience and still maintain your integrity. I don't look at the television shows I've done, and I don't listen to my records. If I



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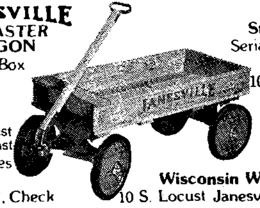

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did, I'd run the danger of imitating things I might like about what I do. I don't want anything planned. I want everything fresh and new. I want what comes out in my singing to be the result of my whole personality. Each time I sing a song, I sing it differently. I hear the chords in my head, but *not* the melody. That's left behind. The young kids I sing for now, a lot of them have never heard the songs I sing, so the melody means nothing, and the older folks know the melody and don't need to hear it again. They can hum 'The Trolley Song' and 'Can't We Be Friends?' and 'My Favorite Things' and 'Everything I Have Is Yours' without my help. I'm trying to make my lyrics clear. I *want* people to understand what I'm singing, and I think you can if you listen closely. I know that some of the composers I sing don't like what I do with their songs, but the songs are full of available music. They're full of inventions if you have the ear. If you don't do anything but sing the melody straight, how can you improve it?" —WHITNEY BALLIETT

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FAMILIAL LOVE AND INTERTEMPORAL OPTIMALITY
HERSCHEL I. GROSSMAN
Working Paper No. 695
June 1981
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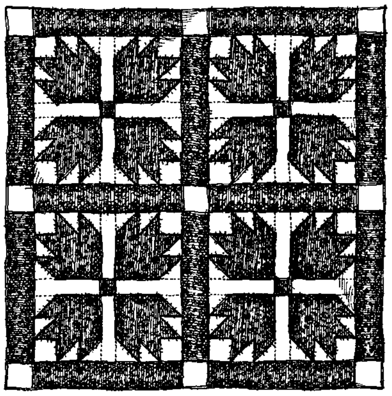
This paper analyzes the intertemporal efficiency and optimality of steady states within overlapping generations models in which the utility of individual working couples depends on the consumption of their parents and children as well as their own consumption. The analysis considers both a basic model, in which altruistic behavior can take only the form of gifts of consumption goods from working couples to their retired parents, and an extended model in which altruistic behavior also can take the form of bequests from parents to their surviving children. In the basic model, saving involves only storing consumption goods, whereas the extended model includes capital and neoclassical production.

The following conclusions from the analysis apply to both models. An altruistic utility function promotes intertemporal efficiency. However, altruism creates an externality that implies that satisfying the conditions for efficiency does not ensure intertemporal optimality. Nevertheless, if the utility of working couples is appropriately sensitive at the margin to their own consumption, their parents' consumption, and their children's consumption, the steady state that is consistent with individual behavior is both efficient and optimal.



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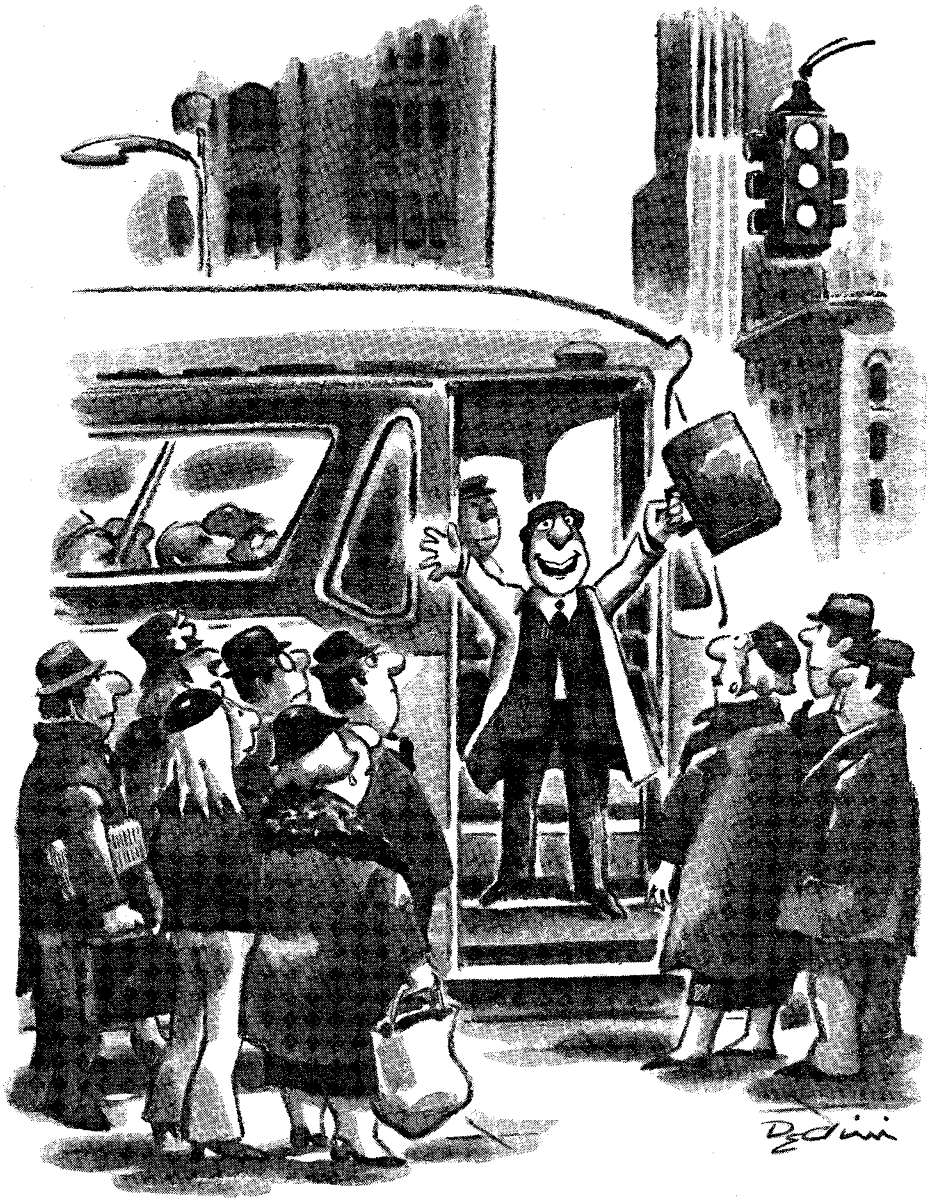
THE CURRENT CINEMA

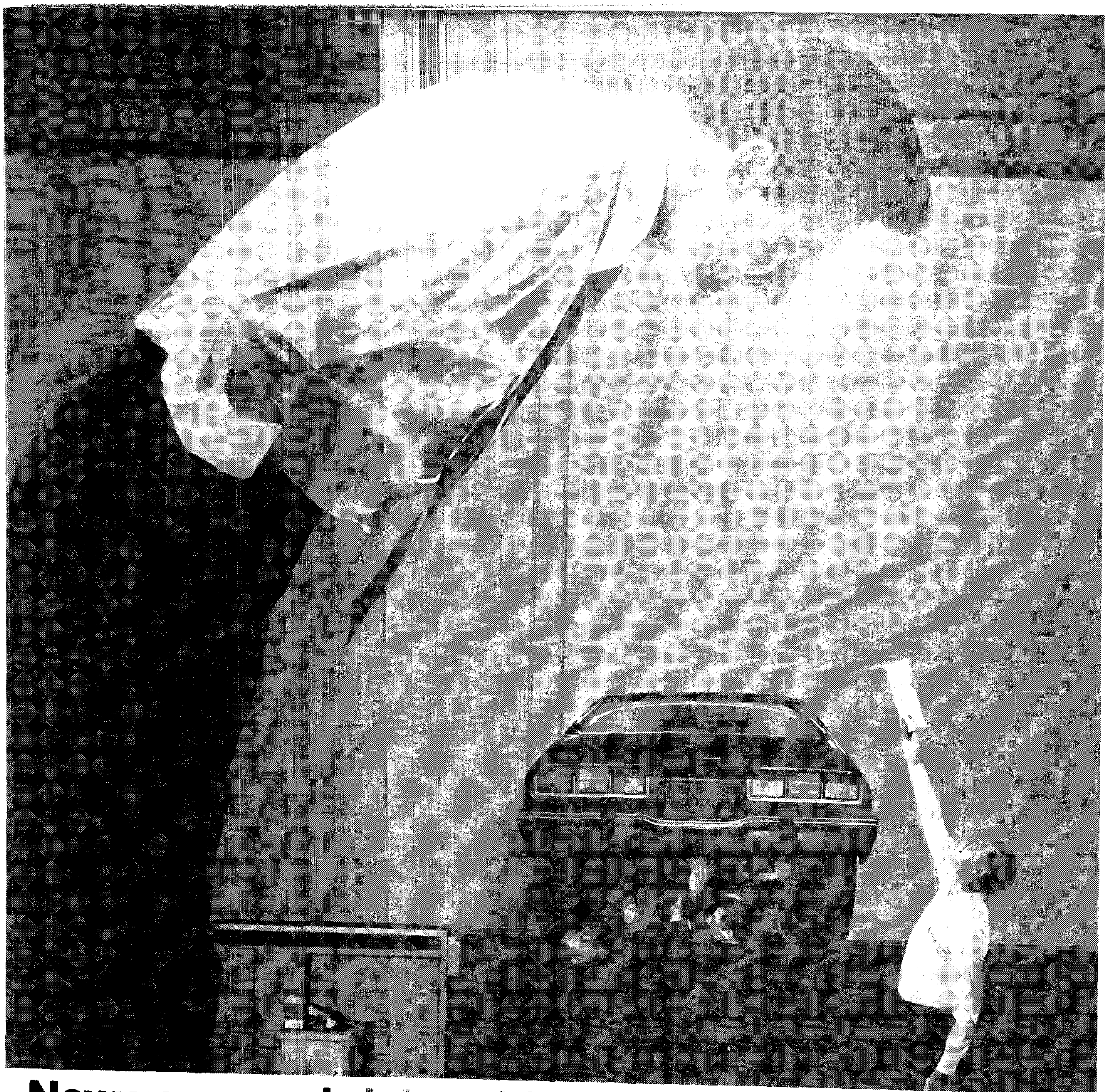
Buzzers

SUSAN SARANDON and a young actress new to films, Molly Ringwald, sport beautiful short haircuts in Paul Mazursky's "Tempest." At one point, they also stand in the surf of a Greek island and sing "Why Do Fools Fall in Love?" like carefree vaudevillians, and they're completely charming. Those are the two best reasons for seeing the film. It also has a pert dizzy blonde called Dolores (Lucianne Buchanan) who seems to thrive in any circumstances—there's nothing in her head to hold her back. And it has a flickering wit that burns brightest in an Athens taverna scene: the camera pans over a group of Japanese tourists (with Arabs behind them) as they listen earnestly to a rendition of the Jewish "Hava Nagilah." Except for these diversions, though, the movie is fairly dismaying. Loosely inspired by the Shakespeare play, it doesn't appear to have any other sources of inspiration. Mazursky, who wrote the script with Leon Capetanos, presses a buzzer marked "mid-life crisis," and that's supposed to take care of why the hero—Phillip Dimitrious (John Cassavetes), a world-famous American architect of Greek ancestry—is sour on everything and does all the nutty, arbitrary things he does. When he insults his actress wife's friends and stalks out of his Manhattan flat, taking his fourteen-year-old daughter, Miranda (the fresh, believable Molly Ringwald), with him, we don't experience his disgust with his existence; sunlight floods through the windows of the house he says he hates. We simply look on as father and daughter whip around Athens, and pick up Aretha (Susan Sarandon) and her wire-haired terrier on a Piraeus street corner, and the three, plus dog, go off to a remote Greek island inhabited only by a goatherd, Kalibanos (Raul Julia, wearing thick, droopy mustachios), who lives in a cave, with his goats and a TV set.



"*Thank the Lord! East Thirty-fourth Street again!*"

Despite Aretha's lithe, cushiony desirability, Phil takes her off to this lonely spot and then insists on living as a celibate during the year the group spends there. He behaves like a sovereign lord on the island: he dismisses Miranda's complaints that she wants to go home and get back to school, and he almost kills Kalibanos for leching after her. He seems both regal and mad. If you want to know the reasons, you have to push the Freudian buzzer marked "Phil's unresolved sexual feelings for his daughter." But there aren't even any buzzers to push—except the Shakespeare one—to account for most of what goes on. Many of the incidents loosely correspond to events in the play; if they seem unhinged, it's because they aren't connected to any framework of meaning independent of the play. Why does Phil put Aretha and Miranda and Kalibanos to work in the heat, hauling stones to build a Greek theatre on the island? Is it perhaps to construct a temple for the actress wife (Gena Rowlands) he left? Whatever the reason, Phil seems to forget all about the stone theatre; he doesn't even bother to show it to his wife when she—with the others on board her lover's yacht—is cast up on the island by the storm he has (or thinks he has) summoned forth. There are other mysteries, such as Phil's somewhat deranged monologues about baseball, and his sudden decision to slit a goat's throat as a sacrifice, presumably to the gods. What gods? This is just about the first (and last) we hear of them. And we don't want to hear any more. Kalibanos's goats are dainty beauties who have been treated as characters, and to see one killed for a rhetorical flourish is jarringly ugly. The goat squirms and cries in terror, trying to break free of Cassavetes' hold on it; the picture has a frivolity that the goat can't share. There's also a niggling, flyspeck-size mystery: the yacht owner (Vittorio Gassman) is a Mafia chieftain who travels with an entou-



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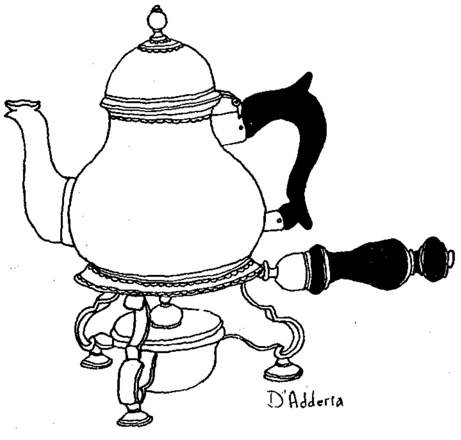
rage, and among these bodyguards and jesters is a man called Harry Gondorf. Is this an allusion to Henry Gondorff, the character Paul Newman played in "The Sting"? If it's an inside joke, it's too far inside for me.

Mazursky tries for a free, airborne mix of comedy, musical, psychodrama, and dream play—which might have been a marvel if he had found an original tone that the audience could respond to, and if he had hatched a protagonist whose emotions we could share. But he has put John Cassavetes at the film's center. Cassavetes isn't a bad actor, and he has become handsomer with the years; in the island sequences, with his hair gray and close-cropped, he looks remarkably noble. (His haircut is almost as nifty as the girls' bobs.) But he's one of the most alienating of actors. He has a dour, angry presence, and even when he's smiling there's something unreachable underneath—and ominous. Cassavetes can't engage in small talk without its seeming to be a diversionary tactic—an attempt to conceal the obsessions weighing on his dark spirit. And since Mazursky never comes up with anything that might indicate what Phil is suffering from, there's this black void at the center of "Tempest"—Phil's funk.

An actor takes on a ludicrous burden when he attempts to play a genius. How is he to demonstrate his intellectual powers? By canny expressions and sudden heartfelt speeches? By eyes narrowed as if by thought? Those were the old (and hopeless) Paul Muni methods. John Cassavetes goes his own route: he stares at the horizon, and he snarls and glowers like a Doberman guard dog. The only genius he demonstrates is as a party pooper. Mazursky's movies are generally semi-autobiographical, and if he had played Phil himself perhaps the movie wouldn't have had such delusions of pain-in-the-soul glamour. If, instead of the movie's having them, Phil the architect had had them—if he had been half conscious of his grand poses—we could have laughed at him and maybe understood him. There's a suggestion of this: Phil's crisis is set off by his discovery of a white hair on his chest; he quickly plucks it out.

A writer-director isn't always sure what tone he's aiming for until he has the cast assembled on the locations and begins to feel things coming together. And then, if the crew and the actors are buoyant, he can easily be deceived about what he's getting. It's possible that Mazursky, working intuitively, let the film go in several directions, hoping that the footage would fuse and become a mythological comedy-fantasy. From the way the scenes play, it's likely that he hadn't resolved in his own mind whether Phil is a genius who has "sold out" (he has designed a glitzy Atlantic City gambling palace for the Mafia man who takes up with his wife) or is just—suddenly—empty. In the Manhattan scenes, is it meant to be ironic when people speak of their great admiration for Phil—are they in awe of him because of the work that he regards as selling out? Or did he really do great, innovative work, or at least try to, *before* he sold out? We never get a clear impression of what accounts for his fame or of the dissatisfaction that he runs away from or of why he's ready to go back when he is. The picture has no core of motivation. Things just happen, and we're expected to take them at face value. I don't believe that an architect like Phil would express the realization that he hates his life by saying, "The money and the power don't mean a thing." What visionary architect (except maybe Albert Speer) would believe he had money and power? If Mazursky himself came onscreen with all this angst, lines like this would flower and achieve their full fatuity. When Cassavetes says them, he sounds like a great thinker created by Sidney Sheldon. Selling out may be one of the all-time worst movie subjects. (Remember Kazan's "The Arrangement"?) Naturally, Phil, like other American successes who are maddened by the emptiness they feel deep inside, has a vigorous, simpleman father to tell him that he should go back to his roots. (Surprisingly, the role is played by Paul Stewart, who may never in his long career have looked so juicy and strong.)

Sometimes Mazursky comes close to the high madness he must have hoped for—for example, in the scene in



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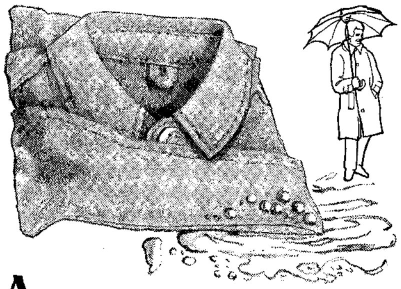

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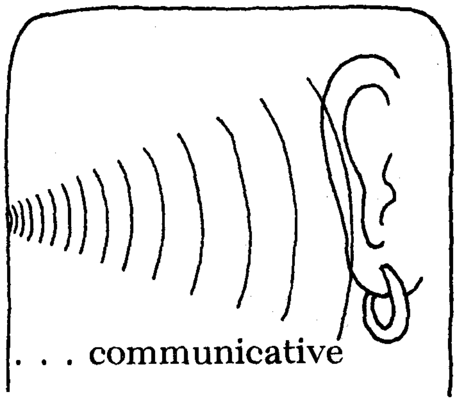

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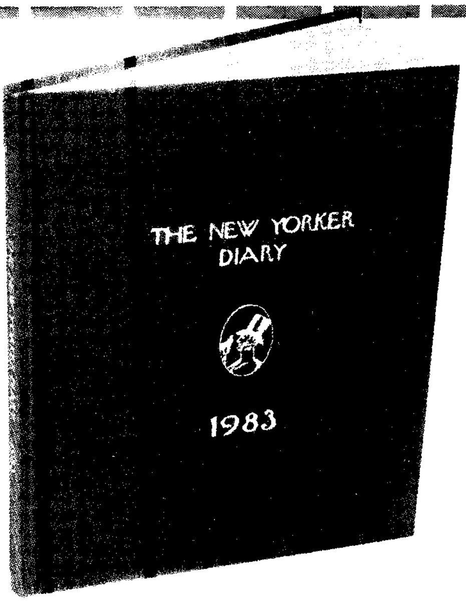
which Kalibanos, playing "New York, New York" on his clarinet, calls up the soundtrack voice of Liza Minnelli and a full orchestra, and his goats leap about in ecstasy. This is the kind of joke that makes you like the director for trying it, even though the idea is better than its execution: what you actually see is a group of goats being tossed onto rocks by off-screen hands—a "dance" created in the editing room, like the cat's cha-cha in the Purina commercial. When Susan Sarandon or Molly Ringwald or even Lucianne Buchanan is around, there's some vivacity on the screen, and there's hope for the movie. Sarandon, who was brittle and actressy in her early films, has been softening; maybe the new, warm, braless Sarandon owes something to having worked in two Louis Malle pictures. In "Pretty Baby," there was still a split between the petulant actress and the lovely, sensual presence, but by the time of "Atlantic City" she seemed to have learned how to give in to her plushness and come alive on the screen. In her early scenes in "Tempest," she's tanned and has the huge bright eyes and the sheer incredible prettiness of early screen stars, such as Nancy Carroll. Sarandon uses her body on Phil, rubbing against him like a pussycat asking for affection, and you sit there thinking that Phil, who keeps resisting her blandishments, is some kind of control freak. One of the disappointments of the movie is that her role seems to shrivel—Mazursky is so determined to keep Phil faithful to the wife he's hiding out from that he trivializes Sarandon's Aretha. And if you haven't seen Mazursky's earlier films you don't have any way of understanding what's at stake here, because Mazursky doesn't show that Phil is a romantic about marriage; he simply imposes his own romanticism upon Phil's actions. Yet, playing husband and wife, John Cassavetes and Gena Rowlands, who have actually been married for many years, might never have been introduced to each other, and when this stranger woman who has been scouring the seas, searching for the daughter she hasn't seen in almost eighteen months, comes ashore after the storm, she and Miranda don't seem to have met before, either. They don't even have the animal instinct to touch each other.

The names in this movie are tacky: if the Miranda character is going to be called Miranda, why call the Ariel Aretha when—for many of us—there can be only one Aretha? And I take it as a bad omen that Mazursky uses the name Phil again, after his last picture, "Willie & Phil," evaporated. The actors who played Willie and Phil didn't leave any footprints. Cassavetes leaves prints, all right, but they're too big for his feet. The whole picture is overblown. It's luxuriantly elegant: you feel you should applaud the writers for the complexity of the flashback structure and compliment the composer, Stomu Yamashta, for the modern score—even though neither of these things really works. This is the kind of picture that makes you feel you should ooh and ah the vistas (courtesy of the cinematographer, Don McAlpine). It has a look that I have come to dread—the polished pictorial extravagance of stupe classics, such as Albert Lewin's 1951 "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman." This "Tempest" even has the swank blue skies that "Pandora" had—the opaque skies that look spread on right from the paint tube. And it's a sophisticated fantasy in the same mode: the images might be used to advertise a new *parfum*. "Tempest" is an absurd movie, but what an artifact! It takes a high degree of civilization to produce something so hollow.

THE standup comedian Michael Keaton is a human whirligig with saucer eyes and quizzical eyebrows—the face of a puzzled adolescent satyr. At first, you hardly notice that face, because he moves like a hyperactive kid; even when he stays in place he's so wound up that his body is dancing in all directions. It's not as if he were spastic—the movements all seem to have a purpose. You get the feeling that his mind is working so fast that he has to gyrate just to try to keep up with the conversation he's having with himself. While this is going on, his rubbery, questioning face is openmouthed—he's a little perplexed. His moods change so fast that some portion of him is always left in the lurch.

Part hipster, part innocent lost soul, Keaton makes his film début in Ron Howard's "Night Shift," which isn't much of a movie but manages to be funny a good part of the time anyway, and he gives it a pensive, space-cadet weirdness—a touch of lyricism. Ron Howard, who as an actor in movies and on TV has often played the straight-arrow foil, is one of the few young directors who know how to set up a scene so that gags can blos-



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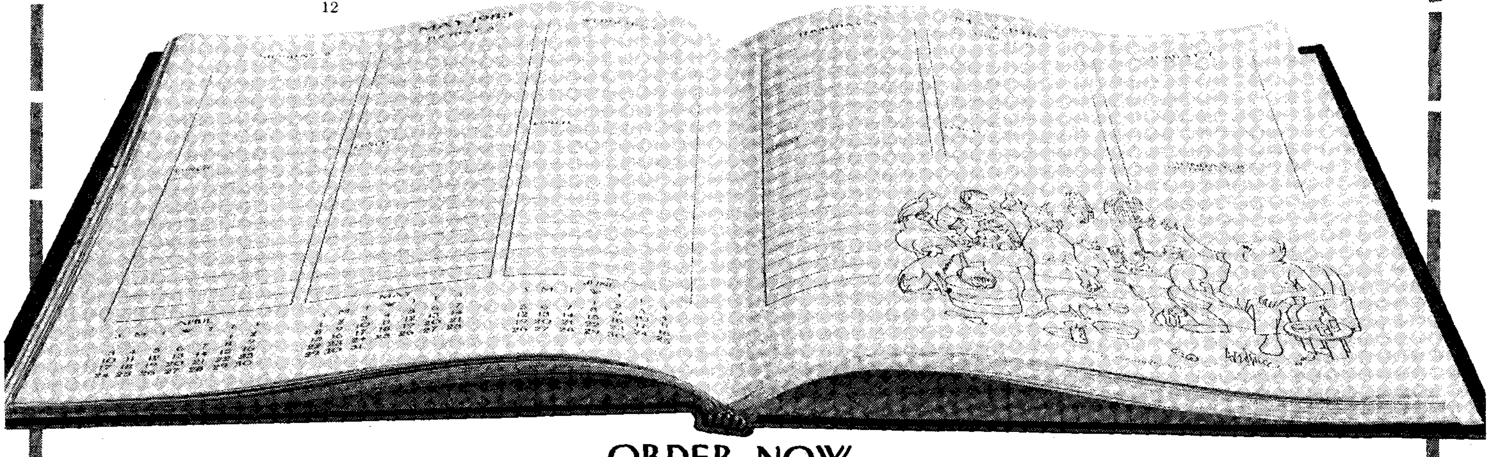

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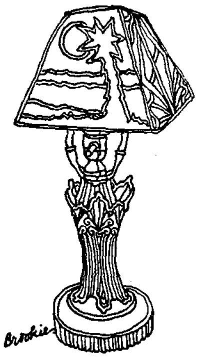
som. Still, "Night Shift" doesn't quite take off—its central situation holds it down. The picture is based on a newspaper item about two young men who were caught operating a prostitution ring, using a city morgue as their headquarters. This may sound like a terrific premise for a comedy, but where can you go with it? Although the movie has a factual basis, it feels wildly improbable. The script, by Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel, is a string of jokes, and, maybe because the writers come from television, they don't appear to know when the characters need new dimensions, when we in the audience need to develop a stake in what happens to them, and when the material needs to enlarge. The writers exhausted their energy and inventiveness in trying to make the central situation halfway plausible and in working out likable characters for the two night attendants at the morgue who go into the pimping business. Even TV writers eager to get a crack at a movie must have doubts about whether they can stretch their talents when the principal setting is a morgue. Everything considered, Ganz and Mandel (it's tempting to call them Lowell and Babaloo) do pretty well, and Ron Howard manages to suggest a fairy-tale world full of hardworking, honest prosties and two naïve, well-meaning pimps, who are like guardian angels to the girls, dispatching them in city hearses disguised as limousines.



As the two attendants, Michael Keaton and the film's ostensible star, Henry Winkler, play off each other very gently. Keaton's brain is teeming with get-rich-quick schemes, and, talking constantly, he comes up with bizarre solutions to nonexistent problems. He's the idea man, and he seems to have all the screwed-up big-city energy in his jive talk and his jiggling movements. But when he has to carry through on any of his schemes he falls apart; reality stuns him. He's a totally ineffectual dreamer. And that's where Winkler, the nerd, comes in. This is the first movie in which I've been able to tolerate Winkler; he isn't dazzling enough to make me forget his other performances, but he isn't bad, either. As the mild, Milquetoast pimp (or, as Keaton tells him to think of himself, love broker), he has the slightly dazed look of an unworldly man trying to navigate in the New York night world, but he's the quiet, steady one who knows how to carry ideas out—how to organize the business and arrange pensions and health plans for the prostitutes and keep them reassured. There's a mock-bittersweet tone to the scenes between the partners. Keaton is outgoing (he has to be or he'd implode), and he offers a mass of confidences; Winkler, whipped by the aggressions of city life, is thin-skinned, shy, and silent. Fearful of everyone, and sexually frustrated, he's so polite that when he suddenly tells the babbling Keaton to shut up, Keaton is crushed.

"Night Shift" doesn't have the scale to be a runaway hit, or the focus—the emphasis is on the nebbish, but we're more interested in the hipster. And though the psychopathology of city life is used as the source of the comedy, the film doesn't quite develop that into enough of a theme. About two-thirds of the way through, the situations begin to have the TV blahs, and even the pacing slumps when the two heroes are released from jail. But the film picks up at the end, and there are a lot of attractive performers—especially the onetime Second City comedienne Shelley Long. (She was the blonde with the heart-shaped face who won Ringo Starr in "Caveman.") As the prostitute heroine, she's a newfangled satiric version of the girl next door. But if it weren't for Michael Keaton—the ultimate big-city inhabitant with shady dreams, the man whose body is always talking—the film would seem negligible. Who can resist a hero who has always wanted to dress like a pimp?

—Pauline Kael

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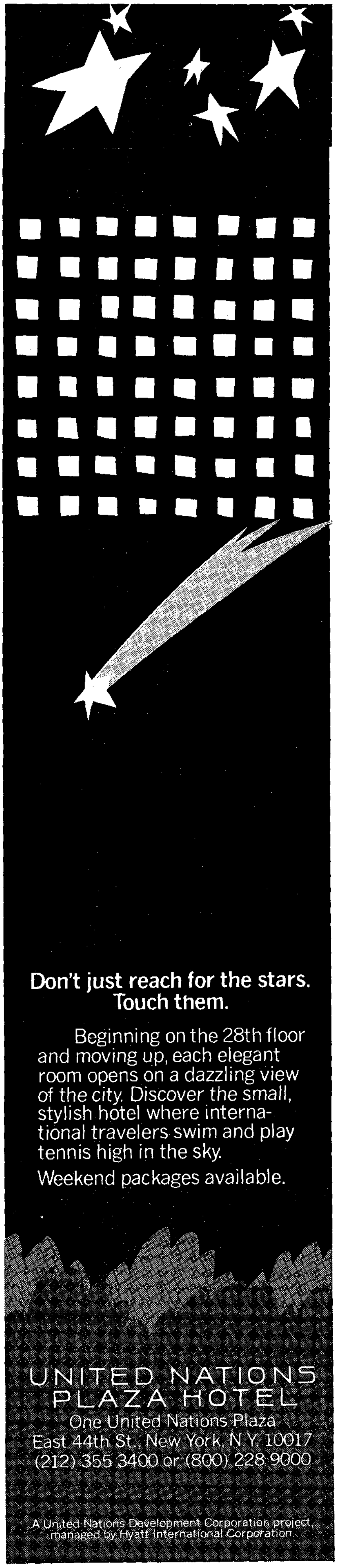

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MUSICAL EVENTS

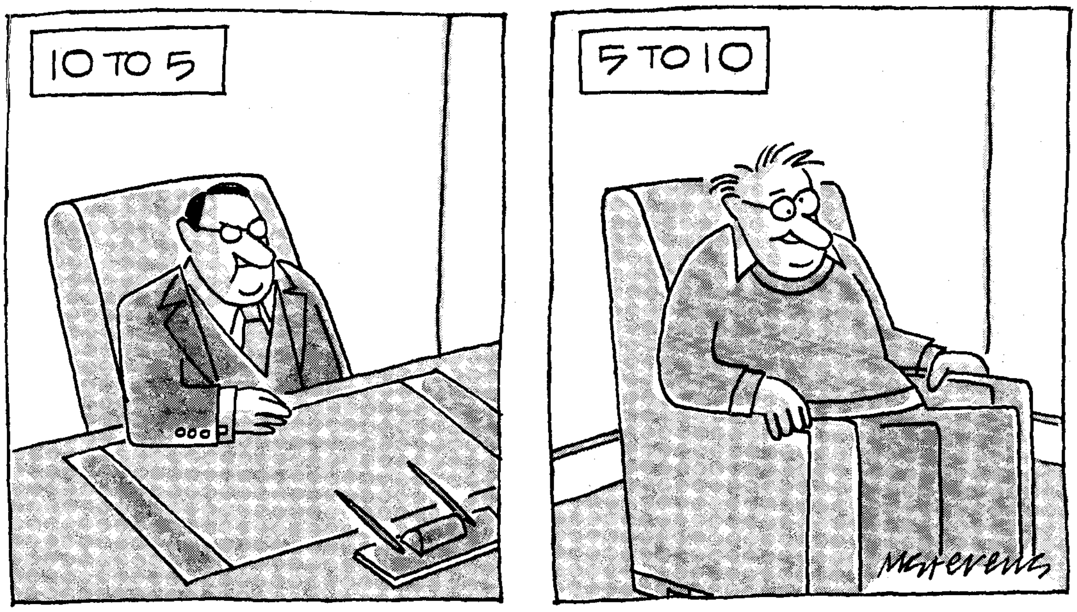
Sounds and Sweet Airs

THE season starts with new or renewed halls opening all over. There are big new halls in Baltimore, Colorado Springs, Eugene, Peoria, and Toronto, and in New Orleans the Orpheum, formerly a vaudeville house, has been refashioned as the home of the New Orleans Philharmonic. (More about those halls later.) Here in New York, the City Center has been refurbished, and its notorious sight lines have been corrected; Symphony Space has a new stage; and the New York State Theatre has been done over, at a cost of more than five million dollars, under the sonic supervision of Cyril Harris, the man who gave to Kennedy Center and to Minneapolis' Orchestra Hall their fine sound and did so much to improve the acoustics of Avery Fisher Hall. In this revised State Theatre, the New York City Opera has a chance to flourish again. True, the place, like most American opera houses, is large for really effective, "house-filling" opera (it seats over twenty-seven hundred, while Europe's grandest grand-opera houses—in Milan, London, Vienna, Paris, Munich—are all closer to two thousand), but there was nothing Mr. Harris could do about that, short of recommending demolition and rebuilding. There was, however, a great deal he could do to improve the sound within the existing structure. And he has done it. The season there began with a "Merry Widow" that sonically, at least, was a success for the theatre.

Popular report has it that the State Theatre, planned in the first place as a home for the New York City Ballet, was so designed that as little sound as possible made onstage would reach into the auditorium. That's fine for dance, where the squeak of rosined slippers, the cracking of knee joints, and the thud of an occasional heavy landing are noises unneeded. It's not at all fine for opera. Singers must be both heard and seen. And—whether popular report is true or not—singers were not heard to advantage in the State Theatre. That became especially clear when they sang in other houses: when, for example, in the fall of 1974, Maralin Niska sang Puccini's Manon Lescaut for the City Opera and then Tosca for the Met. In the larger house (the Met seats a thousand more than the State Theatre), Miss Niska's voice actually sounded larger, fuller, more substantial. (The Met acoustics are another of Mr. Harris's successes.) Critics learned to compensate when assessing voices, making allowances for the State Theatre acoustics, and, by trial and error, to discover the seats where the sound was best. (I settled for being well forward, violin-side, and not too far from a reflecting side wall.) But critics are privileged. Through much of the enormous house, the sound was peaky, erratic, and, in general, lacking in body. The orchestral tone often seemed thin, even though the personnel list in the nightly program book contained the names of players admired in other settings.

Mr. Harris's work of sonic reconstruction began last season, and the work-in-progress sometimes made things even worse: when the hiss and hum of the ventilation system in a temporary state rose to fill silences, and even to drown the softest musical passages. This is now righted; the background noise of air-conditioning —curse of many modern halls—has, in the words of the fact sheet issued by Lincoln Center, been "quietened significantly." Last season, too, a start was made on breaking up the smooth concave curve of the auditorium's enclosing wall—an acoustic reflector that focussed sound on particular spots and left the rest of the house unnourished—by bastion upon bastion of convex, polycylindrical wooden pilasters, rising through every level, to scatter the sound equably. (And last season it became plain that as a result of these reflectors the singers and their words could be heard more clearly.) Overhead, work was also being done. The State Theatre ceiling was a gilded grille that allowed sound to leak up through it and be lost in the spacious attic. Now, directly above the grille, a solid plaster ceiling has been added, so that rising sound is returned to the listeners.

When the spring season ended, and the theatre was dark for two months, further reconstruction, the work that could not be done without disrupting performances, was put in hand. The proscenium—the frame through which one watches and hears—was demolished and rebuilt. Its formerly concave surfaces—partial and inefficient reflectors—are now plane, and its height has been reduced. Above it, a lumpy reflecting cornice, ugly but apparently effective, juts out over the orchestra pit. (The new proscenium, hung with gilded chain mail, was designed by the theatre's original architect, Philip Johnson, and his partner, John Burgee.) The orchestra pit, once cramped, has been enlarged and, at the sacrifice of a row of seats, brought forward into the house. It can now



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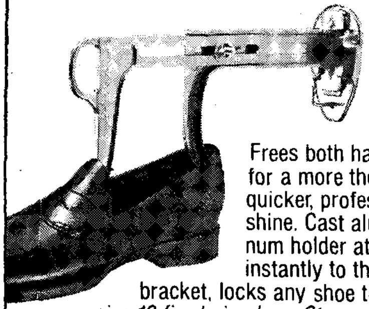

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hold more players or hold the old number more comfortably. And there are new seats for the audience, seats with "better acoustical characteristics."

All this should make a great difference. But since I attended "The Merry Widow" in my usual "good" seat, where the sound was already acceptable and undistorted, I so far have nothing particularly striking to report. However, at an open dress rehearsal, when the critics were invited to sample the new house from various vantages, there was evident a general increase of vocal clarity and body, and a fuller, freer, richer orchestral sound. Further comment must await the production of some real operas.

"A CONSTANT delight" was Ernest Newman's phrase for Lehár's operetta: "The man in the street may love 'The Merry Widow,' but the musician, in addition to loving it, admires and wonders at it, so fresh and varied is the melodic invention in it, so deft, for all their economy, the harmonization and the scoring." His remarks accompanied a recording of the piece, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf as its heroine, which is indeed a performance to excite admiration and wonder. In the theatre, however, the "Widow" seldom fares so well, and the City Opera's new production, the company's third, is hardly stylish or graceful. Charm it did have in the person of Elizabeth Hynes, its heroine (the first of the season's four Widows). This young ingénue, the company's Susanna and Pamina, is piquantly pretty. Her voice is sweet and true. Her manner is delicate. But she was miscast as the mature, glamorous Hanna Glawari. The role was understated (which is at least preferable to overstatement). Wit, temperament, a strong, sudden flash in the timbre (for the "Heia, Mädel" duet), a richly Straussian swell (for the Vilja-Lied) were missing. Miss Hynes was enchanting but too consistently gentle. Danilo, as often nowadays, was assigned to a baritone. That need not matter when the baritone is dapper and dashing both of presence and of voice, but Alan Titus's voice has been growing darker, heavier, and fuller, and he was rather dull. Susanne Marsee was an edgy Valencienne (she should study Fritzi Massary), and Joseph Evans, as the suave, aristocratic Camille de Rosillon, was blank. The comics—Jack Harrold as the Pontevedrian Ambassador and James Billings as Njegus—were broad. I use the fa-

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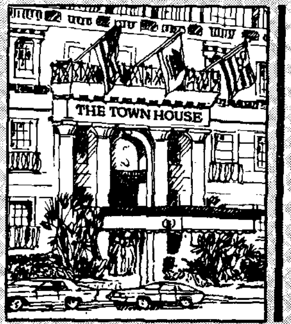

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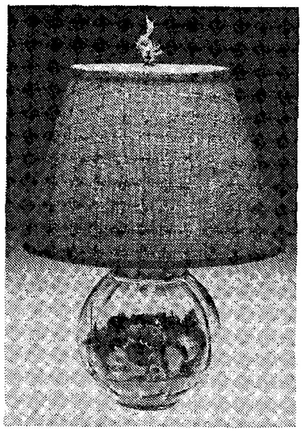

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miliar names for the characters, but in fact the City Opera (which in its last production employed new lyrics by Sheldon Harnick) has now reverted to the old 1907 London version, with lyrics by Adrian Ross. This changes names, relocates the third act, and assigns Valencienne's Grisetten-Lied to a grisette. Njegus' song, in Act III, which Lehár added for the London production, was omitted, and in its place Danilo sang a sentimental number from Lehár's last operetta, "Giuditta."

The City Opera—at any rate, during my ten years' experience of it—has seldom been much good at operetta, whether Viennese, French, British, or American. The new show is the mixture as before. By comparison with, let's say, something as fresh, lively, energetic, professional, carefully paced (and skillfully amplified, so that nuances tell) as Tony Tanner's production of Andrew Lloyd Webber's dramatic oratorio "Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat," farther down Broadway, this "Widow" seems dowdy, draggy, and not especially competent. Operetta, of course, calls for talents that not all opera singers command. (Hofmannsthal made the point strongly, in a 1923 letter to Strauss: "When I see someone like Massary on the stage, whose intelligence, versatility, and richness of nuance match on the inmost level my own creative aspirations, and then think of opera singers, it is as if I were snatched away from a celestial banquet table decked with ambrosia to some dirty pot-house table laden with the coarsest victuals.") There were gifted opera singers here. They needed more stylish direction. The scenery, by Helen Pond and Herbert Senn, was unattractive. The staging, by Bill Gile, was stale routine. The conducting, by Scott Bergeson, was unidiomatic.

—ANDREW PORTER

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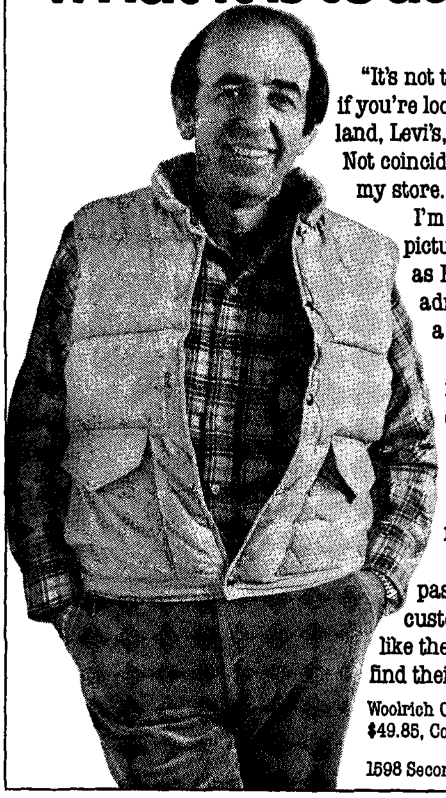

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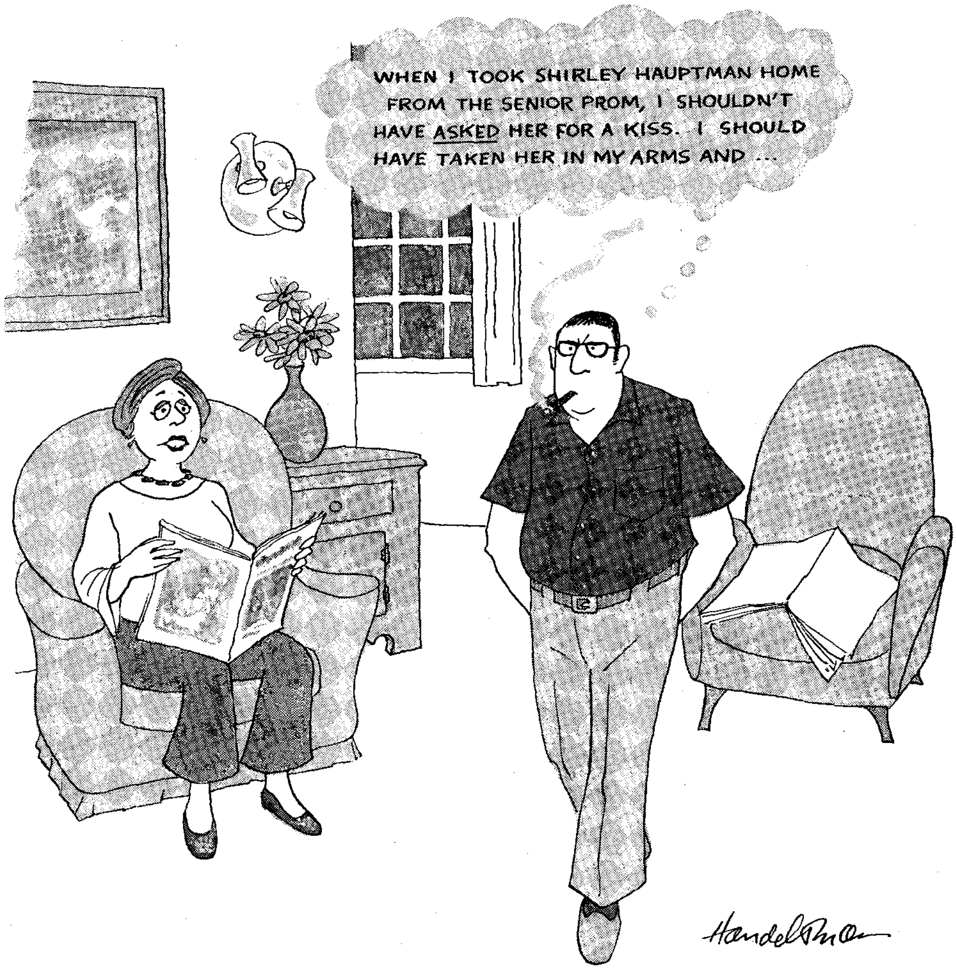
Two Titans

At the end of March, 1938, two weeks after Hitler had subjugated Austria, Winston Churchill, then in his sixty-fourth year, was in Paris. He had just emerged from a bout of despair over "the ever-waxing power of the Nazi system" and was renewing old friendships with the French political leaders and generals in the hope of reinforcing his faith in the French Army as still "the finest in Europe." He was committed, with Generals Gamelin, Georges, and Giraud, to the traditional French belief in a defensive war—in battles fought on prepared positions with massive artillery support. He was impressed by the seeming invulnerability of the Maginot Line. He did express doubts about the strength and flexibility of the French Air Force, as well he might, since he had spent the better part of the thirties collecting, from confidential sources, frightening proof of Germany's growing air power—proof that did not, however, frighten the House of Commons, before whose skeptical or bored members he had preached many eloquent but unbearable sermons. On this French visit, as on several previous ones, he carried no official credentials. He went as a private person. He was still plodding through his so-called wilderness years. After a long stint as Chancellor of the Exchequer in Baldwin's second administration, he had left office—as he thought, for good—in 1929. He thereafter devoted himself to journalism, to his bricklaying hobby, and to the writing of his huge biography of his ancestor Marlborough. But in public, and from the back benches of the House, he had adopted the role of a Cassandra-in-residence, warning everybody about the rising ambitions of Adolf Hitler and the powerful means he was acquiring to fulfill them. (It is one of the admirable things about Churchill that in the subsequent catastrophe of Poland and the conquest of Western Europe he never—either to his friends or to the discredited appeasers of Chamberlain's fallen government—said, "I told you so.") In Paris in the spring of 1938, Churchill, who was obsessed, because he wanted to be, by the superiority of the French Army, became aware for the first time of the existence of a French colonel, the commander of a tank regiment, who was equally obsessed by the Army's perilous weakness. "It seemed," Churchill wrote later, "that a Colonel de Gaulle had written a much-criticised book about the offensive power of modern armoured vehicles." The book, "Vers l'Armée de Métier," had come out in 1934, when de Gaulle was forty-three. Its main thesis was that the northeastern border of France was her historic and increasingly vulnerable "passageway," through which "we recently buried one-third of our young men," and that it could be protected no longer by fortifications and trench warfare but only by mobile armored divisions. In effect, the book enlarged on a theory as eccentric to the military establishment as Major Douglas's theory of Social Credit was becoming, at the same time, to standard economists. The book failed to affect either the French government or the military until it was too late, and it sold only seven hundred copies in France. In Germany, it did very much better, and was no doubt received by the Nazis as a battle plan.

By the end of the first week of June, 1940, the Nazis' thundering armored divisions and accompanying bombers had conquered Poland, overrun the Netherlands, Belgium, Luxembourg, and France, and broken all but a few pockets of French and British resistance. From the port of Dunkirk, three hundred and forty thousand Allied troops, abandoning nearly all their arms and equipment, had been evacuated to England. Churchill was by then Prime Minister, and de Gaulle (now Brigadier General de Gaulle)—elevated to be Under-Secretary of State for National Defense by Premier Paul Reynaud, the only politician or general who had half believed in him—was sent to London on a brave but pathetic mission: to beg Churchill to send more air squadrons to France (when there were only twenty-seven left for the defense of Britain); to urge him to rearm and reëquip the British evacuees for a second assault across the Channel; and to bring the dubious assurance that France would fight on, if need be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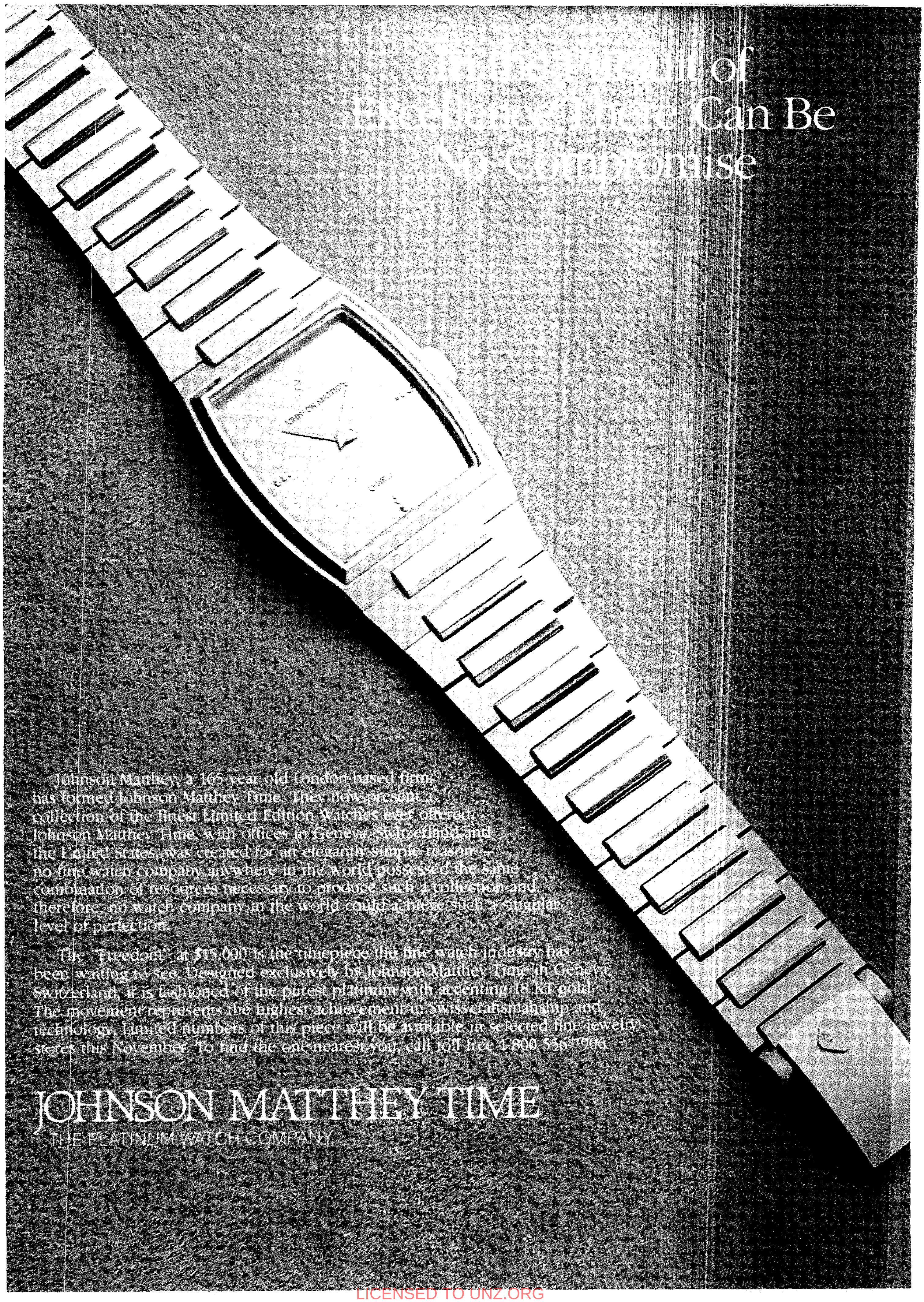

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from her imperial bases in North Africa. This first meeting was cordial. Churchill seems to have been impressed by the lofty but odd-looking soldier ("he's got a head like a pineapple and hips like a woman," Sir Alexander Cadogan noted in his diary), by his "completely unrattled" coolness. De Gaulle recalled that "Mr. Churchill seemed to me to be equal to the rudest task, provided it also had greatness." But the General brought impossible demands. Churchill's War Cabinet, reeling under true reports of the shattered French defenses and an epidemic of defeatism in the French Cabinet and the high command, was now preoccupied with mobilizing Britain's scant defense resources against the glaring prospect of a Nazi invasion. Within the week, it was all over for France. Reynaud resigned. Marshal Pétain, the eighty-four-year-old hero of Verdun, formed a government and sued for an armistice. It seems clear now that de Gaulle, back in France and scorning the thought of surrender, announcing openly that "the defeated are those who accept defeat," was in actual danger. General Spears, the one remaining British liaison officer to the French, was sure that de Gaulle would be arrested. However that may be, de Gaulle permitted himself the ostentation of making several appointments for the afternoon before performing the routine courtesy of going to the airport to see General Spears off to England. There were solemn handshakes and farewells, and Spears walked to the plane; its engines had no sooner started than de Gaulle dashed forward and climbed aboard, carrying with him "in this small aeroplane," Churchill wrote, "the honour of France." It sounds like a felicitous, almost a Shakespearean beginning to a beautiful friendship. But if there had been anyone well acquainted with the character and the history of both men—and there was not—he would have winced at the years of ructions and explosions and recriminations that lay ahead.

From boyhood on, Churchill had an unwavering love of France and French civilization, and a sentimental admiration for the French soldier which was grounded in long experience: in intimate dealings during the First World War with his heroes Foch and Clemenceau; in much attendance at postwar French maneuvers; not least in the six months he had spent in the trenches after the failure of the Dardanelles campaign and his

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voluntary resignation from office to return to service as the commanding officer of the Sixth Royal Scots Fusiliers. De Gaulle may not have been an instinctive Anglophobe, but his lifelong inclination to smell perfidy in any dealings with the British was undoubtedly encouraged by an Anglophobe father and an Irish grandmother. He held, at any rate, rigid theories about national character, and seems to have looked on Churchill's Francophilia as a barely saving grace in an otherwise suspect Little Englander. Although Churchill and de Gaulle shared an erudite and similar view of history, and each of them had made youthful arrangements to become a man of destiny, there were sharp differences—not so tellingly of character as of character seen in action—between two men with an unequal experience of affairs. However cavalier the young Churchill had been in pushing his ambitions, he had now had forty years' involvement in government in peace and in war, both as a soldier and as a politician, and his bounding idealism, even when exerted in his own behalf, had been tempered by many alternations of success and failure, by public acclaim and public ridicule, by stalemates, humiliations, friendships broken and repaired, crusades won and lost. De Gaulle since his teens had been an obscure soldier with a passion for a military career. He was known to his associates as "average in everything, except height"—except also in his "vast historical culture." He fought bravely as an infantryman in the First World War, was wounded three times, and was awarded the Legion of Honor by none other than Pétain. He was taken prisoner of war, and on his release fought with the Poles against the Soviets. It took him twenty-three years to rise from lieutenant to full colonel, and he spent much of the twenties and thirties as a military lecturer, expounding his heretical views on mobility and maneuver, and impressing no one but such foreign oddities as the British military historian Captain Basil Liddell Hart and Adolf Hitler.

There were other disparities between the two men, which grew out of their greatly different social backgrounds, and which would test their capacity for compromise and malleability in dealing with a multinational cast of characters. Churchill's historical vision of an ordered world, which assumed a hierarchy of great powers and their imperial wards, could be

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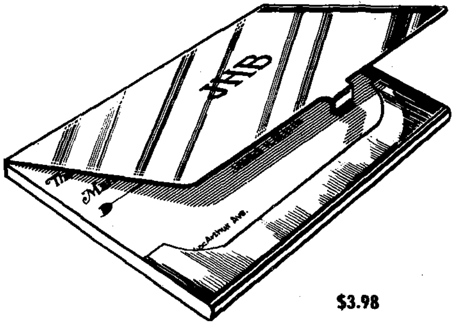

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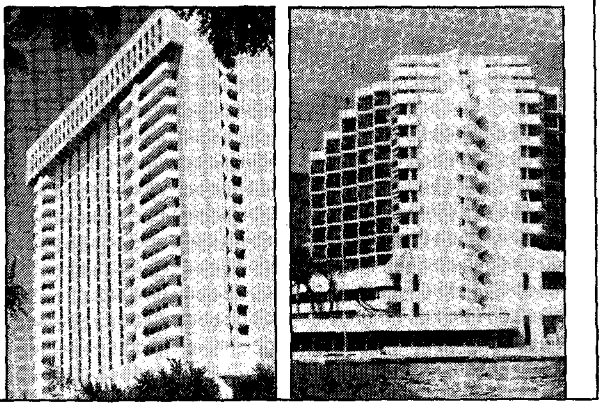
sympathetically adjusted to de Gaulle's focus on the glory of France and her empire. But the vision did not prescribe a hereditary élite either of the wellborn or of the peasant soldier. When you consider that Churchill was an English aristocrat and his social intimates were dukes, hereditary peers, guardees, and such well-bred offshoots as Anthony Eden, Harold Nicolson, and Duff Cooper (all of whom, whatever their gifts, were dependable class snobs, uncomfortable with working people), it is worth remarking that Churchill for most of his life had known many sorts of people—Frenchmen, Boers, Greeks, Irishmen, Americans, pashas, Hindus, rajas and fellahin, politicians of diverse origins. Though born to a Tory heritage, he had earned the lifelong suspicion of his Conservative colleagues by his desertion, in his early thirties, to the Liberals and by his subsequent advocacy of free trade, home rule for Ireland, unemployment allowances, old-age pensions, and the emasculation of the House of Lords ("this second chamber as it is—one-sided, hereditary, unpurged, unrepresentative, irresponsible, absentee"). He had been a close and admiring associate of Lloyd George, the Welsh village boy, of Ernest Bevin, an orphan brought up in rural poverty, of the Zionist Weizmann, the scientist Lindemann, the newspaper tycoon Beaverbrook. De Gaulle's world was circumscribed by the military, Jesuit scholars, small country estates, and the peasantry. He was a proud provincial Frenchman first and last, uneasy with foreigners, and regally contemptuous of Americans.

The story of this stormy but heroic association has now been told by a young French historian, François Kersaudy, in what is, astonishingly, the only book on the subject—"Churchill and De Gaulle" (Atheneum; $19.95). M. Kersaudy, with the advantage of a knowledge of nine languages, has ransacked the diplomatic and military archives of ten countries, and the memoirs and diaries of practically every Briton, American, and Frenchman who impinged, even in passing, on the conduct of the war and the British-French-American-Soviet alliance. Consequently, the first conspicuous value of his book is that it balances and transcends the memoirs and the memoranda, especially those of Churchill and de Gaulle. Dean Acheson once remarked about political memoranda, "Some were well written,



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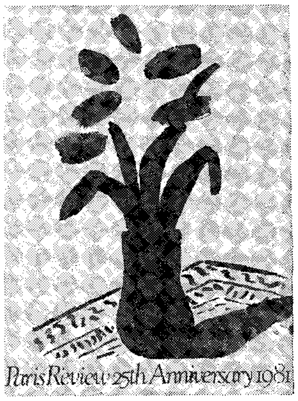

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others were terrible mush. Some were accurate, others totally unreliable. But there is one thing they had in common: the author of the memorandum never lost the argument." M. Kersaudy corrects without rancor the errors, accidental or self-serving, of both men's memoirs. He has an extraordinary feeling for the whole man, and accepts even wild contradictions of behavior as the normal flux of human character.

The close relationship began, then, in June, 1940, with Churchill symbolizing, and acting for, a besieged Britain on the verge of defeat, and with de Gaulle symbolizing to himself a heroic and defiant France but plainly appearing to everybody else—especially to the British Foreign Office—as a marooned brigadier general, with neither funds nor troops, who had the ludicrous ambition of building a government in exile around the nucleus of his A.D.C. and a lieutenant newly proclaimed Chef de Cabinet. Inevitably—their *profound differences* of temperament and character apart—the sharpest discrepancy emerged in their view of the war: Churchill raking in his mind's eye every corner of the globe to assess the perils to the empire while he improvised the defense of what he liked to call "our island kingdom;" de Gaulle's necessary astigmatism fastening on the focal center, at the end of his nose, of France's fate. From the moment de Gaulle arrived in England, the liberation of France and her overseas possessions under his aegis and his leadership was the whole of the war for him. And M. Kersaudy's researches are so all-embracing that in the tenser passages of the relationship Churchill, too, is seen swept up in the fate of France as a man equally, and totally, absorbed. Of course, he could not be, and he wasn't. A cross-check of de Gaulle's daily harassments of the Prime Minister (and the Foreign Office) with the substance of Churchill's plethora of memoranda to the Army, the Air Force, the Navy, and his Cabinet ministers is enough to establish a lively exasperation on both sides. In the beginning, de Gaulle is complaining about prospective Vichyites in the French naval mission in London and begging for preferential recruitment of the French soldier refugees, while Churchill is bullying the Secretary of State for Air to muster more fighter pilots and the Colonial Secretary to raise a West Indies regiment and accumulate weapons for the self-defense of the Jews in Palestine;

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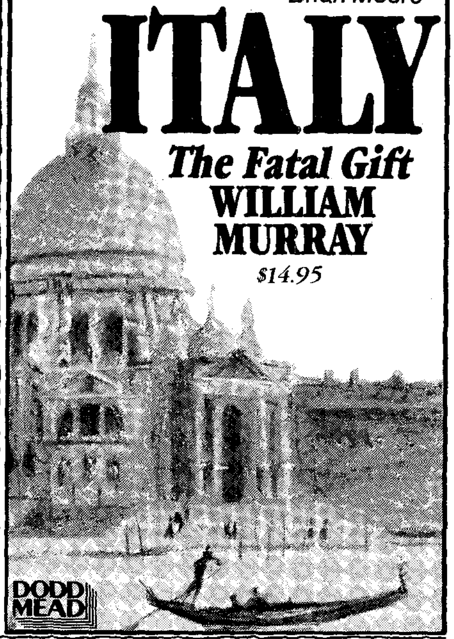

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approving the Admiralty's disposition of battleships in maintaining blockades between Scapa and Gibraltar; urging Professor Lindemann to combine projectors, rockets, and proximity fuses to strengthen the home defense against air attack; and firing off short, sharp memos to generals and ministers alike about everything from the implanting of concrete slabs on the south coast to the interning of prisoners, the location of German aircraft factories, the shortage of British timber, and the need to raise and arm contingents of Poles, Dutch, Czechs, and Belgians in Britain.

Among the enormous welter of issues that, over five years, fell unceasingly on the two leaders are two that will serve to illustrate the temper and the delicacy of their relationship, especially when it was intruded upon by the helping hand of the United States. An early problem was the status of Saint-Pierre and Miquelon, a group of tiny islands lying off the coast of Newfoundland. The second, and by de Gaulle the most unforgiven, issue was the intolerably tardy recognition of the Fighting French, and their Committee of National Liberation, by the United States and—through Churchill's dependence on Roosevelt—the United Kingdom. Most of the overseas territories of the French empire felt bound by the surrender of the Vichy government, and Vichy was quick to give plenary powers to soldiers, governors, mayors, and every sort of big and petty official from Dakar to Beirut. In Africa and in the Levant, British and French interests, and forces, overlapped; and for a year or two Churchill and de Gaulle bargained and fought, suspected each other's motives, threatened engagements between Britain and de Gaulle's forces, sulked and refused to meet or talk for months at a time, and always in the end, through the pleading of some intermediary, came together and raised glasses and conceded each other's genius. (The book bristles with ultimatums and hot-tempered asides: "*Pauvre* Churchill! He's betraying us, and he's angry at us because he's forced to betray us." "[De Gaulle] a great man? Why, he's selfish, he's arrogant, he thinks he's the centre of the universe . . . he . . . You're right, he's a great man!") In most of these imperial clashes, Roosevelt trusted and supported the Vichy administration, de Gaulle despised it and hastened to supplant it with his own forces, however inferior, and Churchill temporized

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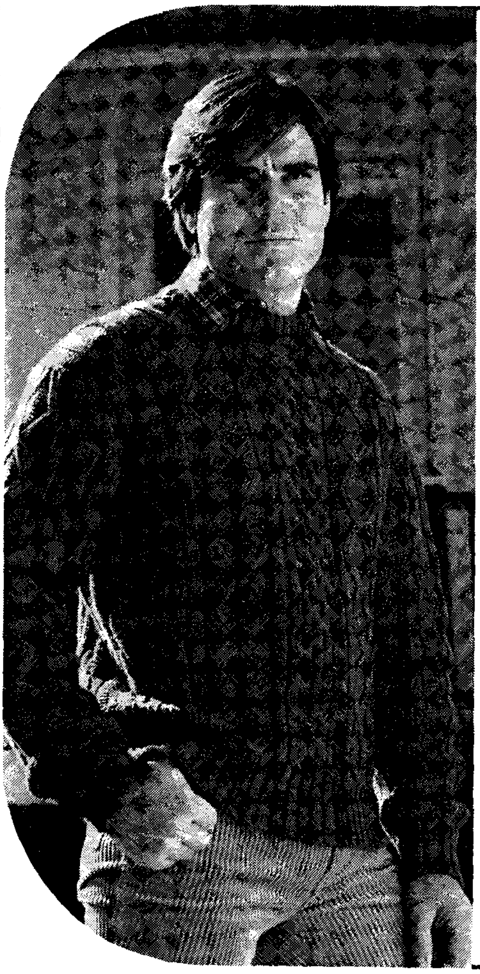

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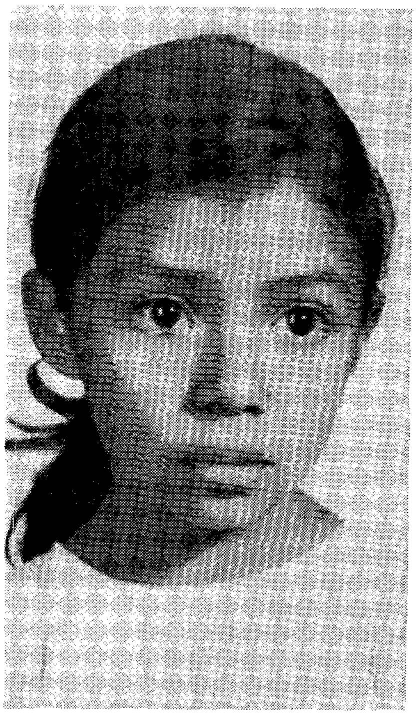

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with it until he was sure that the Fighting French or the British, or the two together, had secured a military hold firm enough to guarantee an unchallenged de Gaulle takeover.

There were no such problems of sovereignty or prior claim over Saint-Pierre and Miquelon. They were, and are, the only French possessions in North America. The few thousand inhabitants of the islands were openly Gaullist immediately after the French surrender, and they resented the commandeering by Vichy of a powerful radio transmitter, and the use of it to alert German submarines to the movement of Allied convoys across the Atlantic. Once the United States was in the war, de Gaulle decided to dramatize the allegiance of these remote Frenchmen by sending Admiral Muselier, the commander of the Free French naval forces, to take the islands. Churchill liked the idea, so did the British Foreign Secretary, Anthony Eden, and so did the Foreign Office, which directed a note to Roosevelt seeking his consent, as a matter of courtesy, to what de Gaulle called "this little *coup de main.*" Roosevelt and the State Department were absolutely opposed to it. They had maintained, since the surrender, warm relations with Vichy. Their political rationale was the need to keep the main body of the French fleet out of German hands and to brace Marshal Pétain with the flattery of regarding him as an independent French ruler untainted by the Nazis, in spite of his impressive record of collaboration. Roosevelt wrote to Pétain as "my dear old friend," while he looked on de Gaulle (condemned to death by Pétain's own proclamation) as "just another French general" with Fascist tendencies. Churchill regretted having to countermand his consent to the adventure. Whereupon de Gaulle, without telling Churchill—or, indeed, anyone but his associates—ordered Admiral Muselier to sail away and take the islands, which he did, to an enthusiastic reception by the inhabitants. Secretary of State Cordell Hull was outraged by this forbidden swoop of "the so-called Free French"—a phrase that subjected him to a blizzard of abusive mail addressed to "the so-called Secretary of State." He demanded that Churchill compel de Gaulle to evacuate the islands or sanction their recapture by a Vichy admiral. Churchill affected great sympathy with Hull ("whose sterling qualities I recognised") and then went off to Ottawa

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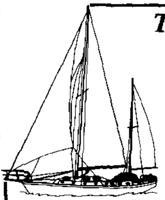

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to castigate, before the Canadian Parliament, the men of Vichy, "who lay prostrate at the foot of the conqueror" and to eulogize Frenchmen "who would not bow their knees and who under General de Gaulle have continued to fight on the side of the Allies." De Gaulle was naturally delighted and, in a broadcast to France, declared that "we entirely concur" with the words of "the great Churchill." At the same time, the great Churchill sent a reproachful letter to de Gaulle about the storm he had raised, and declared that "the result of your activities there has been to make things more difficult with the United States."

It was an understatement. Hull and Admiral Leahy, Roosevelt's special ambassador to Vichy, never forgot or forgave the wound of a humiliation inflicted by "just another French general" and salted by the applause of the American press and public. Roosevelt shrugged it off at the time, but as the war went along, and the grand alliance came more and more to mean Britain and America, with the Soviet Union looked on as an admirable but surly giant first holding and then pulverizing Hitler on the Eastern Front, de Gaulle appeared to Roosevelt as a martinet in exile, making preposterous claims to being a fourth and equal leader of the Allies. What Roosevelt could never credit, and what alternately disturbed and exhilarated Churchill, was the fact that increasingly in Africa and the Levant, and then in the liberated parts of France herself, and among the British and American public, de Gaulle's claims not merely were taken for granted but were cheered. In the last two years of the war, after North Africa had been secured—first by Montgomery's defeat of Rommel, then by the American invasion—and, later, as the Allied forces advanced across France, Churchill's constant problem was the conflict between the rising, and eventually overwhelming, support for de Gaulle (among the Fighting French in Africa and Europe, among the Resistance, and among the British and American public) and Roosevelt's blind preference for Pétain as the embodiment of France both during the war and in the reconstruction to come. This quirk, of judgment as well as of character, is all the odder in Roosevelt in that the best moments of his leadership, domestic and foreign, were always those in which he asserted a strong, simple idealism. In the event,

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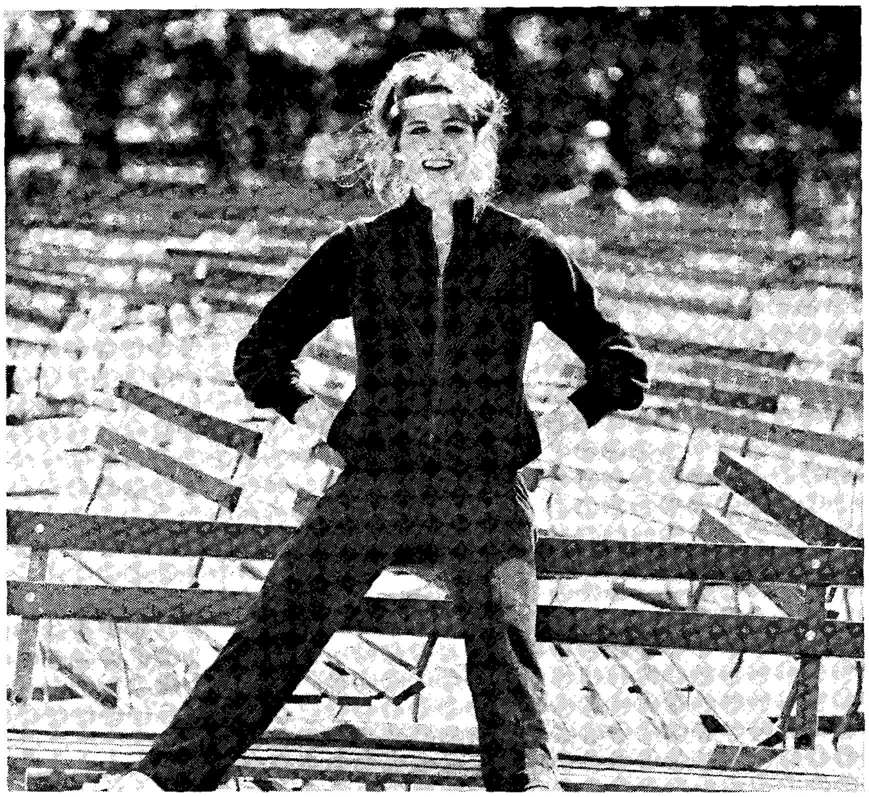

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it was Churchill who damped the fury of his own dislike for de Gaulle with the recognition that he represented at once the underdog, the spirit of *la patrie*, and the British and French peoples' detestation of Pétain as Hitler's lackey. The truth is that Roosevelt was woefully ignorant of France; he seemed unaware of the extent of her empire and the collisions of race and religion and loyalty inside it. He kept one baleful eye cocked for what he mistakenly took to be Churchill's determination not only to restore the British empire but to acquire some of the French empire, too. It was no help to Churchill that the only prejudice de Gaulle shared with Roosevelt was a deep distrust of Britain's imperial ambitions once the war was over.

It is understandable, to say the least, that as the Allies moved closer to victory, and the Fighting French began to play a fighting part in it, de Gaulle should have assumed that he would be brought into the councils of Roosevelt and Churchill and would become the chief adviser on the administration of his liberated native land. In fact, he was rarely consulted. Roosevelt ignored him or joked about him. Churchill pacified him with notes of sympathy sharpened by the reminder that nothing must be done to alienate the Americans. In January, 1943, de Gaulle arrived in Casablanca for the famous meeting of Roosevelt and Churchill and their staffs and was excluded from all general discussion, only yielding, in a suppressed rage, to Roosevelt's entreaty to have him pose for a photograph with General Giraud. De Gaulle was even kept in ignorance of the Allied invasion of Normandy until the very eve of the landings, and it was not until a month after D Day that he was allowed to come for a courtesy visit to Washington. The ultimate insult was Roosevelt's decision to replace the French currency with American francs that expunged the words "*Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*" and bore simply the image of the French flag. Through this bitter time, de Gaulle grew almost insanely convinced that Churchill was a helpless puppet of Roosevelt. Things got so bad that we see de Gaulle snapping at Duff Cooper, "You have insulted France and betrayed the West. This cannot be forgotten," and Churchill writing in a Cabinet memorandum, "I ask my colleagues to consider urgently whether we should not now eliminate de Gaulle as a political force. . . . It seems to me most questionable that we

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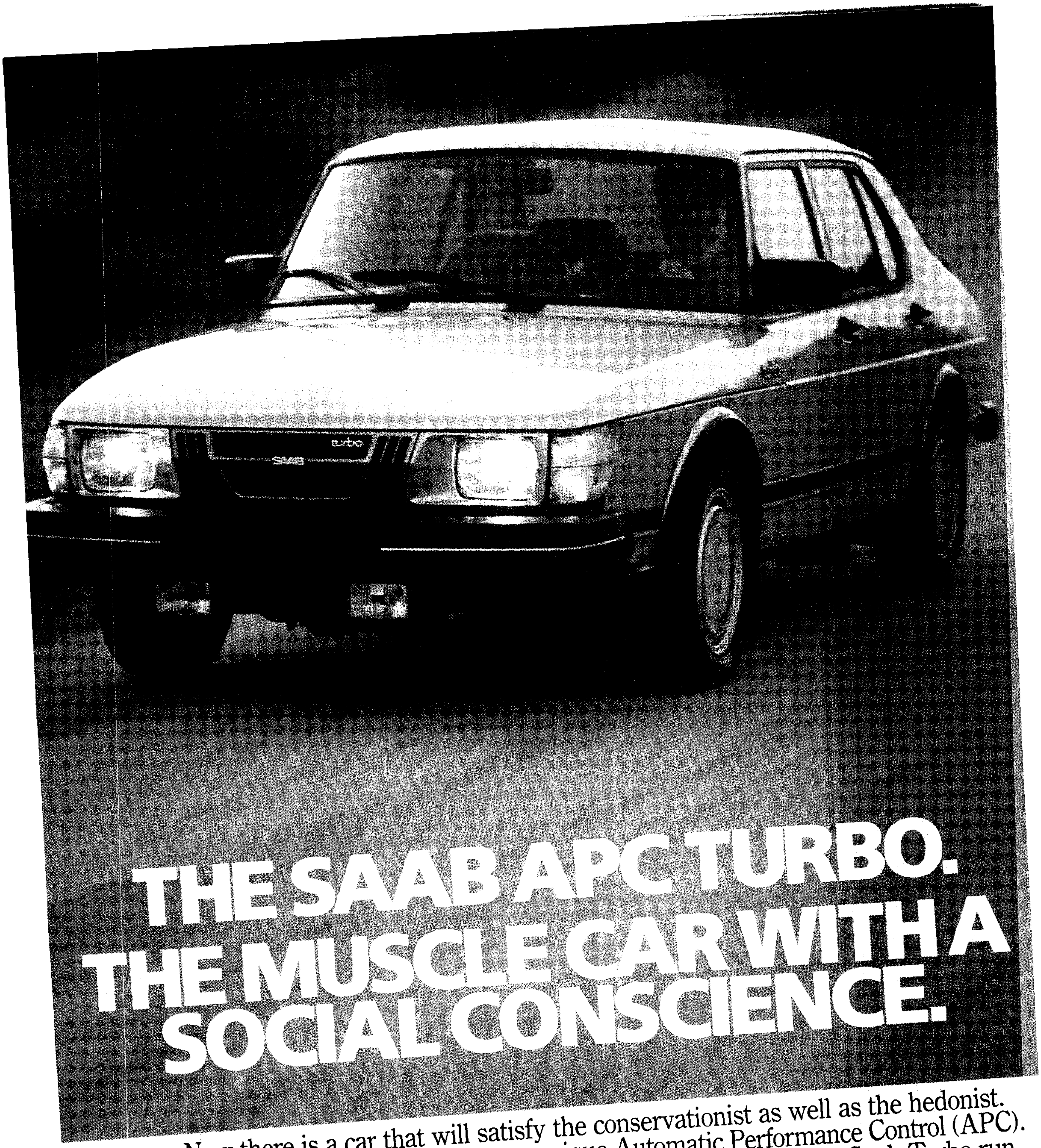

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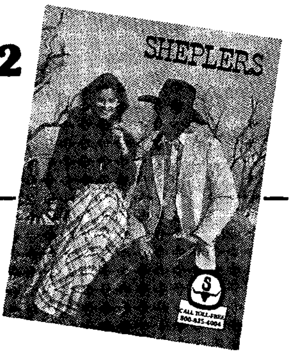

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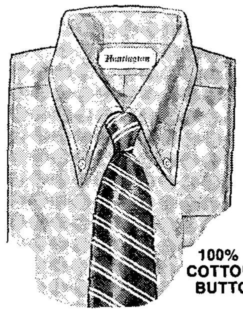

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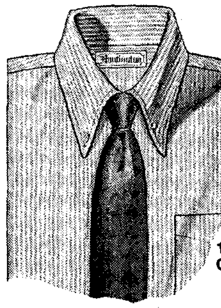

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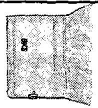

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holding." Molotov, the Soviet Foreign Minister, was warned, too. The British and the Russians rushed to add their signatures to a joint proclamation. Within a couple of hours, it was done. Cadogan wrote, "We have all, thank God, Americans, British, and Russians, recognized de Gaulle." It must have been an affront to Churchill, an enormous strain on his pride, and a mockery of his now legendary capacity for leadership that for three and a half years of the six-year war Roosevelt remained for him, like Rumpole's wife, "she who must be obeyed." The end of the story might have been dictated by a Cecil B. De Mille scriptwriter but is moving nonetheless. In Paris, thirteen years after the end of the war, de Gaulle, now the last Premier of the Fourth Republic, decorates Sir Winston Churchill with the Cross of Liberation. In Westminster Hall, in April, 1960, de Gaulle addresses both Houses of Parliament and solemnly talks of Churchill's "immortal glory of having been the leader and the inspiration." Churchill wept.

M. Kersaudy's virtues as a historian lie not so much in a positive talent, apart from the unflagging thoroughness of his researches, as in a lack of the current vices. Unlike an older generation of war historians, he is neither idiosyncratic nor confident in hindsight. Unlike the younger ones, he is not a psychobiographer or a revisionist. He is too serene in the mastery of his sources to need to be downright, and too serious to be a gossip. He is not particularly coruscating as a writer or profound. He is better: he is wise and fair. So there are no villains or heroes identified as such or imposed on the text. A small group of able, complex, vain, harassed human beings are seen in the presence of two titans who were compelled, by the sheer weight of America's military presence, to defer to the blithe giant, or bogeyman, three thousand miles away. Only to de Gaulle is there one positive villain: Roosevelt, worked upon by Secretary Hull and Admiral Leahy, egging each other on in a blinkered and bigoted view of the savior of France.

If there is a hero, he is one whose heroism emerges slowly from the text and is apparent only at the end. He is Anthony Eden, the elegant bureaucrat who kept in mind the essential aim of maintaining the French-British alliance, who for five years was on call at all hours to travel, to beg, to argue, to appease, to hold back ill-tempered

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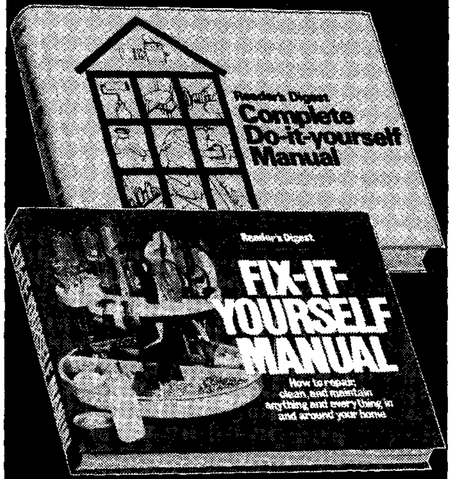

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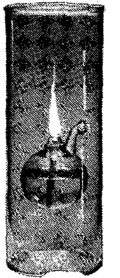

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memos and soften indiscreet ones, to stand up time and again in the House of Commons and explain the inexplicable or defend the indefensible, to hold the two leaders together when they were indulging in tantrums of ferocious intransigence. It is a pleasure to rescue from this vortex of quarrels, deceptions, and endless recriminations a memorial tribute to a much disparaged man whose levelheadedness, aching patience, and grasp of the main issue gave us, in the end, a united and democratic France.

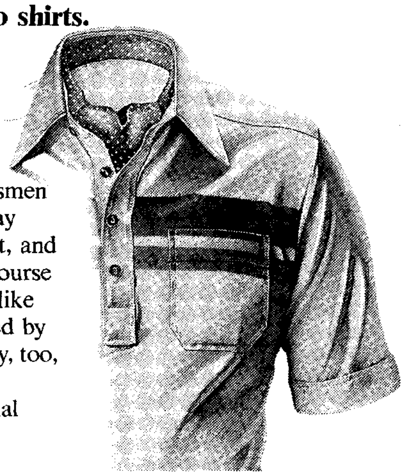
—ALISTAIR COOKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

MARIENBAD, by Sholom Aleichem, translated from the Yiddish by Aliza Shevrin (Putnam; $13.95). A glorious farce, written in 1911, that consists of the correspondence among twenty-odd residents of Warsaw's Jewish district (soon, of course, to be wiped out by the Nazis). About half of them have gone to the health resort of Marienbad (in what was then Bohemia) to flirt and gossip, and to write peevish letters to their spouses (back in Warsaw) about how tiresome the flirts and gossips are. Since gossip about flirtations spreads within each of the towns faster than the mails can move between them, everyone is soon on the verge of either a nervous breakdown or a divorce. A batch of counterfeit love letters compounds the confusion (for once, the accused are innocent), which explodes, at the end, in a barrage of telegrams—the paper equivalent of Feydeau's slammed doors—as flirts, cuckolds, lovers, and in-laws chase each other up and down Bohemia. Aliza Shevrin's discussion, in a foreword, of the difficulty of expressing in English each character's "stylistic signature" (a mixture of Hebrew and Yiddish and, in some cases, Russian) helps to explain why this tour de force has never before been translated, and why this translation is so good.

A TIME TO DANCE, AND OTHER STORIES, by Bernard Mac Laverty (Braziller; $10.95). This strong collection of ten short stories, set in Scotland and Ireland, begins with a sort of warmup exercise, about a forlorn father and a contemptuous son (they live with and think about but do not talk to each other), and goes on to explore more interesting



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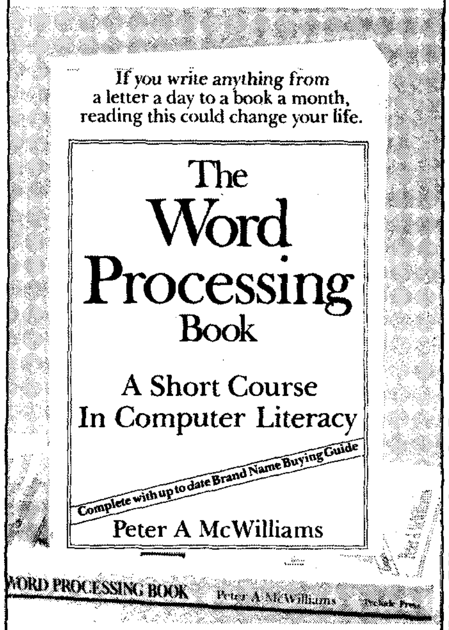
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combinations of characters, including a gaudy barmaid, her sly school-age son, and his foolish housemaster ("A Time to Dance"); a child prodigy, a radical blacksmith, and a pregnant piano teacher ("My Dear Palestrina"); and two retired prostitutes who are also roommates and business partners ("Phonefun Limited"). A grim sense of how quickly children learn the value of distrust pervades the collection. In "The Beginnings of a Sin," for instance, a boy whose eyeglasses are smashed by a drunken priest knows better than to tell anyone—even his mother—the truth; hush money from the priest, the next day, rewards him for lying. A few selections, however, are brightened by flashes of humor: in "No Joke" an ex-teacher and his ex-pupil meet up, after decades, as equals at a center for the elderly and tipple in secret, like a pair of naughty schoolboys; and in "Language, Truth and Lockjaw" a shaky marriage is repaired only after the husband almost dies, one night, of acute embarrassment, while his wife almost dies laughing.

THE WOODS, by David Plante (Atheneum; $8.95). Daniel Francoeur (one of seven brothers familiar to readers of "The Family" and "The Country") has no trouble unriddling three-part syllogisms for a college course in logic, but other problems that are not so tidy perplex him: at college, in Boston (the time is the late nineteen-fifties), where he secretly admires his roommate's body and compares it with his own; at his parents' lakeside summer cottage, where a pretty, and shrewd, neighbor lures and snares him over and over, only to let him go; and back in Boston, where he rejects the cynical advice of one of his older brothers, a Marine Corps major who is paying Daniel's tuition fees and would like to see him prepare for the next war by graduating from the R.O.T.C. program on campus. Mr. Plante writes, as usual, in an uncommonly austere style that reflects the lonely inner world of his protagonist (and hero, by the end), who paces the "dark woods" (it is the neighbor's metaphor) of his worries and finds a way out that is far from his brother's path.

GENERAL

THE REAL ALICE, by Anne Clark (Stein & Day; $17.95). This is the first full biography of Alice Liddell

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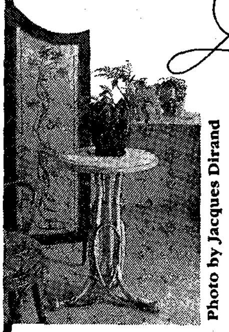

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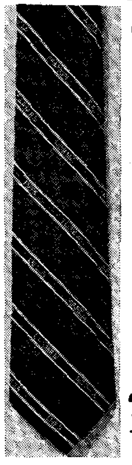

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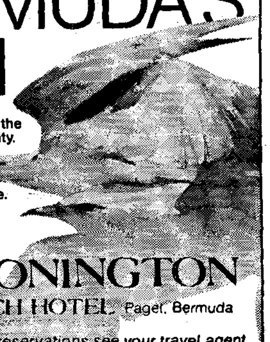

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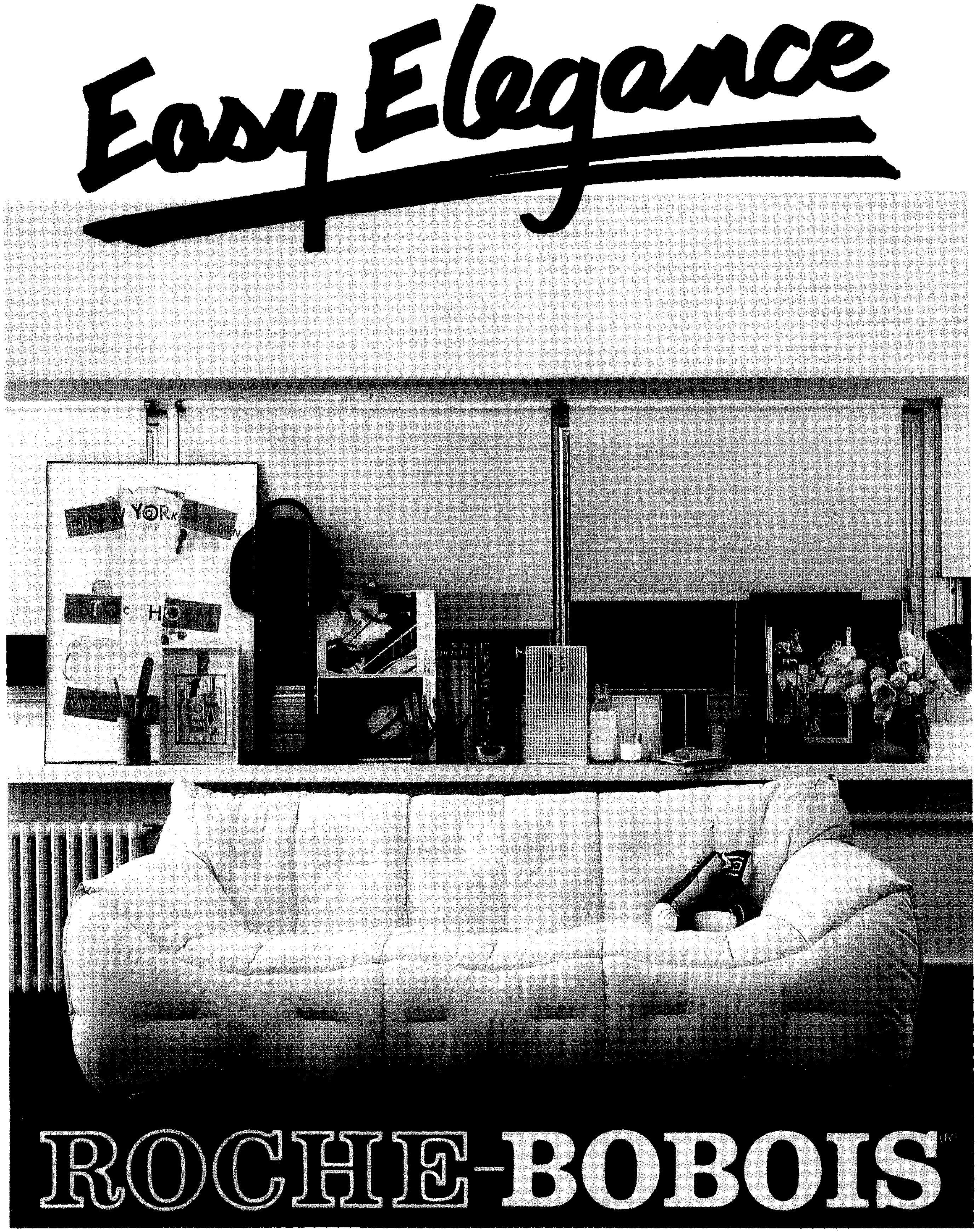

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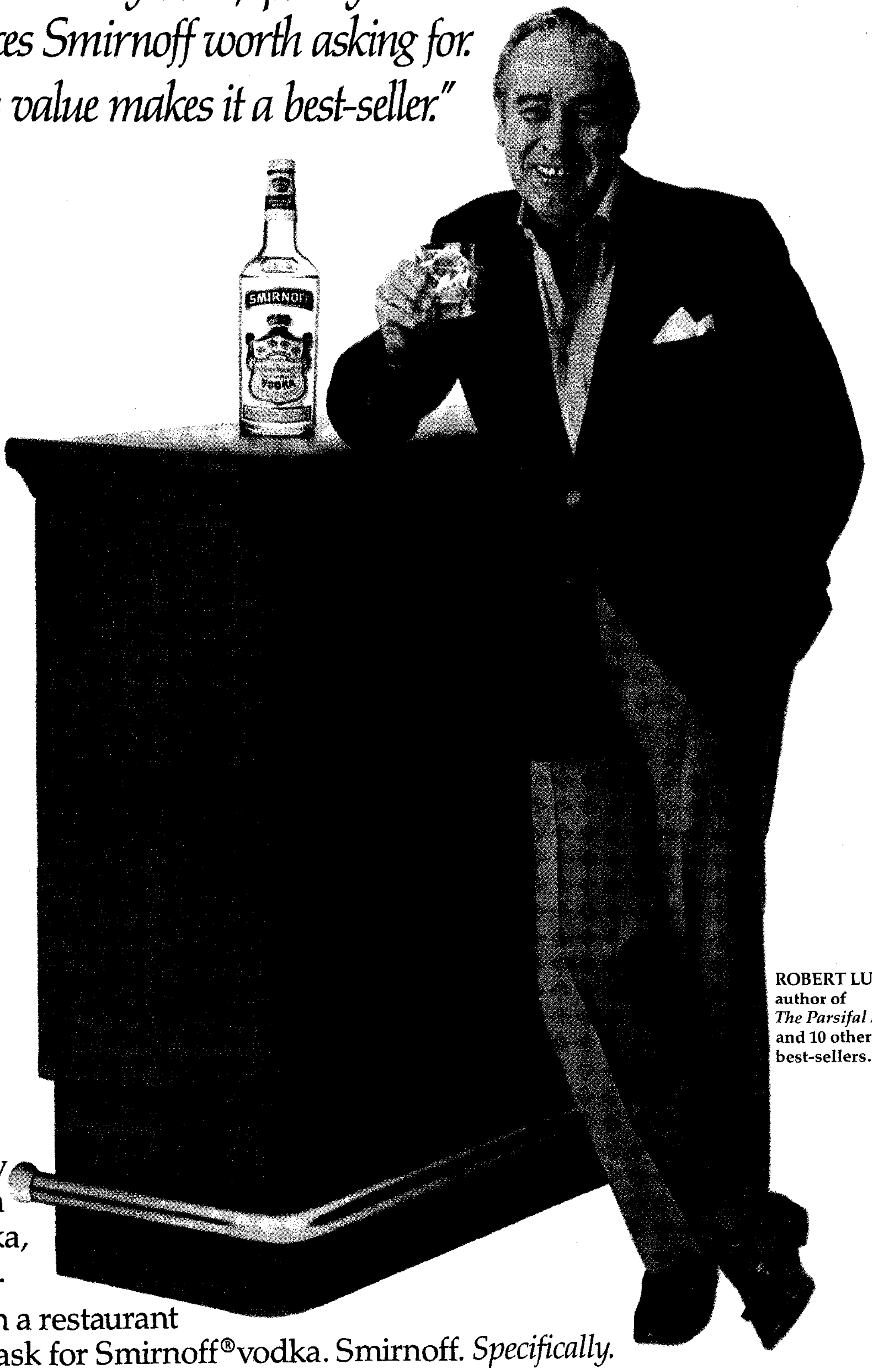

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(1852-1934). Perhaps would-be biographers have been discouraged by the fact that none of the correspondence that Lewis Carroll and his child idol exchanged around the time he composed "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" has survived. Anne Clark, who has written a biography of Carroll and has edited the Lewis Carroll Society's journal, *Jabberwocky*, makes do with a wealth of extant documents written by and about the Liddell family and their eminent acquaintances. Alice's father was Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, from 1855 until 1891. Alice first met Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, in the Deanery garden, in the spring of 1856 (shortly after he had chosen his pen name), when she was four and he was twenty-four, but she did not become his favorite Liddell until several years later. Anne Clark speculates that a marriage proposal by Dodgson in 1863 may have been the cause of his banishment (decreed by Mrs. Liddell) from the Deanery, and she offers in evidence a phrase, written in his diary some time later, that otherwise makes no sense. Alice's adult life was thoroughly conventional: she married a respectable Conservative and moved with him to a fine country house, where she entertained high society and raised three sons. (Only the youngest, named Caryl, survived the Great War.) Reading between the lines, one may suspect that the "wistful piquancy" caught by Dodgson's camera became sharp and shrewish in Alice's declining years; there is an ugly anecdote, related by one of her maids, about her restless domestic vigilance. In 1932 (two years before her death), she was persuaded to join in the centenary celebration, at Columbia University, of Lewis Carroll's birth, although she had not attended his funeral, in 1898. A valuable volume, enhanced by many photographs and other illustrations, several appendices, and a bibliography.

VISIONS FROM SAN FRANCISCO BAY, by Czeslaw Milosz, translated from the Polish by Richard Lourie (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $14.95). The Nobel Prize-winning poet, who left Poland for France in 1950 and has lived in this country, teaching at Berkeley, since 1960, reflects on the United States, and particularly California—the landscape and the culture—from the point of view of a former European and a double

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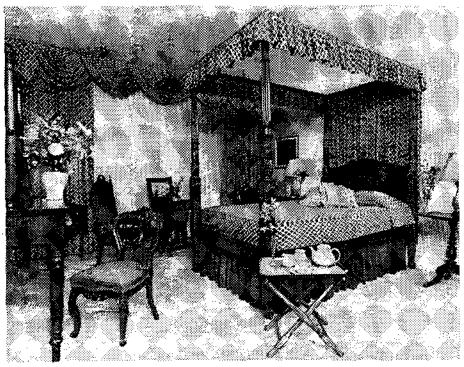

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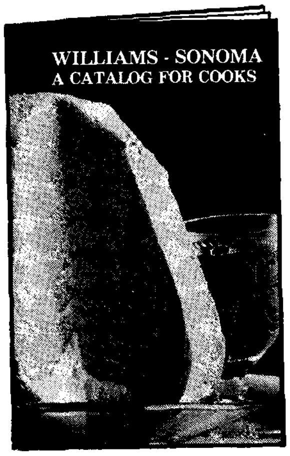

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émigré. The book reads like a distillation—not a word is superfluous. Milosz believes he has been observing "the erosion of the system of ideas and customs which form the American way of life"—that "America is being Europeanized." He writes of poetry and history and philosophy and religion as well as of automobiles and movies, weaving comparisons between past and present, Europe and America, and finding that in the past homelessness has been less painful, egalitarianism more comforting, and possibilities more generous on this continent.

THE WHEAT AND THE CHAFF, by François Mitterrand, translated from the French by Richard S. Woodward, Concilia Hayter, and Helen R. Lane, with an introduction by William Styron (Seaver; $16.95). This book follows President Mitterrand's doings in the nineteen-seventies, when he was a member of parliament (and, in 1974, an unsuccessful candidate for the Presidency), but it is not a day-by-day journal so much as a mixture of record and reflection. It offers a self-portrait of a thoroughly humane man, consistent in his aversion to cruelty and in his pursuit of justice. Whether he mulls over domestic issues or problems that affect all nations, he is equally good at concrete policy and at philosophical abstractions. His aesthetic sense is profound and discriminating. Mitterrand does not think himself a gifted writer, and attributes his style entirely to his sound classical education. His modesty, though mistaken, is as charming as everything else about him.

NOTE: "Italy: The Fatal Gift," a collection of reports by William Murray that span thirty-five years, has been published by Dodd, Mead ($14.95). Much of the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

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THE BUTCHER'S BOY, by Thomas Perry (Scribners; $13.95). The Butcher's Boy (whose numerous other names are all aliases) is a professional assassin for the Mafia, and when we meet him he is most cleverly and efficiently murdering a Colorado senator in a hotel room in Denver. He returns to Las Vegas for his honorarium, to discover, first by intuition, then by demonstration, that a contract has been let on him. The rest of Mr. Per-

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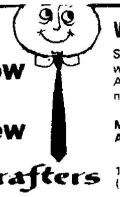
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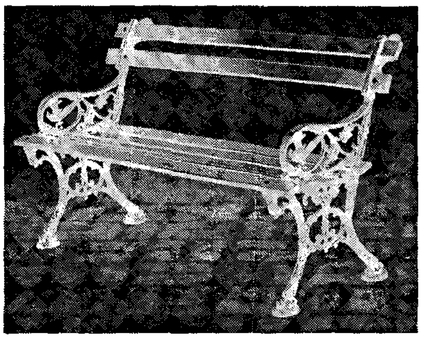
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ry's first and totally enthralling novel has to do with the Butcher's Boy's ingenious efforts to escape extinction. There is also, as a second level of interest, a young woman agent for the Justice Department assigned to investigate the Colorado senator's death, but the Butcher's Boy is the center, and although his hands are bloodied on almost every page he emerges through Mr. Perry's artistry as a hero, and a sympathetic hero at that. A notable piece of entertainment.

THE OLD FOX DECEIV'D, by Martha Grimes (Little, Brown; $13.95). Miss Grimes alludes to television, to the Grateful Dead, and to Pink Floyd, but her heart is way back yonder in the twenties—in gold cigarette cases and silver-headed walking sticks, in the Scotland Yard inspector with the classical education and his foppish dilettante collaborator, in bullying great-aunts and loaded tea tables, in murky goings on at the manor, in eccentric villagers, in the bracing foxhunt over the moors, in the smoky pub and the foggy night outside, in murder by a curious antique weapon. She is, in other words, a neo-Christie, a neo-Sayers. Her story is set in a remote Yorkshire fishing village in winter, it opens with the discovery of the body of a woman in a mummer's costume in an alley around the corner from the pub called the Old Fox Deceiv'd, and it is a pleasure from that classic start to its equally classic finish.

•

NEVADA CITY, Nev. (UPI)—Concert pianist Gary Goldschneider believes he has set a world record by playing all 32 of Beethoven's sonatas during a 12-hour radio broadcast that he believes turned the town on its ear.

"I really did it for the community," said Goldschneider of his marathon concert Saturday in Nevada City's American Victorian Museum. "This whole little town was vibrating with Beethoven's music. You couldn't go into a store without hearing Beethoven music played."

Beethoven and the staff of KVMR, which broadcast the concert, believe it was the longest uninterrupted radio transmission ever of a single classical concert.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

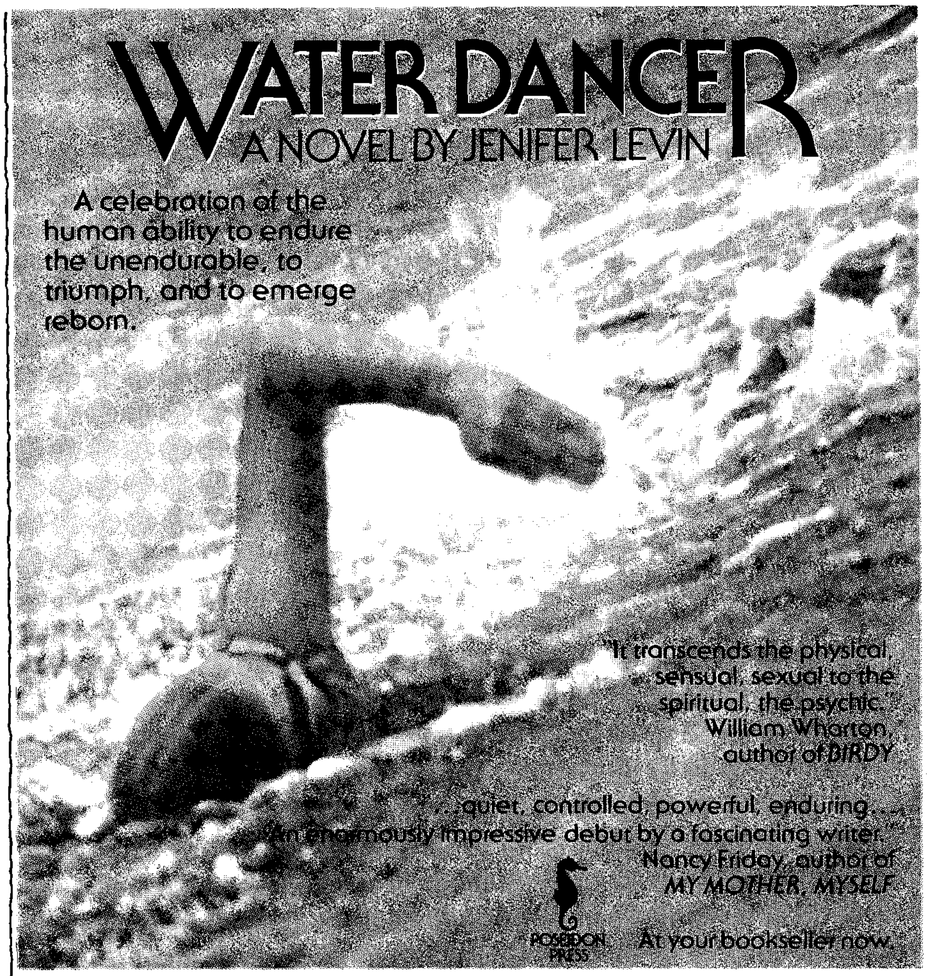
Brahms wasn't talking.

•

UP LIFE'S LADDER

[*From The Torch, monthly newspaper for the Smithsonian Institution*]

At NZP, Angela Keppel left the Director's Office, where she was a clerk-typist, for the Lion and Tiger House, where she is a keeper.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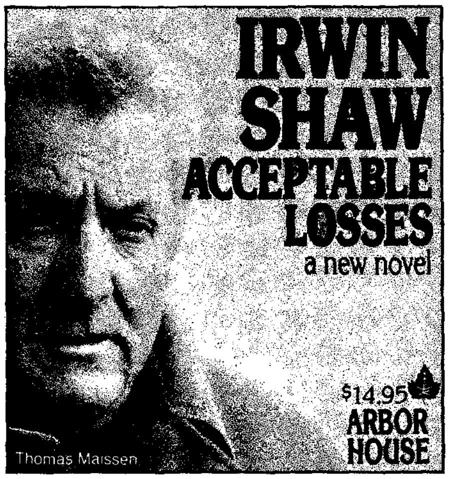
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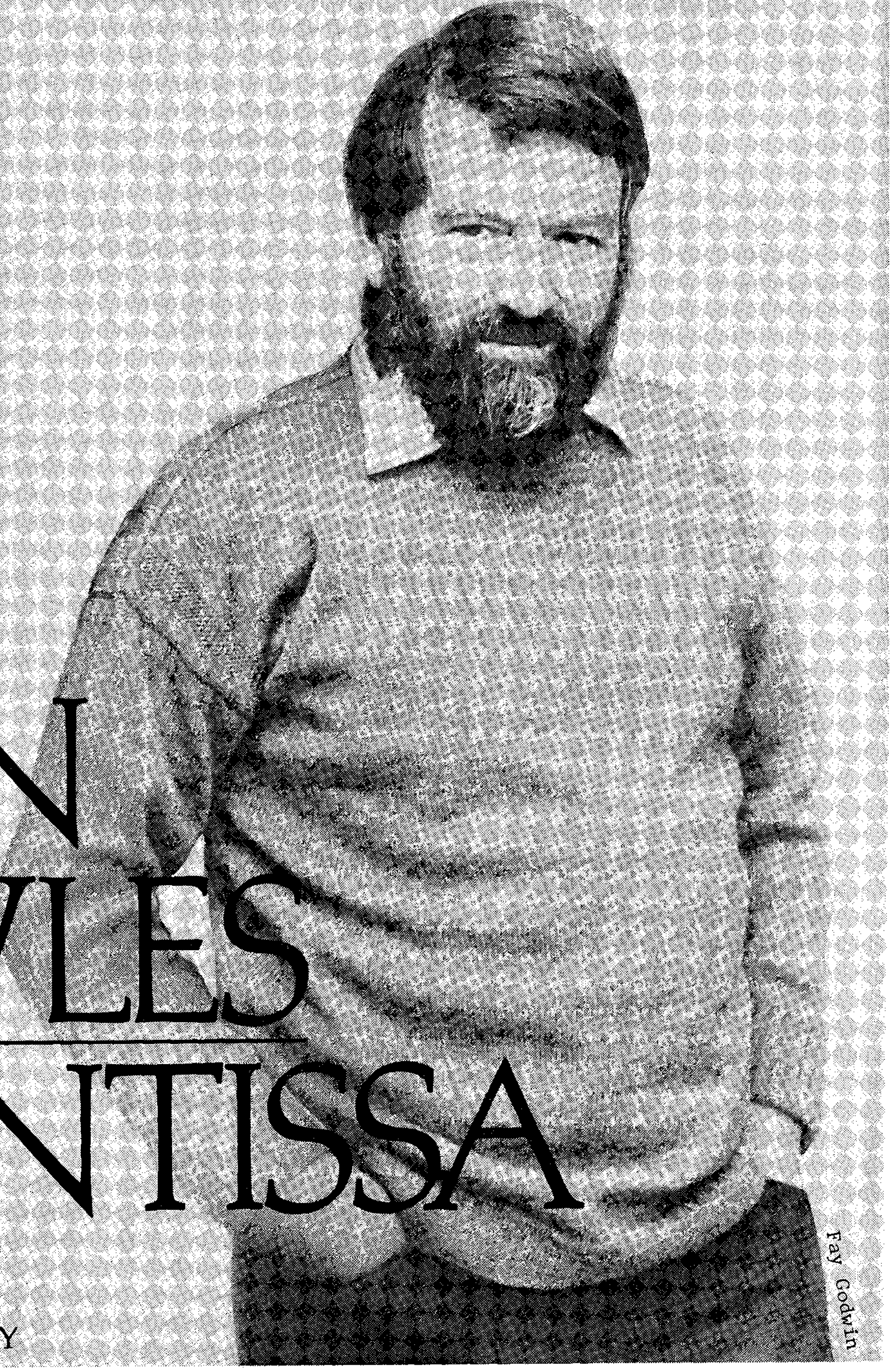

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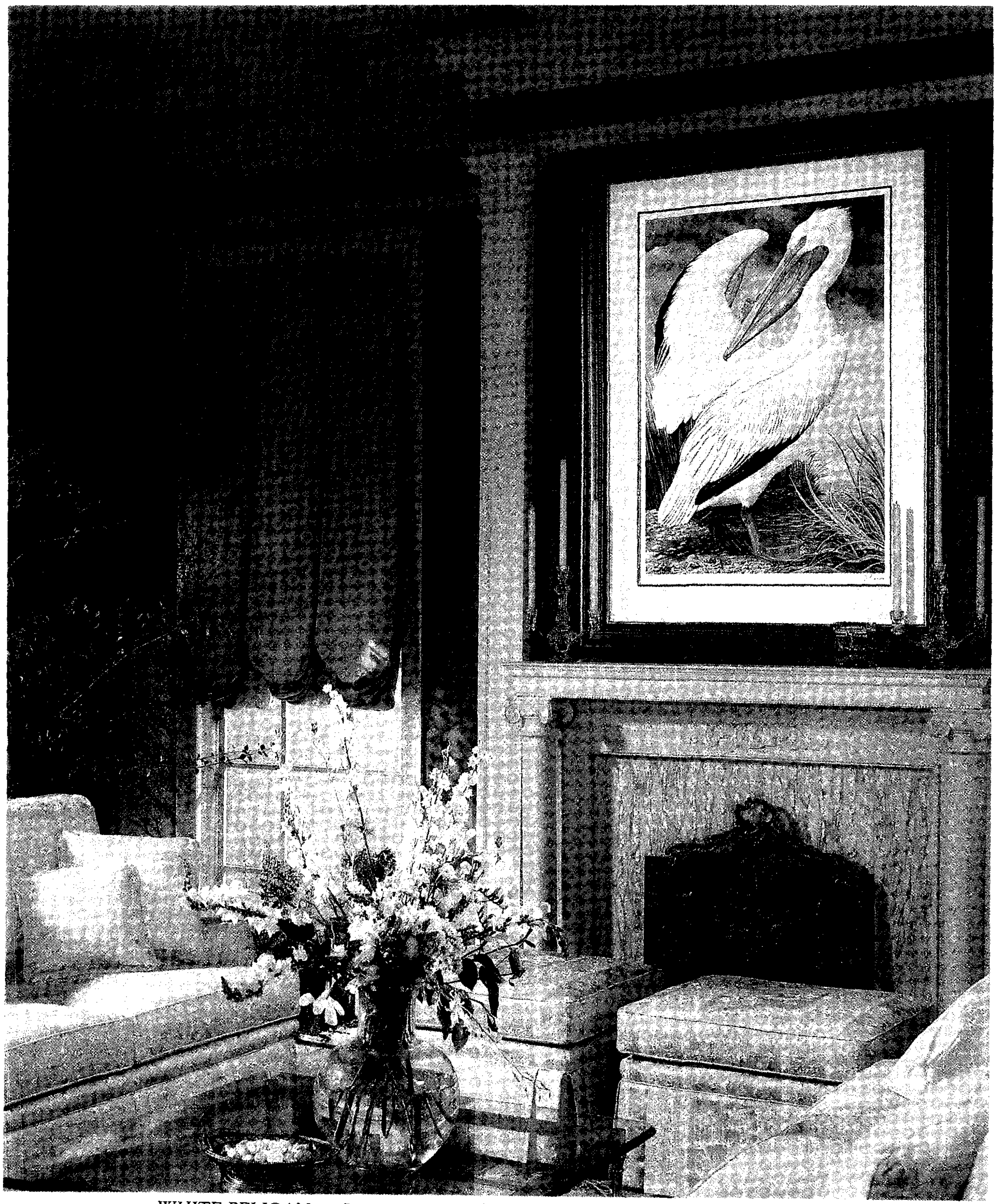

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